THE
OXFORDSHIRE
LIGHT INFANTRY
CHRONICLE.

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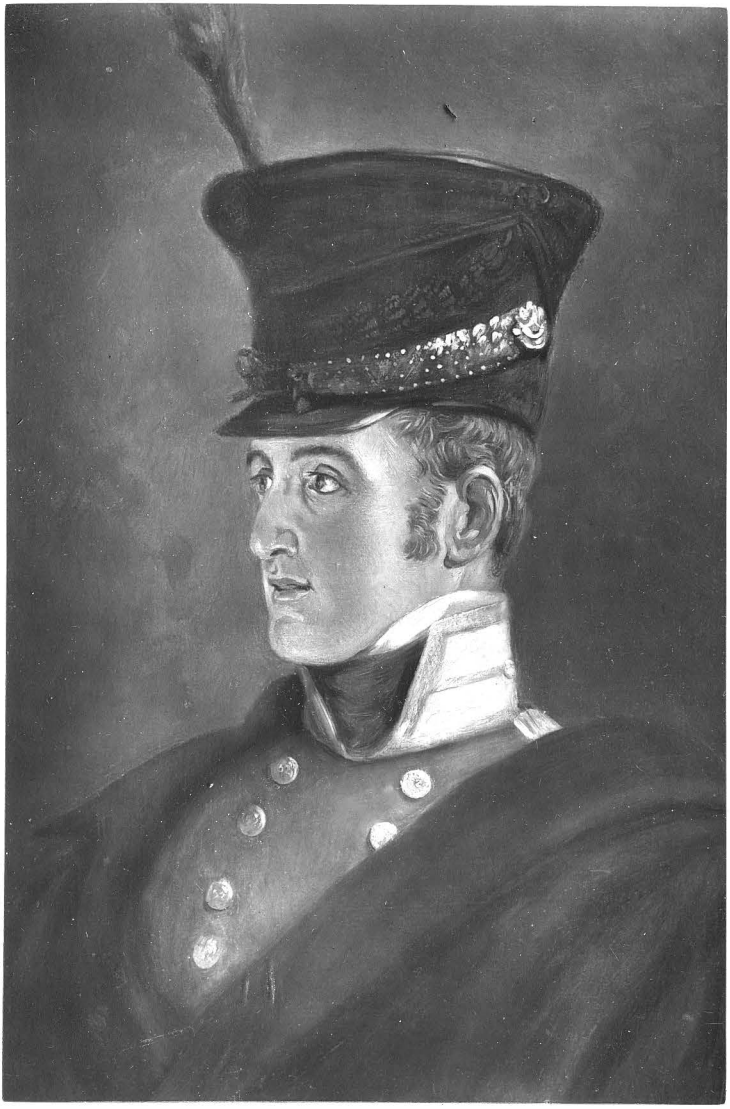

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COLONEL SIR JOHN COLBORNE, K.C.B.,

52ND LIGHT INFANTRY.

(AFTERWARDS FIELD-MARSHAL LORD SEATON.)

THE OXFORDSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY CHRONICLE,

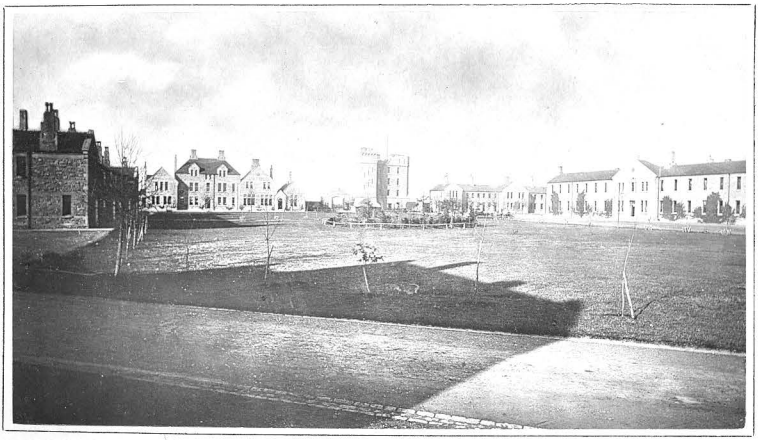
1895.

AN ANNUAL RECORD OF THE FIRST AND SECOND BATTALIONS,
FORMERLY THE 43RD AND 52ND LIGHT INFANTRY.

Compiled and Edited

BY

MAJOR A. F. MOCKLER-FERRYMAN.



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THE OXFORDSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY

CALENDAR for 1896.

Where no Regiment is named the event recorded refers to both the 43rd and 52nd.

S 3368.

JANUARY.

1 W	1791, 52nd, in pursuit of Tippoo, reached Terrimungulum.
2 TH	1831, 43rd arrived home from Gibraltar. 1859, Private H. Addison, 43rd, gained the **V.C.** in Punnah Jungle, Indian Mutiny.
3 F	1809, at Calcabellos (Spain) during retreat on Corunna, rear-guard had a smart skirmish. 1865, Colour-Sergeant Joseph Cooper promoted Quarter-Master (43rd).
4 S	1815, 1*st Battalion* 52nd under orders for North America, afterwards changed to Belgium, embarked at Portsmouth. 1831, 52nd embarked at Bristol for Waterford (Ireland).
5 S	1809, retreat on Corunna, throughout the day on the river Constantino, the rear-guard engaged with pursuing French.
6 M	1827, new Colours presented to 43rd by Mrs. Haverfield at Gibraltar.
7 TU	☾ 3h. 25m. p.m. 1756, 52nd raised as 54th Foot. 1815, 43rd landed at Cat Island, America.
8 W	1807, 1*st Battalion* 52nd on return from expedition to Sicily, landed in England and proceeded to Canterbury. 1815, Lieutenants Duncan Campbell, Meyricke and Wilkinson (43rd) killed at New Orleans (America).
9 TH	1809, retreat on Corunna, rear-guard action on river Ladro.
10 F	1803, Horse Guards' authority issued for 1*st Battalion* 52nd being called "Light Infantry," the 2*nd Battalion* to be separated and to become 96th Regiment of Foot.
11 S	1809, retreat on Corunna, rear-guard busily engaged.
12 S	1809, retreat on Corunna, rear-guard actions close to Corunna.
13 M	1809, Sir John Moore's retreat on Corunna; 2*nd Battalion* 52nd embarked at Vigo for England. 1814, Merxem (Netherlands); 2*nd Battalion* 52nd engaged all day holding the village against the French.
14 TU	● 10h. 19m. p.m. 1809, retreat on Corunna; Sir John Moore's Army in position at Monelos covering embarkation of sick and baggage.
15 W	1887, 43rd left Bombay for England after 14¾ years' service in India. 1889, the sword worn by Sir John Moore at Corunna, presented to the 43rd by General Lynedoch Gardiner, C.B.
16 TH	1809, battle of **Corunna**; death of Sir John Moore.

JANUARY.

17	F	1809, *2nd Battalion* 43rd embarked for England after Corunna. 1827, 43rd arrived in Portugal as part of the Army of Occupation.
18	S	1803, 52nd made *Light Infantry*.
19	S	1812, **Ciudad Rodrigo**; Major-General Craufurd, commanding the Light Division, mortally wounded.
20	M	1812, Light Division marched to El Boden after Ciudad Rodrigo.
21	Tu	1890, 43rd completed movement from Parkhurst (Isle of Wight) to Portsdown Hill Forts and Portsmouth.
22	W	1863, 43rd arrived at Fort William, Calcutta, from Barrackpore.
23	Th	☽ 2h. 42m. a.m. 1803, final separation at Chatham of the two Battalions 52nd.
24	F	1889, 43rd reviewed by the Queen at Osborne.
25	S	1809, 1*st Battalion* 52nd arrived at Portsmouth from Corunna. 1815, 52nd quartered at St. Germains, near Paris.
26	S	1801, 52nd landed at Ramsgate from Lisbon.
27	M	1809, 1*st Battalion* 43rd disembarked in England, after the retreat on Corunna, having lost 1 Captain, 1 Sergeant, and 65 rank and file.
28	Tu	1817, *2nd Battalion* 43rd disbanded.
29	W	1856, 52nd at Cawnpore (India) joined the Oudh Field Force under Brigadier-General Wheeler.
30	Th	○ 8h. 55m. a.m. 1854, 43rd arrived at Madras (India) from South Africa.
31	F	1856, 52nd took part in the Occupation of Oudh.

FEBRUARY.

1 S	1833, 52nd relieved 43rd at Beggar's Bush Barracks, Dublin.
2 S	**Candlemas Day.** 1814, *2nd Battalion* 52nd engaged in attack on suburbs of Antwerp, which had been re-occupied by the French.
3 M	1797, Sergeant-Major Robert Kipling, 43rd, promoted ensign.
4 Tu	1814, 52nd at siege of Antwerp (Belgium).
5 W	1762, 43rd at first capture of **Martinique.** 1792, 52nd encamped at French Rocks, before Seringapatam and Tippoo Sahib's army.
6 Th	☾ 0h. 38m. a.m. 1792, 52nd engaged in night attack on **Seringapatam.** 1857, Sergeant-Major George Garland, 43rd, promoted ensign.
7 F	1792, during the attack on Seringapatam on the night of the 6th and morning of the 7th, the 52nd lost 1 Officer, 1 Sergeant, and 9 rank and file *killed*; and 5 Officers, 2 Sergeants, and 23 rank and file *wounded*, and 9 men *missing*.
8 S	1814, 52nd engaged in the assault on **Bergen-op-Zoom** (Holland).
9 S	1792, 52nd took part in the siege of Seringapatam.
10 M	1887, 43rd arrived at Shorncliffe after 14½ years in India.
11 Tu	1791, 52nd reached Vellore (Southern India) in pursuit of Tippoo.
12 W	1860, Sir William Napier died.
13 Th	● 4h. 13m. p.m. 1878, 52nd moved from Plymouth to Aldershot.
14 F	**St. Valentine.** 1791, 52nd pursuing Tippoo arrived at Chittipet.
15 S	1862, 43rd left Madras for Calcutta.
16 S	1827, occupation of Portugal, 43rd quartered at Leiria.

FEBRUARY.

17 M	Commencement of the campaign of 1814.
18 Tu	**Shrove Tuesday.** 1791, 52nd in pursuit of Tippoo ascended the Ghauts (Southern India).
19 W	**Ash Wednesday.** 1798, 52nd embarked at Madras for England after 15 years in India.
20 Th	1809, Captain Joseph Carruthers, 43rd, died from the effects of a fall from his horse during the Corunna retreat.
21 F	☽ 9h. 15m. p.m. 1814, the Light Division marching from Sala towards Orthes.
22 S	1810, General Craufurd's Light Brigade converted into the Light Division.
23 S	1812, *2nd Battalion* 52nd at Ciudad Rodrigo (under orders for England) transferred 490 men to the *1st Battalion*.
24 M	1791, 52nd marched on Colar against Tippoo.
25 Tu	1814, 52nd disputing the passage of the **Gave du Pau,** prior to the battle of **Orthes.**
26 W	1812, *1st Battalion* 52nd from Ciudad Rodrigo marched on Badajoz. 1852, loss of the *Birkenhead*, off Danger Point, South Africa; the 43rd had a draft of 1 Officer, 1 Sergeant, and 40 rank and file on board, of whom only 1 Officer (Lieut. Girardot) and 14 rank and file were saved.
27 Th	1814, battle of **Orthes.**
28 F	○ 7h. 51m. p.m. 1814, the Light Division engaged in pursuit of the French after Orthes.
29 S	1812, 52nd marching on Badajoz.

MARCH.

1 S	**St. David's Day.** 1814, on the road to Toulouse in pursuit of the French army, arrived at Mont de Marson.
2 M	1814, pursuing the French, near St. Maurice.
3 Tu	1791, 52nd engaged in pursuit of Tippoo's Army.
4 W	1791, 52nd came up with Tippoo's Army near Bangalore.
5 Th	1791, commencement of the siege of **Bangalore** (India), 52nd present.
6 F	☾ 11h. 29m. a.m. 1866, 52nd moved from Portsmouth to Aldershot.
7 S	1870, Colour-Sergeant Denis Trehy and Private Charles Harman (43rd) awarded the Royal Humane Society's medal.
8 S	1814, 52nd in reserve at night attack on **Bergen-op-Zoom.**
9 M	1811, pursuit of Massena.
10 Tu	1879, 43rd left Madras for Rangoon, Burmah. 1886, 43rd left Quetta, Biluchistan, having lost 1 Officer and 92 rank and file in 10 months (from sickness).
11 W	1811, skirmish at Pombal (Peninsula). 1858, Capt. W. R. Moorsom, 52nd, killed at Lucknow.
12 Th	1811, combat of **Redinha.**
13 F	1852, Lieut. *Hon.* H. Wrottesley, 43rd, killed in action at Fuller's Hoek, Kaffir war. 1870, the depôt 52nd attached to 43rd.
14 S	● 10h. 48m. a.m. 1811, combat of **Cazal Novo.**
15 S	1797, 43rd (1,000 strong), left Cowes for the West Indies. 1811, affair of **Foz d'Arronce.**
16 M	1794, 43rd at second capture of **Martinique.** 1852, 52nd moved from Limerick to Dublin. 1853, end of the Kaffir war. 1885, 52nd moved from Gibraltar to Egypt.

MARCH.

17 Tu	**St. Patrick.** 1776, 52nd left Boston for Halifax (N.S.). 1811, Sergeant-Major Kent, 43rd, promoted Ensign 60th Foot for his Peninsular war services, and Sergeant-Major Mitchell, 52nd, promoted Ensign 88th Regiment.
18 W	1811, skirmish at Ponte de Marcella.
19 Th	1812, commencement of second siege of **Badajoz.**
20 F	1814, engagement at Tarbes with the French.
21 S	1791, 52nd engaged at the capture of Bangalore Fortress.
22 S	☽ 11h. 57m. a.m. 1842, 52nd left Barbadoes (West Indies) for Canada. 1847, new Colours presented to the 43rd by Lady Pakenham, at Southsea.
23 M	1886, 43rd arrived at Poona from Quetta.
24 Tu	1741, the 43rd raised and numbered 54th.
25 W	1812, siege of **Badajoz**; capture of the outwork of La Picurina.
26 Th	1879, 43rd arrived at Thayetmyo (Burmah) from India.
27 F	1815, 1*st Battalion* 52nd left Plymouth for the Waterloo campaign.
28 S	1886, 52nd left Egypt for India.
29 S	**Palm Sunday.** ○ 5h. 22m. a.m. 1790, 52nd reached Aulloor (Southern India.)
30 M	1885, 43rd left Bangalore (India) for Quetta (Biluchistan); strength 19 Officers, 794 rank and file.
31 Tu	1864, 52nd arrived at Portsmouth from India.

APRIL.

1 W	1857, green goats-hair plumes ordered to be worn in head-dress of Officers of 43rd in lieu of the ball-tufts. 1862, the establishment of the 43rd increased by one trained Bandmaster.
2 TH	1811, the Light Division encamped near Sabugal.
3 F	**Good Friday.** 1811, combat of **Sabugal**; Lieuts. McDermid and Creighton, 43rd, killed.
4 S	1815, 1*st Battalion* 52nd halted in Brussels on the way to Grammont.
5 S	**Easter Sunday.** ☾ 0h. 24m. a.m. 1846, 43rd arrived home from Canada.
6 M	*Bank Holiday.* 1812, storming of **Badajoz,** 43rd lost Colonel McLeod, Commanding, and Lieuts. Hodgson, Harvest, and Taggart.
7 TU	1815, 1*st Battalion* 52nd reached Grammont (Belgium) and took over effectives of 2*nd Battalion*, which returned to England.
8 W	1810, 2*nd Battalion* 52nd marched from Chatham to London to assist in quelling riots.
9 TH	1885, 43rd left Kurrachee (Sind) by rail for Rindli, Bolan Pass.
10 F	1814, battle of **Toulouse.**
11 S	1814, Treaty of Paris signed; Napoleon retired to Elba. 1886, 52nd arrived at Bombay from Egypt.
12 S	1817, 43rd moved from Bapaume to Valenciennes (France).
13 M	● 4h. 23m. a.m. 1814, 52nd piquets entered Toulouse. 1886, 43rd entertained 52nd passing through Poona.
14 TU	1815, 2*nd Battalion* 52nd embarked at Ostend for England.
15 W	1814, 43rd and 52nd quartered near Toulouse.
16 TH	1797, 43rd arrived at Jamaica.

APRIL.

17 F	1863, Field-Marshal Lord Seaton died.
18 S	1775, 52nd embarked at Boston for attack on Concord, North America. 1842, 52nd arrived in Canada. 1866, 43rd left Auckland, New Zealand, for home.
19 S	1775, combat of **Lexington,** America. 1886, 52nd arrived at Bangalore (India) from Egypt.
20 M	☽ 10h. 47m. p.m. 1815, *2nd Battalion* 52nd reached Canterbury on return from Belgium.
21 Tu	1794, 43rd at capture of **Guadaloupe.** 1864, 43rd engaged at **Maketu,** New Zealand.
22 W	1814, 52nd quartered in suburbs of Toulouse, on declaration of peace.
23 Th	1811, affair of outposts on the River Azava (Spain).
24 F	1811, second affair of outposts on the River Azava.
25 S	1864, 43rd engaged with Maories (New Zealand).
26 S	1868, 43rd arrived at the Channel Islands from Aldershot.
27 M	○ 1h. 47m. p.m. 1810, the Light Division marched to Almeida.
28 Tu	1759, battle of **Sillery,** America.
29 W	1810, the Light Division at Gallegos joined by Captain Ross' troop of R.H.A. 1864, 43rd present at the assault of the **Gate Pa,** New Zealand; 7 Officers killed and 2 wounded.
30 Th	1808, 52nd embarked for Sweden. 1888, 43rd moved from Shorncliffe to Parkhurst (Isle of Wight).

MAY.

1 F	1885, left wing 43rd reached Quetta (Biluchistan).
2 S	1811, the Light Division fell back from Gallegos towards the plains of Fuentes d'Onor.
3 S	1873, 52nd left Malta for Gibraltar in H.M.S. *Tamar*.
4 M	☾ 3h. 25m. p.m. 1811, the Light Division on the river dos Casos, near Fuentes d'Onor.
5 Tu	1811, battle of **Fuentes d'Onor.**
6 W	1841, death of Lt.-Colonel Henry Booth, commanding 43rd.
7 Th	1811, the Light Division in pursuit of the French after the battle of Fuentes d'Onor.
8 F	1757, 43rd left England for North America. 1801, Major-General John Moore appointed Colonel of the 52nd.
9 S	1873, 52nd arrived at Gibraltar.
10 S	1811, the Light Division at Gallegos.
11 M	1809, detachments (2 companies) of 52nd served with Brigadier-General Stewart's Brigade in the attack on the heights of Grijou (Portugal).
12 Tu	● 7h. 47m. p.m. 1809, Passage of the **Douro.**
13 W	1841, percussion fire-locks issued to the 52nd in place of flint-locks. 1857, first news of Mutiny at Delhi reached the 52nd at Sealkote.
14 Th	**Ascension Day.** 1861, Indian Mutiny medals presented to 43rd at Madras.
15 F	1791, engagement at **Seringapatam,** 52nd present.
16 S	1811, battle of **Albuera.** 1813, at Espeja (Spain) prior to opening of campaign, during which the French were driven finally out of Spain. The Light Division reviewed by Lord Wellington.

MAY.

17 S	1808, 52nd with army for protection of Sweden, reached the roadstead of Gothenburg from England.
18 M	1866, death of Sir John Maxwell Tylden, of Peninsular fame.
19 Tu	1874, 52nd embarked in H.M.S. *Tamar* at Gibraltar for England.
20 W	☽ 6h. 21m. a.m. 1837, Head-Quarters 52nd disembarked at Gibraltar; first visit to the place.
21 Th	1813, the Light Division left winter quarters and marched into Spain.
22 F	1813, the Light Division moving towards Salamanca and driving Joseph Buonaparte from Portugal to the Pyrenees.
23 S	1870, New Zealand war medals presented to the 43rd.
24 S	**Whit Sunday.** *Queen's Birthday.* 1809, 43rd marched from Colchester to Harwich *en route* for Portugal.
25 M	*Bank Holiday.* 1809, 43rd, 52nd, and 95th embarked for Portugal.
26 Tu	○ 9h. 57m. p.m. 1874, 52nd arrived at Portsmouth from Gibraltar and went into Cambridge Barracks after a tour of 6 years in the Mediterranean.
27 W	1857, 52nd joined the Punjab Field Force under Brigadier-General Nicholson at Wuzeerabad, and by order of its Commanding Officer (Colonel Campbell) was dressed in *khaki*; the first Regiment so clothed.
28 Th	1845, great fire at Quebec; 43rd gave valuable assistance in putting it out.
29 F	1848, 52nd employed in aid of the civil power at Bradford.
30 S	1865, death of Sir J. Shaw Kennedy, K.C.B. (43rd).
31 S	**Trinity Sunday.** 1816, *2nd Battalion* 52nd finally disbanded at Canterbury.

JUNE.

1 M	1813, the Light Division passed the Douro and encamped at Toro.
2 Tu	1825, Lt.-Colonel James Fergusson appointed to the command of the 52nd, *vice* Sir J. Colborne promoted.
3 W	☾ 8h. 3m. a.m. 1814, 1*st Battalion* 52nd proceeded from Castel Sarrasin (France) to Bordeaux, whence, on the 17th, it embarked for England. 1859, burning of the *Eastern Monarch*; detachment of the 52nd on board.
4 Th	1885, commencement of cholera epidemic in the 43rd at Quetta, which in a few months decimated the Regiment.
5 F	1835, 43rd left England for New Brunswick, North America.
6 S	1765, 52nd embarked at Cork for North America.
7 S	1842, 52nd moved from St. John to Fredericton, New Brunswick.
8 M	1804, 52nd encamped at Shorncliffe.
9 Tu	1823, 52nd embarked at Cove for Halifax (N.S.).
10 W	1850, 52nd moved to Liverpool.
11 Th	● 8h. 43m. a.m. 1762, capture of **Moro**, Havanna, 43rd present. 1812, the Light Division left El Boden (Spain) *en route* to Salamanca. 1885, Lieut. Spencer, 43rd, died of cholera at Quetta.
12 F	1776, 43rd and 52nd left Halifax, N.S., for Staten Island. 1813, at Horillas (Spain), the Light Division caught up the French rear-guard and was occupied all day.
13 S	1811, the Light Division crossed the Tagus.
14 S	1815, 52nd marching through Belgium on Enghien, news of Napoleon's intended attack having arrived. 1856, 52nd attacked by cholera at Lucknow, and during the next 2 months lost 86 men.
15 M	1804, 43rd joined Sir John Moore's Brigade at Shorncliffe Camp. 1815, 52nd reached Enghien (Waterloo Campaign).
16 Tu	1815, 43rd left England to join Wellington's Army in Belgium. 1815, 52nd with Sir H. Clinton's Division marched on Soignies, halted for the night at Brain-le-Conte at midnight in torrents of rain.

JUNE.

17 W	1775, battle of **Bunker's Hill** (America). 1815, 52nd started at 2 a.m., reached Waterloo, and remained in bivouac in a ploughed field in heavy rain.
18 Th	☽ 11h. 41m. a.m. 1815, battle of **Waterloo**; 52nd lost 1 Officer and 26 rank and file *killed*, and 8 Officers, 10 sergeants, and 150 rank and file *wounded*.
19 F	1775 affair of **Lexington** (America); Lieut. Hull, 43rd, killed. 1815, 52nd commenced march on Paris.
20 S	**Accession Day.** 1815, 52nd, in pursuit of the French after Waterloo, reached Binck.
21 S	1813, battle of **Vittoria.** 1864, engagement of **Te Ranga** (43rd); Captain Smith, 43rd, gained the **V.C.**
22 M	1813, the Light Division in pursuit of the French after Vittoria.
23 Tu	1811, the Light Division reached Campo Mayor.
24 W	1813, pursuit of the French; Light Division close to Pamplona.
25 Th	○ 6h. 55m. a.m. 1800, 1*st Battalion* 52nd left Southampton to join expedition to Quiberon. 1844, Sergeant-Major Fuller, 52nd, promoted Ensign.
26 F	1813, the Light Division pursuing the French reached Olonez. 1889, Sergeant Thomas Diver, 43rd, promoted 2nd Lieutenant Warwickshire Regiment.
27 S	1813, the Light Division at Olité.
28 S	**Coronation Day.** 1778, 52nd engaged at Freehold, New Jersey. 1814, 1*st Battalion* 52nd arrived at Plymouth on termination of the Peninsular War.
29 M	1809, 52nd arrived off Lisbon and proceeded in boats up the Tagus to Vallada.
30 Tu	1853, Head Quarters 52nd left Cork for India (2nd visit). 1866, 43rd reached England from New Zealand.

JULY.

1 W	1815, 52nd halted within sight of Paris and had an affair of outposts with the French Army, which after Waterloo had retired on Paris. 1881, 43rd and 52nd formed into *The Oxfordshire Light Infantry*.
2 Th	1815, 52nd in bivouac at Argenteuil on the Seine, on the outskirts of Paris.
3 F	☾ 1h. 23m. a.m. 1809, at Vallada, in the Tagus, 43rd, 52nd and 95th, formed into *The Light Brigade* under Major-General Craufurd.
4 S	1815, camped in the Bois de Boulogne, Paris.
5 S	1815, capitulation of Paris.
6 M	1781, action at **James Town** (America). 1809, the Light Brigade commenced its march to join the army under Sir Arthur Wellesley, which was moving on Talavera.
7 Tu	1815, 52nd entered Paris with 71st and 95th—the only British troops who *entered* the city; camped in the Champs Elysées. 1858, 43rd completed a march of 1,300 miles through Central India, having lost 3 Officers and 61 men.
8 W	1810, 52nd at Val de la Mula near the river Coa (Portugal).
9 Th	1803, 52nd joined Sir John Moore's brigade at Shorncliffe Camp. 1857, mutiny of native troops at Sealkote; the 52nd had left the station on 20th May to join the Punjab Field Force, and all its property at Sealkote was now looted or destroyed.
10 F	● 7h. 35m. p.m. 1810, **Ciudad Rodrigo** capitulated.
11 S	1857, 52nd marched 42 miles in 20 hours to intercept the Sealkote mutineers, weather very hot.
12 S	1857, 52nd engaged mutineers at Timmoo Ghaut.
13 M	1857, 52nd actively engaged with mutineers.
14 Tu	1857, 52nd took part in annihilation of Sealkote mutineers, losing during the 12th, 13th and 14th, 5 rank and file *killed*, and 2 Officers, 18 rank and file *wounded* (4 rank and file also died of apoplexy).
15 W	1813, engagement on the **Heights of Vera**; halted and took part with the troops in covering the blockade of Pamplona and the siege of St. Sebastian.
16 Th	1857, 52nd engaged mutineers about the **Ravee River.**

JULY.

17 F	☽ 4h. 4m. p.m. 1803, 43rd made *Light Infantry*. 1857, 52nd marched to Goodasepoor *en route* to Delhi. 1894, Sergt.-Major B. Stannard, 52nd, promoted Quarter-Master.
18 S	1824, 52nd arrived in Canada on its first visit.
19 S	1812, with Wellington's Army manœuvring before Salamanca.
20 M	1812, Wellington's Army and that of Marmont marching parallel to each other and within musket-shot throughout the day, neither finding an opportunity to attack.
21 Tu	1812, the Light Division in bivouac at San Martin, near Salamanca. 1847, 52nd left Quebec for England.
22 W	1790, 52nd engaged at the capture of Coimbatore (Southern India). 1812, battle of **Salamanca** (Spain); Light Division in reserve.
23 Th	1812, Light Division in pursuit of the French about Huerta. 1818, new Colours presented to the 43rd at Valenciennes (France) by Lady Blakeney.
24 F	○ 5h. 45m. p.m. 1807, 52nd embarked at Deal for service in Denmark. 1810, combat of the **Coa**, near Almeida; Colonel Hull, commanding, Captain Ewen Cameron and Lieut. Mason, 43rd, killed.
25 S	1827, occupation of Portugal, 43rd quartered at Thomar.
26 S	1810, the Light Division fell back after Almeida to Freixedas, where it remained whilst the French besieged the fortress of Almeida.
27 M	1809, the Light Brigade, under Craufurd, reached Navalmoral, 50 miles from Talavera, at sunset.
28 Tu	1809, the Light Brigade started at dawn on the famous forced-march on Talavera (62 miles in 26 hours with only 17 stragglers); battle of **Talavera**, 1 company 43rd and 52nd engaged. 1865, Captain Close, 43rd, killed in action, New Zealand War.
29 W	1807, 43rd embarked for Copenhagen.
30 Th	1809, the Light Brigade took over advanced-guard and outpost duties of the Army at Talavera. 1877, Martini-Henry rifles issued to 43rd at Bellary (India).
31 F	1809, *2nd Battalion* 43rd embarked as part of the expedition to Walcheren.

AUGUST.

1 S	☾ 6h. 34m. p.m. 1807, *2nd Battalion* 52nd sailed from Deal for Denmark, having embarked the week previous.
2 S	1830, the Gorget and Black Cockade abolished.
3 M	*Bank Holiday.* 1809, the Army marched from Talavera to Oropeza; a trying march, owing to the heat and want of water.
4 Tu	1809, the army *en route* from Talavera to Campo Mayor, suffered much from heat and want of provisions.
5 W	1827, occupation of Portugal, 43rd halted at Barro.
6 Th	1812, after Salamanca the Light Division at the head of the Army marched on Madrid. 1880, 52nd moved from Aldershot to Chatham.
7 F	1798, 52nd, after 15 years in India, arrived at Chatham; strength, 18 Officers, 166 rank and file.
8 S	1804, *2nd Battalion* 52nd formed at Newbury, Berks.
9 S	● 5h. 2m. a.m. 1817, 43rd (in Brigade with 7th and 23rd) reviewed by the Duke of Wellington at Valenciennes; strength 785 of all ranks.
10 M	1804, *2nd Battalion* 43rd raised.
11 Tu	1804, William Napier joined the 43rd as Captain. 1812, the Light Division arrived at the Escurial, near Madrid, and halted in the Park.
12 W	1847, 52nd landed at Portsmouth after 11 years' foreign service.
13 Th	1762, 43rd at the capture of **Havanna.** 1858, 43rd engaged at Chitrakote (Indian Mutiny).
14 F	1857, 52nd took part in the siege of Delhi.
15 S	☽ 9h. 3m. p.m. 1884, 52nd left Ireland for Gibraltar.
16 S	1807, *2nd Battalion* 52nd, with the troops under General Harry Burrard, landed about 8 miles from Copenhagen (Denmark).

AUGUST.

17 M	1790, 52nd took part in the siege of Dindigul (India).
18 Tu	1821, 43rd and 52nd reviewed by King George IV. in Dublin.
19 W	1808, 43rd and *2nd Battalion* 52nd landed in Portugal.
20 Th	1884, 52nd arrived at Gibraltar on its 3rd visit.
21 F	1790, 52nd engaged in the assault on **Dindigul** (India). 1808, battle of **Vimiera.**
22 S	1790, 52nd at assault on Paulighautcherry (India).
23 S	○ 7h. 4m. a.m. 1793, 52nd present at the capture of **Pondicherry** (India).
24 M	1857, 52nd engaged at **Delhi.**
25 Tu	1800, both Battalions 52nd, which had left England about mid-summer with a force on secret service under Sir J. Pulteney, landed in Spain. 1857, 52nd engaged all day before Delhi.
26 W	1800, both Battalions 52nd engaged the French at Ferrol. 1807, 43rd and 52nd engaged at Kioge, Denmark. 1808, *1st Battalion* 52nd landed in the Peninsula. 1891, General G. Whicheote, the last 52nd survivor of the Peninsular war and Waterloo, died, aged 97 years.
27 Th	1776, engagement at **Brook Lyne,** Long Island (America).
28 F	1857, 52nd at Delhi. 1893, death of Gen. Hon. Sir A. A. Spencer, G.C.B., Colonel of the Regiment.
29 S	1808, 52nd on outpost work near Torres Vedras (Portugal). 1812, 52nd quartered at Getafe, near Madrid.
30 S	1812, the Light Division engaged at the passage of the Bidassoa.
31 M	☾ 10h. 55m. a.m. 1782, orders issued connecting the 52nd with the county of Oxfordshire, and the 43rd with Monmouthshire. 1813, storming of **San Sebastian**; Lieut. O'Connell, 43rd, and Lieut. Harvest, 52nd, killed.

SEPTEMBER.

1 Tu	1807, Danish Expedition, *2nd Battalion* 52nd engaged in the siege of Copenhagen.
2 W	1857, 52nd engaged besieging Delhi; over 200 men in hospital.
3 Th	1822, 43rd left Ireland for Gibraltar, where it arrived on the 19th.
4 F	1809, the Light Division, on the left bank of the Tagus, near Almarez, engaged with the French, and covered the march of the rest of the Army along the right bank.
5 S	1807, siege of **Copenhagen.** 1858, 43rd engaged at Sahao (Indian Mutiny).
6 S	1857, 52nd before Delhi, 340 men of the regiment in hospital with fever. 1858, 43rd engaged at Punghattee Pass (Indian Mutiny).
7 M	● 1h. 43m. p.m. 1·60, capitulation of **Montreal** (Canada) 43rd present. 1807, surrender of **Copenhagen.** 1841, Sergeant-Major Wasp, 43rd, promoted Ensign. 1857, siege of Delhi; 52nd at siege work during the night within 300 yards of the guns of the fortress.
8 Tu	1857, siege of Delhi continued, 52nd at Brind's Battery.
9 W	1821, Sergeant-Major Henry Sunderland, 52nd, promoted Ensign and Adjutant.
10 Th	1790, 52nd present at the commencement of the siege of Paulighautcherry (India).
11 F	1777, 43rd and flank companies 52nd engaged at **Brandywine** (American War of Independence).
12 S	1777, Battalion companies 52nd embarked to capture Newark (North America).
13 S	1759, 43rd took part in the Battle of **Quebec.**
14 M	☽ 4h. 10m. a.m. 1857, **Delhi,** 52nd present at the storming of the Cashmere Gate; *Victoria Crosses* won by Lance-Corporal Smith and Bugler Hawthorne. Sergt.-Major Streets for his conduct promoted to an Ensigncy in the 75th Regiment.
15 Tu	1857, 52nd took part in severe street fighting in Delhi.
16 W	1857, 52nd engaged in street fighting in Delhi.

SEPTEMBER.

17 TH	1759, Quebec surrendered; 43rd formed part of the garrison of occupation. 1828, terrible epidemic broke out in 43rd at Gibraltar. 1857, 52nd at Delhi.
18 F	1857, 52nd still engaged in the streets of Delhi.
19 S	1857, during the engagements with the mutineers from August 14th to September 20th, the 52nd lost:—*killed*, 1 Officer, 1 Sergeant, and 25 rank and file; *wounded*, 3 Officers, 82 rank and file; *died* of cholera and other diseases, 98 N.C.O's and men.
20 S	1777, American War of Independence. The Light Company 52nd, with a small force under Major-General Grey, at night surprised and defeated 1,500 Americans with 4 guns.
21 M	○ 10h. 50m. p.m. 1790, conclusion of the siege of Paulighautcherry, 52nd present.
22 TU	1790, 52nd formed part of the army which entered Paulighautcherry after 12 days' siege; *killed*, 1 Sergeant; *wounded*, 1 Officer, 3 rank and file.
23 W	1868, 52nd left Ireland for Malta.
24 TH	1811, the Light Division at Horquerra on the River Vadillo (Spain).
25 F	1806, 1*st Battalion* 52nd left Plymouth for service in Sicily, where it remained until 1808.
26 S	1810, skirmish near Martagao during the retreat towards Busaco.
27 S	1810, Battle of **Busaco**. Private James Hopkins, 52nd, in this action, took prisoner the French General Simon; for his gallantry he received a pension of £20 a year.
28 M	1872, the 43rd embarked at Queenstown (Ireland) for India.
29 TU	**Michaelmas Day.** 1790, 52nd marched from Coimbatore on Diraporam (India).
30 W	☾ 1h. 59m. a.m. 1810, commencement of retreat of Wellington's Army, after Busaco, on the lines of Torres Vedras, *viâ* Coimbra; the Light Division as rear-guard.

OCTOBER.

1 Th	1853, Head-Quarters 52nd arrived at Calcutta on its 2nd visit to India.
2 F	1810, the Light Division retiring on Torres Vedras reached Pombal.
3 S	1868, 52nd arrived at Malta, and after a week under canvas, marched to Fort Ricasoli.
4 S	1777, 43rd and 52nd engaged at German Town (America). 1831, 52nd left Canada for England.
5 M	1795, 52nd at the capture of Manaar (Ceylon) from the Dutch. 1857, 52nd left Delhi for the Punjab.
6 Tu	● 10h. 18m. p.m. 1777, 52nd at the capture of Forts Montgomery and Clinton (American War of Independence).
7 W	1748, numbered 43rd. 1777, 52nd at the capture of Fort Constitution (America). 1813, passage of the Bidassoa.
8 Th	1830, Colour-Sergeant S. Rand 43rd promoted Quarter-Master; he was one of the first Colour-Sergeants of the Regiment, made in 1813 for distinguished service. 1863, 43rd left Calcutta for New Zealand War.
9 F	1813, the Light Division engaged close to the Pass of Vera, some of the heights and redoubts being still in the occupation of the French Army. 1872, on H.M.S. *Jumna* arriving at Malta, special leave was granted to the Sergeants of the 43rd, by the Governor of the Island, to go on shore and mess with the Sergeants of the 52nd.
10 S	1810, at Arriuda (Portugal), the Light Division on piquet work; this went on for 5 weeks, until eventually the French retired into winter quarters. 1874, Sergeant-Major Charles Costeloe, 43rd, promoted Quarter-Master.
11 S	1838, 52nd embarked at Gibraltar for Barbadoes (West Indies) after a stay of 2 years. 1870, Captain Hatchell, 43rd, drowned in Queenstown Harbour (Ireland). 1887, new Colours presented to the 43rd by Lady Aberdare (daughter of Sir William Napier) at Shorncliffe.
12 M	1851, 43rd left England for the Kaffir War.
13 Tu	☽ 2h. 47m. p.m. 1811, 52nd marched from Casillas de Flores to Robledo.
14 W	1810, occupying a portion of the Lines of Torres Vedras.
15 Th	1807, 43rd left Copenhagen for England.
16 F	1859, 43rd with Nagode Force in pursuit of rebels (Central India).

OCTOBER.

17 S	1811, 52nd marched from Robledo to Zamara preparatory to the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo.
18 S	1776, 52nd engaged at Pell's Point (America). 1791, 52nd took part in the storming of Nundydroog (India).
19 M	1881, 52nd moved from Chatham *viâ* Portsmouth to Ireland. 1887, the old Colours of the 43rd deposited in Monmouth Parish Church.
20 Tu	1817, 52nd as part of the Army of Occupation in France arrived at Thérouenne and went into cantonments.
21 W	○ 4h. 17m. p.m. 1812, the Light Division made a movement to its left in consequence of the united forces of Soult and Joseph Buonaparte being in full march from Albacete upon Madrid.
22 Th	1812, the Light Division reached Vicalbaro.
23 F	1818, 43rd, 52nd and other Regiments of the Army of Occupation reviewed at Valenciennes by the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia.
24 S	1842, 24 Sergeants' percussion fusils were received from England by the 52nd at Fredericton, New Brunswick.
25 S	1793, 43rd (1,100 strong) left England for West Indies.
26 M	1818, the Army of Occupation in France broke up.
27 Tu	1779, 43rd joined Sir H. Clinton's Army at New York.
28 W	1776, 43rd and 52nd engaged at White Plains (America).
29 Th	☾ 3h. 21m. p.m. 1808, 1*st Battalion* 43rd landed at Corunna. 1858, Colour-Sergeant Arthur Williams promoted Quarter-Master 43rd.
30 F	1812, the Light Division fell back on Madrid and the Retiro was blown up.
31 S	1818, 43rd reached Calais *en route* to England.

NOVEMBER.

1 S	1808, Sir John Moore commenced his march from Spain into Portugal.
2 M	1815, 52nd, after a stay of two months, marched out of Paris and went into quarters at Versailles.
3 Tu	1831, 52nd marched from Southampton to Bristol to suppress the riots there.
4 W	1831, 52nd reached Bristol in aid of the Civil Power.
5 Th	● 7h. 27m. a.m. 1863, 43rd *en route* from India to New Zealand, detained in quarantine at Mauritius.
6 F	1838, 52nd disembarked at Barbadoes (West Indies).
7 S	1812, 43rd joined Wellington's Army at Alva prior to the march on Salamanca.
8 S	1804, Sergeant-Major Joynt, 43rd, promoted Ensign.
9 M	1813, the Light Division engaged with the Army near the Pass of Vera forcing the mountainous frontier of Spain and France, moved out silently at night from its camp, and got into position within 300 yards of the French redoubt on the heights of La Petite Rhune, and surprised the enemy.
10 Tu	1813, battle of the **Nivelle,** Captains Capel and Lloyd, and Lieut. E. Freer, *killed,* and Captain Murchison (43rd) *mortally wounded.*
11 W	1876, 52nd left Portsmouth for Plymouth.
12 Th	☽ 5h. 41m. a.m. 1813, the Light Division encamped near Arbonne after the battle of the Nivelle.
13 F	1876, 52nd went into garrison at Plymouth.
14 S	1813, Lieut. Angrove, 43rd, died of wounds received at the Nivelle.
15 S	1812, the British Army, which had retired from Madrid to Salamanca, commenced its retirement on Portugal covered by the Light Division.
16 M	1776, 43rd and 52nd engaged at Fort Washington (America).

NOVEMBER.

17 Tu	1812, action on the Huebra.
18 W	1810, the Light Division at Valle (Spain) went into winter quarters opposite the French Army under Marshal Massena. 1812, retreat from Salamanca continued; after a night's bivouac in flooded land, continued the march knee-deep in water.
19 Th	1812, arrived at and went into winter quarters at Ciudad Rodrigo. 1881, Colour-Sergeant George Williams promoted Quartermaster 43rd.
20 F	○ 10h. 25m. a.m. 1776, 43rd engaged at New York Island (America). 1813, 52nd engaged at Arbonne.
21 S	1853, 43rd marched from King William's Town to East London, South Africa, prior to embarkation for Madras.
22 S	1813, the Light Division slightly engaged near Bayonne.
23 M	1812, Lieut. Ridout, 43rd, died of wounds received at the action on the Huebra. 1813, Lieut. Baillie, 43rd, killed before Bayonne.
24 Tu	1808, Sergt.-Major John Winterbottom, 52nd, promoted Ensign and Adjutant. 1813, after the Nivelle, the Light Division went into position at Arcangues, forming part of a defensive line of posts on the frontier of France.
25 W	1800, 52nd landed at Lisbon.
26 Th	1875, 43rd moved from Cannanore (India) to Bellary.
27 F	1859, 43rd with Nagode force in pursuit of rebels (India).
28 S	☾ 2h. 44m. a.m. 1853, 43rd left South Africa for India. 1858, Lieut. Thomas R. Gibbons, 52nd, killed at Cawnpore.
29 S	1818, 1*st Battalion* 52nd landed at Ramsgate after 2 years' service in France. 1866, 52nd left Aldershot for Ireland.
30 M	St. Andrew. 1843, a Regimental Savings Bank opened in the 52nd.

DECEMBER.

1 Tu	1776, 52nd left New York with Expedition to Rhode Island. 1852, 43rd camp in South Africa struck by lightning, 2 men killed and 19 injured.
2 W	1858, 43rd engaged with rebels in **Central India.**
3 Th	1799, War Office Authority to raise for the first time a *2nd Battalion* for the 52nd.
4 F	● 5h. 51m. p.m. 1839, the 52nd at Barbadoes suffered much from an epidemic of yellow fever.
5 S	1790, 52nd with British Force pursuing Tippoo marched on Trichinopoly (Southern India).
6 S	1837, consequent on the disturbed state of Canada, 43rd received orders to proceed by land from Fredericton to Quebec.
7 M	1875, 43rd furnished a Guard of Honour to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales during his tour in Southern India.
8 Tu	1806, 52nd landed in Sicily.
9 W	1813, *2nd Battalion* 52nd embarked at Ramsgate to join Sir Thomas Graham's force in Holland. 1831, Sergt.-Major Priestley, 43rd, promoted Ensign.
10 Th	1813, battle of the **Nive.**
11 F	1837, 43rd commenced the famous winter march from Fredericton, New Brunswick, to Quebec, proceeding in sleighs holding six to eight men. 1863, 43rd disembarked at Auckland, New Zealand.
12 S	☽ 0h. 29m. a.m. 1837, 43rd reached Jones' Settlement in the march across the Portage of the Madawaska.
13 S	1837, 43rd reached Dingee Settlement; thermometer below zero.
14 M	1783, 52nd took part in the storming of Cannanore. The "Forlorn Hope" consisted of 1 Officer, 1 Sergeant, and 31 rank and file of the Regiment, nearly all of whom were killed or wounded.
15 Tu	1837, 43rd reached the Grand Falls of the River St. John in their march across the Portage of the Madawaska.
16 W	1813, Sergeant-Major Harris, 43rd, promoted Ensign. 1826, 52nd received the "Light Infantry Musket," in Canada.

DECEMBER.

17 Th	1851, 43rd landed in South Africa for the Kaffir War. 1864, 52nd sailed from India for England, after 12 years' foreign service.
18 F	1815, 52nd at St. Germains, near Paris.
19 S	1768, by Royal Warrant issued this day, the facings of the 52nd were ordered to be buff, the red-coats faced and lined with buff ornamented with white lace, red worm and one orange stripe, buff waistcoats and breeches, black gaiters.
20 S	○ 4h. 5m. a.m. 1852, 43rd engaged at **Berea** (Kaffir War). 1854, Kaffir War medals presented to 43rd at Bangalore.
21 M	1791, 52nd took part in the storming of Savendroog (India). Whilst the Grenadier and Light Infantry Companies mounted the breach, the Band of the Regiment played "Britons, strike home."
22 Tu	1858, second engagement at **Kirwee** (India), 43rd present.
23 W	1797, 43rd arrived at Martinique. 1828, end of the epidemic amongst 43rd at Gibraltar; 89 deaths in 3 months.
24 Th	1761, 43rd landed at Barbadoes. 1791, 52nd took part in the capture of Ooreedroog (India). 1867, Banda and Kirwee prize-money distributed to the 43rd at Aldershot.
25 F	**Christmas Day.** 1808, both Battalions 52nd as part of Sir John Moore's rear-guard from Sahagun (Portugal), started on the retreat to Corunna.
26 S	*Bank Holiday.* 1815, occupation of Paris.
27 S	☾ 0h. 9m. p.m. 1884, detachments of 43rd engaged in the suppression of the second Moplah outbreak (Southern India).
28 M	1808, retreat on Corunna; rear-guard engaged at Benavente (Spain). 1837, first party of 43rd reached Quebec, having crossed the Portage of the Madawaska; 370 miles in 18 days, including 2 days' halt.
29 Tu	1808, retreat on Corunna; 1*st Battalion* 43rd and 2*nd Battalion* 52nd moved towards Vigo for embarkation. 1884, Private Barrett, 43rd, gained the medal for distinguished conduct in the field against the Moplahs (Southern India).
30 W	1837, the second party of the 43rd reached Quebec from Fredericton.
31 Th	1808, General Craufurd's Brigade, marching on Vigo, reached Camberos.

ARMY LIST.—JANUARY 1895.

THE OXFORDSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY.

Regimental Dist. No. 43.....Oxford.

The United Red and White Rose.
"Quebec, 1759," "Mysore," "Hindoostan," "Vimiera," "Corunna," "Busaco," "Fuentes d'Onor," "Ciudad Rodrigo," "Badajoz," "Salamanca," "Vittoria," "Nivelle," "Nive," "Orthes," "Toulouse," "Peninsula," "Waterloo," "South Africa, 1851-2-3," "Delhi," "New Zealand."

Line and Militia Battalions.

1st Bn. (43rd Foot) .. *Dublin.*
2nd ,, (52nd ,,) .. *Bareilly, Bengal.*
3rd Bn. (R. Bucks Mil.) .. *High Wycombe.*
4th ,, (Oxford Mil.) .. *Oxford.*
Depôt .. .. *Oxford.*

Uniform.—Scarlet. *Facings.*—White. *Agents.*—Messrs. Cox & Co.

Volunteer Battalions.

1. 1st .. .. *Oxford.*
2. 2nd .. .. *Oxford.*
3. 1st Bucks .. *Gt. Marlow.*
4. 4th .. .. *Eton.*

Colonel .. .. .. Wilkinson, Maj. Gen. (*Hon. Lt. Gen.*) F.G. 29Aug.93
15Oct.91

Officer Commanding Regtl. Dist. .. Livesay, Col. W. 10Nov.92
col. 1June88

1st and 2nd Battalions.

Lt.-Colonels. (2)

2Clark, W. 27July91
1July87

1Johnstone, J., *p.s.c.* 16Mar.92

Majors. (8)

2Pocklington, E. B. 20May85
d. 1Strachan, J. A. 15Jan.86
1Plowden, F. H. 18Sept.86
s. Dalzell, *Hon.* A. L. 11Mar.89
m. Eccles, R. 27Sept.93
1Evelegh, F. J. 13Dec.93
2Porter, R. W. 9Nov.94

Captains. (12)

v. *Terry, H. A.* 19May86
m.c. *Mockler-Ferryman, A. F.* 28July86
1Clark, P. T. 28July86
Bower, E. T. C 9Aug.86
m. *Hanbury-Williams, J.* 1Sept.86
2Mockler, G. F. 6June88
v. *Cotton, H. R. S.* 1Jan.89
v. *Day, C. R.* 27July89
d. 2Barton, D. J. 23Jan.92
2Hughes, R. G. H. 27Feb.92
1Fairtlough, C. E. G. M. 16Mar.92
2Fanshawe, R. 15Apr.92
v. *Lamotte, F. G. L.* 2May92
Thruston, A. B. 2May92
s. Davies, H. R. 2May92
s. *Upperton, B.* 27July92
2*White, E. D , ad t.* 27July92
2Luard, R. C. 17Dec.92
1Davy, J. D. W. 2Jan.93
1Parr, C. 22Mar.93
m. *Lethbridge, E. A. E.* 27Sept.93.
1*Owen, W., adj.t.* 27Sept.93
2Childers, E. M. 16Oct.93
2Stanton, E. A 17Mar.94
2Napier, G. S. F. 30May94

Lieutenants. (19)

1Colvile, G. N. 3May89
d. 1Stanhope, P. S. 27July89
1Cuyler, *Sir* C., *Bt.* 30Jan.90
2Pearson, C. C. 2June91
2Crum, A. S. 25Jan.92
2Owen, R. C. R. 27Feb.92
1Ruck-Keene, H. L. 16Mar.92
2Powys, J. L. 15Apr.92
d. 2Darell-Brown, H. F. 24July92
1Cobb, C. H. 24July92
2Watt, R. E. 24July92
1Henley, F. J. 27July92
2Hunter, W. C. 2Mar.93
2Edwardes, A. C. 22Mar.93
Stewart, A. C. (*prob.*) 22Mar 93
Holden, H. N. (*prob.*) 19July93
2Wilkie, C. J. 19July93
2Napier, D. R. 27Sept.93
2Hamilton, K. R. 16Oct.93
1Eden, A. J. F. 17Mar.94
2Feilden, R.M. 18Aug.94

2nd Lieutenants. (12)

2Osborn, P. B. 28Sept.92
2Marriott-Dodington, W. 19Oct.92
1Bethell, W. P. 19Nov.92
2Carter, L. J. 4Jan.93
1Blake, W. L. F. 25Feb.93
1Scott, L. F. 26Apr.93
2Trench, H. W. B. 19July93
1Hammick, S. F. 24Jan.94
2Richards, C. H. 2June94
1Cator, C. 12Dec.94
1Bright, A. R. 12Dec.94
2Salkeld, R. E. 12Dec.94

Paym. 2Owen, R. C. R. *lt.* (*acting*).

Adj. 1Owen, W., *capt.* 2Jan.91
2White, E. D., *capt.* 1Nov.91
Q.M. 1Williams, G. 19Nov.81
hon. capt. 19Nov 91
Hirst, G. A. 27June83
hon. capt. 27June93
McCoy, R. 13Feb.86
28May84
hon. capt. 28May94
2Stannard, B. *hon.* lt. 18July94

3rd Battalion.

Hon. Colonel.

Pratt, W. C. 8Dec.80

Lt.-Colonels.

p.s. *Carrington, C. R.*, Lord, G.C.M.G. 4May81
Lee, E. D., *hon. c.* 16Jan.86

Majors.

Burney, H. E., *hon. l.c.* 17June82
Meeking, C., *hon. l.c.* 1Aug.94

Captains. (8)

Good, A. W. H. (*H.*) 13May85
Terry, W. 24May88
p.s. Paske, G.F., *I. of M.* (*H.*) 22Mar.90
Wickham, H. W. 12Nov.92
Orkney, E. W., *Earl of* 8Mar.93
Hall, C. S. 8Mar.93
Thoroton, F. G. D. (*H.*) 7May94
Mainwaring, C. F. K. 31Oct.94

Lieuts. and 2nd Lieuts. (12)

Lieutenants.

Wallington, E. W. 4July85
Rose, P. V. 5Aug.91
Henderson, A. N. 28Nov.91
Bartlett, E. N. N. 14Jan.93
Clark, E. B. 8Mar.93
Walsh, B. J. M. 31Oct.94
Chinnery, E. H. 31Oct.94
Scott-Murray, F. J. 31Oct.94
Hall, L. D. 31Oct.94

2nd Lieutenants.

Gore, S. N. 6Mar.94
Ward, L. E. S. 5Dec.94

I. of M. Paske, G. F., *capt.*
Adj. Hanbury-Williams, J., Capt. Oxf. L. I. 27Feb.92
(*Capt in the Army* 1Sept.86)
Q.M. McCoy, R. 3Feb.86
hon. capt. 28May94

4th Battalion.

"Mediterranean."

Hon. Colonel.

p.s. *Annesley*, Hon. *A. S. A. hon. c.* 12Dec.91

Lt.-Colonel.

Bulkeley, C. R., *hon. c.* (*H.*) 28Nov.91

Majors.

Cook, A. B., *hon. l.c.* 16Dec.85
Willan, F. *hon. l.c.* (T) 19Dec.91

Captains. (8)

Heriot, W. J. L., *hon. m.* 26May77
Dashwood, *Sir* G. J. E. *Bt.*(*H.*),*hon.m.* 31May80
Williams, C. H. B., *hon. m.* 26Jan.84
Boyle, C. J., Capt. (*H.*) *hon. m.* 30Dec.85
Boscawen, *Hon.* J. R deC., *hon.m.* 29May89
Fortescue, H. C., *hon. m.* 6May91
Warner, T. C. T., *hon. m.* 19Dec.91
Withington, F. E., (*H.*) *I. of M.* 14Apr.92

Lieuts. and 2nd Lieuts. (12)

Lieutenants.

Upton-Cottrell-Dormer, J. H. 14Mar.85
Doyne, R. W. 7May90
Blyth, J. 4Feb.91
Pulteney, R. P. 19Dec.91
Milton, W. C. De M., Visct. 8Apr.93
Rowley-Conwy, M. W. G. 9Dec.93
Brewis, R. H. W. 27Jan.94
Holt-Needham, O. N. 27Jan.94
McNeill, A. J. 17Oct.94

2nd Lieutenants.

Bulkeley, T. H. R. 16Dec.94
Brassey, R. B. 6Jan.94
Hamilton, A. 6Jan.94
Darell, L. E. H. M. 14Apr.94

I. of M. Withington, F. E., *capt.* 8May91
Adj. Lethbridge, E. A. E., Capt. Oxf. L. I. 27Mar.94
(*Capt. in the Army* 27Sept.93)
Q.M. Hirst, G. A., *hon. capt.*

ARMY LIST—31ST DECEMBER, 1895.

THE OXFORDSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY,

Regimental Dist. No. 43......**Oxford.**

The United Red and White Rose.

"Quebec, 1759," "Mysore," "Hindoostan," "Vimiera," "Corunna," "Busaco," "Fuentes d'Onor," "Ciudad Rodrigo," "Badajoz," "Salamanca," "Vittoria," "Nivelle," "Nive," "Orthes," "Toulouse," "Peninsula," "Waterloo," "South Africa, 1851-2-3," "Delhi," "New Zealand."

Line and Militia Battalions.

1st Bn. (43rd Foot) .. *Dublin*
2nd „ (52nd „) .. *Bareilly, Bengal.*
3rd Bn. (R. Bucks Mil.) .. *High Wycombe.*
4th „ (Oxford Mil.) .. *Oxford.*
Depôt .. .. *Oxford.*

Uniform.—Scarlet. *Facings.*—White. *Agents.*—Messrs. Cox & Co.

Volunteer Battalions.

1. 1st .. .. *Oxford.*
2. 2nd .. .. *Oxford.*
3. 1st Bucks .. *Gt. Marlow.*
4. 4th .. .. *Eton.*

Colonel .. .. .. Wilkinson, Maj. Gen. (*Hon. Lt. Gen.*) F. G. 29Aug.93 15Oct.91

Officer Commanding Regtl. Dist. .. Kingscote, Col. H. 24Aug.95 *col.* 20May89

1st and 2nd Battalions.

Lt.-Colonels. (2)

1Johnstone, J., *p.s.c.* 16Mar.92
2Pocklington, E. B. 27July95

Majors. (3)

1Strachan, J. A. 15Jan.86
2Plowden, F. H. 1Sept.86
s. Dalzell, *Hon.* A. E. 11Mar.89
m. Eccles, R. 27Sept.93
d. 1Evelegh, F. J. 13Dec.93
2Porter, R. W. 9Nov.94
v. Terry, H. A. 22Dec.94
m.c. Mockler-Ferryman, A. F. 27July95

Captains. (12)

1Clark, P. T. 28July86
m. *Hanbury-Williams, J.* 1Sept.86
2Mockler, G. F. 6June88
v. *Cotton, H. R. S.* 1Jan.89
v. *Day, C. R.* 27July89
d. 2Barton, D. J. 23Jan.92
1Hughes, R. G. H. 27Feb.92
1Fairtlough, C. E. G. M. 16Mar.92
2Fanshawe, R. 15Apr.92
v. *Lamotte, F. G. L.* 2May92
2Thruston, A. B. 2May92
bt. maj. 12May95
s. 2Davies, H. R. 2May92
2*White, E. D., adjt.* 27July92
d. 2Luard, R. C. 17Dec.92
1Davy, J. D. W. 2Jan.93
1Parr, C. 22Mar.94
m. *Lethbridge, E. A. E.* 27Sept.93
1Owen, W. 27Sept.93
2Childers, E. M. 16Oct.93
2Stanton, E. A., *e.a.* 17Mar.94
2Napier, G. S. F. 30May94
1Colvile, G. N. 9Nov.94

Lieutenants. (19)

1Stanhope, P.S. 27July89
1*Cuyler,* Sir *C., Bt., adjt.* 30Jan.90
2Pearson, C. C. 2June91
2Crum A. S. 23Jan.92
2Owen, R. C. R. 27Feb 92
d. 1Ruck-Keene, H. L. 16Mar.92
2Powys, J. L. 15Apr.92
2Darell-Brown, H. F. 24July92
1Cobb, C. H. 24July92
d. 2Watt, R. E. 24July92
1Henley, F. J. 27July92
2Hunter, W. C. 22Mar.93
2Edwardes, A. C. 22Mar.93
Holden, H N. (*prob.*) 19July93
2Wilkie, C. J. 19July93
2Napier, D. R. 27Sept.93
2Hamilton, K. R. 16Oct.93
1Eden, A. J. F. 17Mar.94
2Feilden, R. M. 18Aug.94
2Osborn, P. B. 9Nov.94
2Marriott-Dodington, W. 16Jan.95

2nd Lieutenants. (12)

2Carter, L. J. 4Jan.93
1Blake, W. L. F. 25Feb.93
1Scott, L. F. 26Apr.93
2Trench, H. W. B. 19July93
1Hammick, S. F. 24Jan.94
2Richards, C. H. 2June94
1Cator, C. 12Dec.94
1Bright, A. R. 12Dec 94
2Salkeld, R. E. 12Dec.94
1Chichester, C. O. 6Mar.95
1Bennett, L. E. A. 13Mar.95
6Mar.95
1Pope-Hennessy, L. H. R. 9Oct.95
28Sept.95

*Paym.*2Owen, R. C. R., *lt.* (*acting*)

*Adj.*2White, E. D., *capt.* 1Nov.91
1Cuyler, *Sir C., Bt., lt.* 2Jan.95

*Q.M.*1Williams, G. 19Nov.81
hon. capt. 19Nov.91
Hirst, G. A., 27June83
hon. capt. 27June93
McCoy, R. 13Feb.86
28May84
hon. capt. 28May94
2Stannard, B., *hon.* lt. 18July94

3rd Battalion.

Hon. Colonel.
Pratt, W. C. 8Dec.80
Lt.-Colonel.
Lee, E. D, *hon. c.* 16Jan.86

Majors.
Burney, H. E., *hon. l.c.* 17June82

Captains. (8)

Good, A. W. H., *hon. m.* (*H.*) 13May85
Terry, W. 24May88
p.s. Paske, G. F., *I. of M.* (*H.*) 22Mar.90
Orkney, E. W., *Earl of* 8Mar.93
Hall, C. S. 8Mar 93
Thoroton, F. G. D. (*H.*) 7May94
Mainwaring, C. F. K. 31Oct.94
Rose, P. V. 6Feb.95

Lieuts. and 2nd Lieuts. (12)
Lieutenants.
Wallington, E. W. 4July85
Henderson, A. N. 28Nov.91
Bartlett, E. N. N. 14Jan.93
Clark, E. B. 8Mar.93
Walsh, B. J. M. 31Oct.94
Chinnery, E. H. 31Oct.94
Scott-Murray, F. J. 31Oct.94
Hall, L. D. 31Oct.94
Dashwood, *Sir* R. J., *Bt.* 20Feb.95

2nd Lieutenants.
Ward, L. E. S. 5Dec.94
Knapp, A. D. 30Jan.95
Forrest, C. E. 16Oct.95

I. of M. Paske, G. F., *capt.*
Adj. Hanbury-Williams, J., Capt. Oxf. L. I. 27Feb.92
(*Capt. in the Army* 1Sept.86)
Q.M. McCoy, R. 13Feb.86
hon. capt. 28May94

4th Battalion.

"Mediterranean."

Hon. Colonel.
p.s. *Annesley,* Hon. *A. S. A. hon. c.* 12Dec.91

Lt.-Colonel.
Bulkeley, C. R., *hon. c.* (*H.*) 28Nov.91

Majors.
Willan, F. *hon. l. c.* (T) 19Dec.91
Heriot, W. J. L., *hon.l.c.* 18Apr.95

Captains. (8)

Dashwood, *Sir* G. J. E. *Bt.*(*H.*),*hon.m.*31May80
Williams, C. H. B *hon. m.* 26Jan.84
Boyle, C. J., Capt. (*H.*), *hon. m.* 30Dec.85
Fortescue, H. C., *hon. m.* 6May91
Warner, T. C. T., *hon. m.* 19Dec.91
Withington F. E. (*H.*) *I. of M.* 14Apr.92
Doyne, R. W. 17Apr.95
Blyth, J. 17Apr.95
Pulteney, R. P. 1May95

Lieuts. and 2nd Lieuts. (12)
Lieutenants.
Milton, W. C. De M. *Visct.* 8Apr.93
Rowley-Conwy, M. W. G. 9Dec.93
Holt-Needham, O. N. 27Jan.94
Bulkeley, T. H. R. 16Jan.95
Brassey, R. B. 18Apr.95
Hamilton, A. 1May95
Darell, L. E. H. M. 28Aug.95
Barrington, W. R. S. 16Oct.95

2nd Lieutenants.
Henley, C. F. 14Aug.95
Willan, F. G. 9Oct.95
Wood, J. N. P. 23Oct.95
Jackson, T. D. 23Oct.95

I. of M. Withington, F. E., *capt.* 8May91
*Adj.*Lethbridge, E. A. E., Capt. Oxf. L. I. 27Mar.94
(*Capt. in the Army* 27Sept 93)
Q.M. Hirst, G. A., *hon. capt.*

1st BATTALION, 1st JANUARY, 1895.

Roll of Officers.

Lieut.-Colonel.

James Johnstone.

Majors.

F. H. Plowden.
F. J. Evelegh.

Captains.

P. T. Clark.
C. E. G. M. Fairtlough.
W. Owen.
E. T. C. Bower.
J. D. W. Davy.
C. Parr.

Lieutenants.

G. N. Colvile.
H. L. Ruck Keene.
F. J. Henley.
Sir C. Cuyler, *Bart.*
C. H. Cobb.
A. J. F. Eden.

2nd Lieutenants.

W. P. Bethell.
L. F. Scott.
C. Cator.
W. L. F. Blake.
S. F. Hammick.
A. R. Bright.

Adjutant.

Captain W. Owen.

Quartermaster.

Captain George Williams.

Officers extra-regimentally employed.

Major R. Eccles, Adjutant 3rd Durham Light Infantry.

Captain H. A. Terry, Adjutant 5th West Middlesex Volunteers.

Captain A. F. Mockler-Ferryman, Instructor in Fortification, Royal Military College, Sandhurst.

Captain J. Hanbury-Williams, Adjutant 3rd Oxfordshire Light Infantry.

Captain C. R. Day, Adjutant 2nd Volunteer Battalion, Duke of Cambridge's Own Middlesex Regiment.

Captain F. G. L. Lamotte, Adjutant 3rd Volunteer Battalion (1st Bucks).

Captain A. B. Thruston, Special Service, Uganda, East Africa.

Captain E. A. E. Lethbridge, Adjutant 4th Oxfordshire Light Infantry.

Warrant-Officers and Staff-Sergeants.

Sergeant-Major Daniel O'Brien.

Bandmaster Albert Lamb.

Quartermaster-Sergeant Charles Warren.

Colour-Sergeant John Williams (Orderly-Room Sergeant).

Sergeant-Bugler Frederick Moore.

Sergeant-Instructor of Musketry William Parry.

Armourer-Sergeant James Acton (Corps of Armourers).

COMPANIES OF THE BATTALION.

Commander.	Letter.	Subalterns.	Colour-Sergeants.
Captain Davy - -	A	2nd Lieut. W. P. Bethell.	Longman.
Major Evelegh - -	B	Lieut. Cobb, 2nd Lieut. Hammick.	Kirk.
Major Plowden -	C	Lieut. Colvile, 2nd Lieut. Bright.	Smith.
Captain Clark - -	D	Lieut. *Sir* C. Cuyler, 2nd Lieut. Scott.	Nye.
Captain Parr - -	E	Lieut. Eden.	Posselwhite.
Vacant - - -	F	Lieut. Stanhope,[1] 2nd Lieut. Blake.	Walder.
Major Strachan[1] -	G	Lieut. Ruck Keene, Lieut. Henley.	Aspey.
Captain Fairtlough -	H	2nd Lieut. Cator.	Guise.

[1] Doing duty at the Depôt.

STATE.—1st January 1895.

Stations, &c., &c.	No. of Companies.	Lieut.-Colonel.	Majors.	Captains.	Lieutenants.	2nd Lieutenants.	Staff.	Warrant Officers.	Sergeants.	Buglers.	Corporals.	Privates.	Public Horses and Mules. Riding.	Draught.	Pack.
Fit for Duty { At Headquarters	7	–	1	2	1	3	1	2	28	9	19	240	1	2	2
Fit for Duty { At Pigeon House Fort	1	–	–	–	1	–	–	–	2	2	3	65	–	–	–
Fit for Duty { At other places	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	1	–	1	2	–	–	–
Sick	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	1	36	–	–	–
Recruits at Drill	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	75	–	–	–
Recruiting	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–
On Staff Employ	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–
On Escort Duty	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–
In Civil Goals { for civil offences	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	1	–	–	–
In Civil Goals { for military do	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–
In Military Prisons	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	4	–	–	–
In Provost Prisons	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	1	–	–	–
In Barrack Cells	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–
Absent.. { With Leave	–	1	2	2	5	1	1	–	6	5	15	148	–	–	–
Absent.. { Without Leave	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	1	–	–	–
Servants to Officers present	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	11	–	–	–
Servants to Officers absent	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–
Servants to General or Staff Officers	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	2	–	–	–
At Discharge Depôt, Gosport	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–
On passage home	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–
Total Effectives	8	1	3	4	7	4	2	2	37	16	39	586	1	2	2
Establishment	8	1	3	6	8	4	2	2	38	16	41	680	1	2	2

ANNUAL INSPECTION STATE.

8TH AND 11TH JULY 1895.

Distribution.	Lt.-Colonel.	Majors.	Captains.	Subalterns.	Staff.	Warrant Officers.	Sergeants.	Corporals.	Buglers.	Privates.
Present under arms	1	1	5	10	2	1	22	25	11	426
Pioneers	–	–	–	–	–	–	1	–	–	4
Musicians	–	–	–	–	–	1	1	1	–	20
Acting Buglers and Boys	–	–	–	–	–	–	1	1	–	20
Total on Parade	1	1	5	10	2	2	25	27	11	470
On duty	–	1	–	2	–	–	10	12	3	123
Sick	–	–	–	–	–	–	1	–	–	29
Absent with leave	–	–	1	–	–	–	2	1	–	11
In prison	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	2
Awaiting disposal	–	–	–	–	–	–	1	–	–	–
In cells	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	1
Total strength	1	2	6	12	2	2	39	40	14	636
Wanting to complete	–	1	–	–	–	–	–	1	2	44
Supernumeraries	–	–	–	–	–	–	1	–	–	–
Establishment	1	3	6	12	2	2	38	41	16	680
DETACHMENTS.										
Curragh	–	–	–	2	–	–	3	4	1	62
Kilbride	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	2	1	15
Various	–	–	–	–	–	–	2	2	–	20
Total on Detachment	–	–	–	2	–	–	5	8	2	97

Recruits joined since last inspection, 244 (87 specially enlisted).
Courts Martial since last inspection, 26.
Nationality.—English, 620; Irish, 13; Scotch, 3.
Average age.—Sergeants, 30 $\frac{9}{12}$ years; Privates, 21 $\frac{11}{12}$ years.
Average service.—Sergeants, 12 $\frac{4}{12}$ years; Privates, 2 $\frac{6}{12}$ years.
Average height.—5 feet 7 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches.
Number of men trained to Transport Duty, 36.
Number of men trained as Cold Shoers, 2.
Number of men trained as Mounted Infantry, 24.
Number of Swimmers, 380.
Number of Cyclists, 6.
Number of Signallers, 8.
Number of subscribers to Library, 703.
Number of men attending Voluntary School, 32.
Number of men married with leave, 42.
Number of men married without leave, 5.
Men wearing Good Conduct Badges.—One badge, 122; two badges, 30; three badges, 8; four badges, 2; five badges, 3.
Certificates of Education.—1st class, 10; 2nd class, 147; 3rd class, 149.
Amount of Deposits in the Savings' Bank.—£393 4*s.* 0$\frac{1}{4}$*d.*
Number of Regimental children, 63.

1st BATTALION.

INCREASE AND DECREASE DURING THE YEAR ENDING 30TH SEPTEMBER 1895.

Increase.

Direct Recruits	38
Joined from Desertion	2
Joined from Army Reserve	None
Tranfers from other Corps	2
From Depôt	185
From 2nd Battalion	20
Total Increase	247

Decrease.

Died	7
Discharged	29
Deserted	8
To Army Reserve	8
To other Corps	9
To Auxiliary Forces	2
To Depôt	28
To 2nd Battalion	69
Total Decrease	160

Note.—248 men were attested for the Regiment during the above twelve months, of whom 119 were born in the counties of Oxford and Buckingham, and 129 elsewhere.

RECORD OF THE 1ST BATTALION FOR 1895.

ON the *1st January* the Battalion was quartered in Ship Street Barracks, Dublin, under the Command of Lieut.-Colonel J. Johnstone.

12th January.—A draft of 25 recruits joined Headquarters from the Depôt.

2nd Lieutenants Cator and Bright joined the Battalion on first appointment and were posted to H and C Companies respectively.

26th January.—A draft of 1 Sergeant, 2 Corporals, and 66 Privates, under the Command of Lieut. K. R. Hamilton, proceeded to Queenstown, and there embarked on board the hired transport, *S.S. Dilwara*, for conveyance to India to join the *2nd Battalion* at Bareilly.

1st February.—C, or Major Plowden's Company, relieved G, or Major Strachan's Company on detachment at Pigeon House Fort.

4th–9th February.—The Battalion was struck off garrison duty for route marching. The weather was very severe, and roads were in places deep in snow and in others covered with ice. The distance marched in the six days was 87 miles.

23rd February.—A draft of 28 men joined Headquarters from the Depôt and were posted to Major Evelegh's and Captain Clark's Companies. G, or Major Strachan's Company, was, from this date, known as Captain G. N. Colvile's Company, Major J. A. Strachan having been appointed Second-in-Command of the Battalion.

4th March.—Between this date and the 23rd March

the right-half Battalion underwent its annual course of Field Training.

18*th March.*—Lieut. H. L. Ruck Keene proceeded to the Depôt for duty, in relief of Lieut. P. S. Stanhope, who proceeded to the School of Musketry, Hythe, prior to rejoining Headquarters.

27*th March.*—2nd Lieut. Bethell was granted an Officers' Extra Certificate at the School of Musketry, Hythe.

6*th April.*—2nd Lieutenants Chichester and Bennett joined on first appointment, and were posted to Captain P. T. Clark's and Captain C. E. G. M. Fairtlough's Companies respectively.

9*th April.*—Major-General Viscount Frankfort de Montmorency inspected the troops in garrison, on taking over Command from Major-General Moncrieff.

10*th April.*—A draft of 1 N.C.O. and 38 Privates joined Headquarters from the Depôt.

20*th April.*—Captain W. Owen's Company proceeded on detachment to Pigeon House Fort, relieving Major F. H. Plowden's Company, which returned to Headquarters.

22*nd April.*—Four Companies were struck off duty and commenced a course of gymnastics preparatory to Field Training.

7*th May.*—Major J. A. Strachan proceeded to Kilbride to take over the duties of Commandant of the Musketry Camp, established there for the use of the troops of the Dublin District; Lieut. Cobb accompanied him as Camp Adjutant.

15*th May.*—Lieut. P. S. Stanhope granted an Officers' Certificate of Musketry; dated, School of Musketry, Hythe, 15th May 1895.

22*nd May.*—A draft of thirty-six recruits joined Headquarters from the Depôt.

3rd June.—Major J. A. Strachan was relieved by Major F. H. Plowden as commandant of the Musketry Camp of the Dublin district.

5th June.—Major Strachan proceeded to the Curragh for a Field Officer's course.

24th June.—Captain Davy's Company proceeded on detachment to Pigeon House Fort.

Intimation received that Captain C. R. Day has passed *C* and *D* for promotion to Major.

25th June.—Major Plowden returned to Headquarters, having been relieved as commandant of the Musketry Camp.

4th July.—The Battalion assisted to line the streets of Dublin, on the occasion of the departure of H. E. the Lord-Lieutenant (Baron Houghton), at the expiration of his term of office. A Guard-of-Honour was furnished at Kingstown, consisting of Captain Colvile, Second-Lieut. Bright, 100 Rank and File, with the Queen's Colour and the Band.

8th and 11th July.—The Battalion was inspected by Major-General Viscount Frankfort de Montmorency.

12th July. — Quartermaster-Sergeant Warren was awarded the medal for Long Service and Good Conduct.

25th July.—The Battalion, strength 16 officers and 500 Rank and File, left Dublin for the manœuvres.

13th August.—The Detachment (left behind by the Battalion on proceeding to the manœuvres), under the command of Captain P. T. Clark, moved from Ship Street Barracks to Beggar's Bush Barracks, where the Battalion is to be quartered on its return to Dublin.

17th August.—The Battalion returned from the manœuvres and took over quarters in Beggar's Bush Barracks, Captain Davy's Company proceeding to Pigeon House Fort on detachment.

22nd August.—The Battalion took part in the duty

of lining the streets of the city on the occasion of the State Entry into Dublin of H. E. Lord Cadogan, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

21*st September*.—Lieut. P. S. Stanhope proceeded to Pigeon House Fort to take command of the detachment; Captain Davy and 2nd Lieut. Bethell both being placed on the sick list. Major J. A. Strachan proceeded to Hythe for a Senior Officer's course.

Intimation received that Major Strachan has passed the Tactical Test required for promotion to the rank of Lieut.-Colonel.

25*th September*.—2nd Lieut. W. P. Bethell died of scarlet fever while on detachment at Pigeon House Fort.

27*th September*.—The funeral of 2nd Lieut. W. P. Bethell took place at Glasnevin Cemetery.

28*th September*.—2nd Lieut. Blake awarded a certificate from the School of Musketry, Hythe.

11*th October*.—A draft of 1 Sergeant and 99 men, under the command of Captain and Brevet-Major A. B. Thruston, left for Queenstown, where it embarked in the hired transport "Dilwara," for conveyance to India, to join the *2nd Battalion* at Bareilly.

16*th October*.—A party of 18 recruits joined headquarters from Depôt.

30*th October*.—Intimation received that Captain J. Hanbury-Williams has passed *C* and *D* for promotion to Major.

12*th November*.—Captain C. E. G. M. Fairtlough awarded a certificate from the School of Military Engineering, Chatham. *Qualifications:* Military Topography, "Very good"; Military Engineering, "Distinguished."

15*th November*.—Captain C. Parr passed *A* and *B* for promotion to Major.

22*nd November.*—One corporal and seven recruits joined Headquarters from the Depôt.

26*th November.*—2nd Lieut. L. F. Scott awarded an officer's certificate at the School of Musketry, Hythe, Sergeant T. Payne also obtained the N.C.O.'s certificate, and was a marksman in his Hythe course.

The Battalion furnished a Guard of Honour, on the occasion of His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant opening the Arts and Crafts Exhibition in Dublin. Captain Fairtlough, 2nd Lieut. Pope-Hennessy, 4 Sergeants, 100 rank-and-file, with Band, Buglers, and Queen's Colour composed the Guard.

30*th November.*—1 Sergeant and 4 recruits joined Head-quarters from the Depôt.

10*th December.*—A or Captain J. D. W. Davy's company returned to Head-quarters from detachment at Pigeon House Fort, having been relieved by a company of the Hampshire Regiment.

26*th December.*—Corporal Cooper and Private Simmons were awarded First-class Certificates of Education.

2ND BATTALION, 1ST JANUARY, 1895.

ROLL OF OFFICERS.

Lieut.-Colonel.

William Clark.

Majors.

E. B. Pocklington. R. W. Porter.

Captains.

G. F. Mockler. R. G. H. Hughes.
R. Fanshawe. R. C. Luard.
E. D. White. E. M. Childers.
E. A. Stanton. G. S. F. Napier.

Lieutenants.

C. C. Pearson. A. S. Crum.
R. C. R. Owen. J. L. Powys.
R. E. Watt. W. C. Hunter.
A. C. Edwardes. C. J. Wilkie.
D. R. Napier. K. R. Hamilton.
R. M. Feilden.

2nd Lieutenants.

P. B. Osborn. W. Marriott-Dodington.
L. J. Carter. H. W. B. Trench.
C. H. Richards. R. E. Salkeld.

Adjutant.

Captain E. D. White.

Acting Paymaster.

Lieutenant R. C. R. Owen.

Quartermaster.

Lieutenant B. Stannard.

Officers extra-regimentally employed.

Major *Hon.* A. E. Dalzell, Inspector of Gymnasia. Bengal.

Captain H. R. S. Cotton, Adjutant 2nd Volunteer Battalion.

Captain H. R. Davies, Intelligence Branch, Burma.

Captain B. Upperton, A.D.C. to G.O.C., Poona.

Lieutenants A. C. Stewart and H. N. Holden, Probationers, Indian Staff Corps.

Warrant-Officers and Staff-Sergeants.

Sergeant-Major H. H. Dempsey.

Bandmaster J. Bradley.

Quartermaster-Sergeant T. King.

Quartermaster-Sergeant (Orderly Room) H. Bagshaw.

Sergeant-Bugler G. Knight.

Sergeant-Master-tailor E. Jensen.

Armourer-Sergeant A. Bateman.

COMPANIES OF THE BATTALION.

Commander.	Letter.	Subalterns.	Colour-Sergeants.
Captain Napier -	A	Lieuts. Pearson and Wilkie.	Dredge.
Captain Hughes -	B	Lieut. R. Owen, 2nd Lieuts. Osborn and Salkeld.	Fergusson.
Captain Stanton -	C	Lieut. Hamilton, 2nd Lieut. Trench.	Burford.
Captain Fanshawe -	D	Lieuts. Powys and Hunter.	Hodgins.
Captain Childers -	E	Lieut. Watt, 2nd Lieut. Feilden.	Lines.
Captain Mockler -	F	Lieut. Napier, 2nd Lieut. Carter.	Franklin.
Major Porter - -	G	2nd Lieuts. Marriott-Dodington, and Richards.	Keen.
Captain Luard - -	H	Lieuts. Crum and Edwardes.	Emery.

PARADE STATE, 2ND BATTALION, BAREILLY, 1ST JANUARY, 1895.

Lieut.-Colonel.	Majors.	Captains.	Lieutenants.	2nd Lieutenants.	Adjutant.	Quartermaster.	Warrant-Officers.	Sergeants.	Lance-Sergeants.	Corporals.	Paid Lance-Corporals.	Buglers.	Boys.	Privates.	Armourer-Sergeant.	Schoolmaster.	Total.
1	2	7	11	6	1	1	2	44	15	24	32	16	6	910	1	1	1080

RECORD OF THE 2ND BATTALION FOR 1895.

ON the *1st January* the Battalion was quartered at Bareilly, India, under the Command of Lieut.-Colonel W. Clark.

18th and 19th January. — Major-General Channer, V.C., C.B., commanding the Rohilcund District, inspected the Battalion.

19th January.—Intimation received that Major R. W. Porter has been posted to the Battalion on promotion, *vice* Major Odell, whose Company from this date becomes known as G, or Major R. W. Porter's Company. Lieut. Hunter granted leave to England for one year.

21st January.—2nd Lieut. R. E. Salkeld posted to the Battalion on first appointment.

31st January.—Lieut. Watt left Headquarters for Bombay *en route* to join the Regimental Depôt at Oxford in relief of Lieut. Darell-Brown.

9th February.—2nd Lieut. Richards passed *A* and *B* for promotion.

19th February.—Lieut. R. Owen granted six months' leave to England. Captain G. S. F. Napier joined the Battalion from the Staff College and took over command of A Company.

23rd February.—Lieutenants Edwardes and Feilden granted eight months' leave to England on medical certificate.

24th February.—A draft of 1 Colour-Sergeant, 1 Sergeant, 1 Boy and 67 Rank and File joined from England, under the Command of Lieut. Hamilton, (transferred from the *1st Battalion*) and 2nd Lieut. Salkeld (joining on first appointment).

26*th February*.—Major-General Channer, V.C., C.B., inspected the draft lately arrived.

27*th February*.—Lieut. Pearson appointed Acting-Paymaster during the absence on leave of Lieut. R. Owen.

18*th March*.—Captain Hughes transferred to the 1*st Battalion*, and Captain Davies posted to the 2*nd Battalion*.

19*th March*.—Major R. W. Porter joined from England on promotion.

25*th March*.—Sergeant R. Osborne was presented with the medal for Long Service and Good Conduct.

10*th April*.—Captain G. S. F. Napier left for Australia on six months' sick leave.

12*th April*.—The Battalion received orders to hold itself in readiness for Field Service, as part of the 2nd Reserve Brigade, Chitral Relief Force, to be formed at Rawul Pindi.

19*th April*.—In consequence of the mobilization of the Battalion, the Ranikhet Detachment, under the command of Captain Childers, rejoined Headquarters.

10*th May*.—The Battalion not being required to leave Bareilly to join the Chitral Relief Force, Captain Childers' Company, made up to 100 of all ranks, returned to the Standing Camp, Ranikhet.

13*th May*.—Captain Luard proceeded to England on six months' sick leave.

5*th June*.—Lt.-General Sir W. Elles, K.C.B., commanding the Forces in Bengal, inspected the Brigade and afterwards the Battalion.

18*th June*.—Waterloo Day; the usual sports were held.

5*th July*.—Captain Childers and 2nd Lieut. Salkeld passed *A* and *B* for promotion.

15*th July*.—Lieut. R. Owen granted an extension of leave to England until 5th December.

26*th July*.—Lt.-Colonel Clark, having completed his period of four years in command, handed over command to Major Porter, in the absence of Major Pocklington, on leave in England.

15*th August*.—Lieut. Napier proceeded on two months' leave to Kashmir.

19*th August*.—The Battalion ceased to be mobilised for service with the 2nd Reserve Brigade of the Chitral Force, the Brigade being broken up.

1*st September*.—Lieutenants Crum and Dodington proceeded on two months' leave to the hills north of Ranikhet.

14*th September*.—Lt.-Colonel Pocklington granted leave on medical certificate to the 12th December.

17*th September*.—2nd Lieut. Richards proceeded on leave to Naini Tal, on medical certificate.

21*st September*.—Quartermaster Stannard proceeded to England on leave for one year, Lieut. Wilkie taking up the duties of acting quartermaster.

15*th October*.—Captain G. S. F. Napier granted leave in extension (medical certificate) to 13th January 1896.

28*th October*.—Lieut. Edwardes granted leave in extension (medical certificate) to 6th January 1896.

12*th November*.—Captain and Brevet-Major Thruston posted to the Battalion and to H Company.

A draft of 100 N.C.O.'s and men joined the Battalion from England; a draft of 98 N.C.O.'s and men of the 2nd Yorkshire Regiment also arrived, and were attached to the Battalion, pending the arrival of their own regiment in January.

20*th November*.—2nd Lieut. Channer, unattached list, attached to the Battalion for duty.

30*th November*.—The Inspector of Gymnasia in Bengal made his annual inspection of the Battalion.

8*th December*.—Lieut. R. Owen, on return from leave, resumed his duties as Acting Paymaster.

28*th December*.—2nd Lieut. Macaulay, unattached list, having completed one year with the Battalion, is posted to the 7th Bengal Infantry, and struck off the strength of the Battalion.

THE DEPÔT, 1st JANUARY 1895.

Roll of Officers.

Colonel.

William Livesay (*late* 43*rd*).

Major.

J. A. Strachan.

Captain.

D. J. Barton.

Lieutenants.

P. S. Stanhope.
H. F. Darell-Brown.

Warrant Officers and Staff Sergeants.

Sergeant-Major Joseph O'Brien.
Quartermaster-Sergeant William Rose.
Quartermaster-Sergeant (Orderly-Room) George Henderson.

DEPÔT STATE, 1st JANUARY 1895.

Colonels.	Majors.	Captains.	Lieutenants.	Warrant Officers.	Sergeants.	Buglers.	Corporals.	Privates.
1	1	1	2	1	12	2	14	113

INCREASE AND DECREASE (1st October 1894 to 30th September 1895).

Increase.

Joined as Recruits	191
Joined from Desertion	2
Transfers received	0
From Home Battalion	26
From 2nd Battalion (India)	142
Total	361

Decrease.

Died	1
Discharged	25
Deserter	1
To Army Reserve on Completion of Service	109
To Army Reserve on Conversion of Service	2
Transfers to Militia and Volunteers	4
Transfers to Regular Army	5
To Home Battalion	198
To 2nd Battalion (India)	1
Total	346

STRENGTH OF 1ST CLASS ARMY RESERVE, OXFORDSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY.

——	Sergeants.	Corporals.	Buglers.	Privates.
On 1st October 1894 - - -	17	38	7	803
Increase -	2	4	—	110
Total -	19	42	2	913
Decrease -	6	9	—	303
On 30th September 1895 - -	13	33	7	610

ARMY PENSIONERS, 43RD REGIMENTAL DISTRICT.
FOR THE YEAR ENDING 30th SEPTEMBER 1895.

Sergeant-Majors.	Schoolmaster.	Quartermaster-Sergeants.	Band Masters.	Sergeant Instructor Musketry.	Sergeant Instructor Gymnastics.	Sergeant-Master-Tailor.	Bugle Majors.	Colour-Sergeants.	Sergeants.	Corporals.	Lance-Corporals.	Bandsmen.	Buglers.	Privates.	Total.
9	1	10	3	4	1	1	4	43	83	54	3	2	12	469	699

Amount of Pensions paid to the above for the year, 15,006*l.*

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

SPORT AT THE DEPÔT.

DEAR EDITOR,—

As I have seen in former *Chronicles* accounts of sport in India, etc., it occurred to me that a short description of sport at home, as enjoyed from this place, might perhaps prove interesting to the readers of the *Chronicle*, and at the same time refreshing to those who, not so fortunate as myself, cannot have their share of the fun.

For a sportsman the Depôt is hard to beat; shooting abounds on every side, and with two decent crocks one should always be able to hunt at least three days a fortnight, hunting being obtainable with the South Oxfordshire, Bicester, Heythrop and Old Berkshire, while a little training soon carries one to the V. W. H., the Warwickshire, or Baron Rothschild's stag-hounds.

First, let me touch on shooting: We, *i.e.* the fellows at the Depôt, hired some land close to barracks for the sum of 5*l.*, in the fond hope that perhaps some partridges, or even a hare, might have been spared for us by the poachers who infest this part of the country; for be it known that the villages round Oxford bear a most unenviable reputation for blackguardism of every kind, and right well do they deserve it. Our shoot has *not* been a success. In a forty-acre field about two miles from barracks there was a covey, and one scorching hot September day I succeeded in getting one bird, and again one of a barren pair; and later on the indefatigable Barton came upon a partridge more than usually unsuspecting, and annexed it. These three birds, with the addition of a leveret shot (not strictly on our

own land) by a good old sporting doctor, and a green plover slain by the writer, form the sum total of game killed on the "barrack preserves," making the cost of the bag exactly 1*l.* per head—rather too expensive, perhaps. Speaking of the doctor reminds me of a little anecdote, which may be found amusing: One day Barton, Lethbridge and I, with the aforesaid doctor, were toiling under a scorching sun in quest of a hare, when we were confronted by a high double post and rail, over which the doctor proceeded to climb, using his gun as a support, and propping himself up therewith. On our venturing to remark that the use of the gun as a sort of alpenstock might perhaps be slightly dangerous, the worthy sportsman somewhat indignantly retorted, "Danger, bedad! there's no danger at all. Sure, I had me hand over the muzzle!" Of course, we were satisfied after that.

There is a pretty little covert close to barracks, much favoured by foxes, and, as a rule, a sure find; and the shooting of this, and about twenty-five acres adjoining, I took more with the idea of preserving foxes than of sport for myself, for if I had not taken it, no doubt some sporting (?) tradesman of Oxford would have snapped it up, in which case the foxes might not have been held so sacred. I arranged to shoot this wood on the 1st of October in order to get what few pheasants it might contain before my neighbours got a chance at them, and accordingly the Colonel, Lethbridge, Barton, and I, proceeded to the covert that afternoon, meeting there the gentleman who is kind enough to call himself my keeper (for I certainly do not keep him), and four other blackguards worse than himself, to beat. However, after one or two attempts, we were compelled to give it up, the leaf being much too thick for the birds to rise, and the rain coming down in torrents made walking

through the young wood like wading through a pond. Some time later we again shot the wood, the party consisting of Barton, Lethbridge, Watt and I, and this time we found quite a respectable lot of pheasants, bagging eventually fourteen and a rabbit; of course, we saw plenty of foxes—four at least. I again shot the covert later on with Barton, the Colonel, and a neighbour, and succeeded in getting four pheasants, unfortunately, losing three more, as I had not my dog with me; we saw this time at least four woodcock, but though I got two nice shots, to my shame be it said, none were brought to bag. We finished the day with a partridge drive over my one stubble-field above the wood, and two coveys came over, out of which Barton brought down a regular "rocketter." Poor bags, I dare say some readers will remark, but, as I said before, foxes are what I want to see—not pheasants—and on the other hand, it is very nice to have a place so handy to barracks, where one can take one's dog and gun and stroll out any slack afternoon with the certainty of letting off one's piece at least once; and indeed, later on, I hope to make some fairly decent bags of woodcock, the covert being a very favourite resort of theirs after a frost.

Of shooting elsewhere I will not say much, except that all September I was busily engaged in pursuing partridges (and what awfully hot work it was this year!) on neighbouring estates, with fairly good results, birds being very plentiful, but as wild as hawks. My best days were 24 brace (six guns) 23 brace (six guns) and 22 brace (four guns), besides numerous rabbits and hares; the latter, I am thankful to say, are very plentiful in South Oxfordshire, and in a day's covert-shooting on an estate close to these barracks, we killed 78 with six guns in October. On looking over my diary, I find that from September 2nd to October 15th, I shot 23 days

and hunted seven—not so bad out of a possible 38 days, and we were stopped hunting for a week owing to the hard state of the ground.

Now for a little "buck" about hunting. I am sorry to say that this season we can only turn out a very small hunting contingent; in fact, Watt and I are the only ones who go anywhere near hunting regularly—a sad change from last year, when the Depôt nearly always contributed five or six. We have, no doubt, to thank hard times for this falling-off, for in most cases the spirit is willing, but the *purse* is very weak. With a "stud" of two, both of them (though I say it) good 'uns to go, I began hunting on September 16th with the South Oxfordshire at Holton Wood at the pleasing hour of 6 a.m.

Up in the dark, dressed by the light of a solitary candle, my servant having bagged the other one, and thanked my stars that a somewhat weak growth of light-coloured hair did not necessitate the application of a razor to my chin. Then breakfast (?) on bread-and-butter and two hard-boiled eggs (cooked the night before), one of which I got down somehow, but the other beat me; these washed down with weak tea, the water having been boiled in the kitchen, and tasting strongly of smoke and candle-ends. A certain great general once said that "no man who could not eat a hearty breakfast at five in the morning, was worthy of the name of volunteer." Alas! from my experiences on this and many subsequent cub-hunting mornings, I fear I shall never be qualified to join the ranks of those patriotic defenders of our country.

"There is a freshness in the morning air," some poet remarks, and I do not deny it, but when, as on this occasion, the morning air takes the form of the thickest of thick fogs, it seems to me perhaps a little over-rated.

However, we at last, after losing our way once or twice, reached the meet, and could discern vague forms of hounds and horsemen looming here and there out of the fog; and this was all there was to see from 6 till 10.15, when fortunately the day cleared, and we could throw off. Then how delightful it felt to be at it again, and how refreshing to see once more those speckled beauties after which we hoped to have many a good chase before the close of the season.

"Delightful scene, when all around is gay"—but no; I will *not* weigh in with that ancient chestnut, which, with Mr. Jorrocks' maxim about the windy day, gets more than its fair share of quotation at the hands of sporting scribes. Well, we found our cubs, got the necessary blood for the puppies, cantered round and round a lovely park, and went home to breakfast or lunch well satisfied and feeling at peace with all men. Since that day I have had many a good gallop, but I still look back on that foggy September morning as one of the pleasantest of the lot.

Both Watt and I have had very bad luck with our "studs," his having suffered from sore backs and other ills, while, as for me, my best horse was laid up for over a month from a ghastly over-reach, and the week after this happened, my remaining one strained a back-sinew, and has since been doing nothing. My ill-luck did not desert me even then, for the following week I accepted a mount on a horse belonging to a good friend, and in the course of a gallop over our South Oxfordshire grass, I got into the Haseley Brook, from which the horse was dragged by two cart-horses after twenty-five minutes, and he died on the way home from a broken blood-vessel.

You may remember that I always had a weakness for dogs, and here I have ample scope for indulging in this

little "failing," these barracks being the best-suited for dogs of any I have come across; lots of grass, not too many ash-pits, and plenty of room. Accordingly, I have had some portable kennels made, and in these I keep four basset-hounds, besides which I have a retrieving spaniel, and a dandie dinmont who lives in my room, being privileged as an older soldier than the rest. I was almost forgetting the two fox-hound puppies which I am "walking" for the South Oxfordshire hunt, so altogether you will see I have a nice little pack. The bassets and the dandie run together, and a beautiful cry they make; sometimes of an evening, we hunt the wily aniseed and I use them at home for shooting over, and rare little beggars they are to turn bunnies out of thick gorse. I bred, besides, last year, four basset puppies, three of which I sold at two and a half months old for 5*l*. 10*s*. the lot—not so bad, considering.

And now I think I have got to the end of my letter, and must leave off scribbling, with the hope that it may give readers of the *Chronicle* as much pleasure to wade through as it has me to write.

Yours sincerely,

H. L. Ruck Keene.

EXTRACTS FROM THE "LONDON GAZETTE," 1895.

8th January. — Supernumerary Captain E. T. C. Bower to be Captain, *vice* R. W. Porter, promoted. Dated 1st January 1895.

Lieut. *Sir* C. Cuyler, *Bart.*, to be Adjutant, *vice* Captain W. Owen, whose period of service in that appointment has expired. Dated 2nd January 1895.

15th January.—Captain E. T. C. Bower retires on retired pay. Dated 16th January 1895.

29th January.—Captain H. A. Terry to be Major, *vice Lord* C. R. Pratt, promoted Lieut.-Colonel on half-pay. Dated 22nd December 1894.

12th February.—The restoration to the Establishment of Supernumerary Captain E. T. C. Bower is in succession to Major H. A. Terry, Adjutant of Volunteers, and not as stated in the "Gazette" of 8th January 1895.

Lieut. G. N. Colvile to be Captain, *vice* R. W. Porter promoted. Dated 9th November 1894.

The undermentioned 2nd Lieutenants to be Lieutenants:—P. B. Osborn, *vice* G. N. Colvile, promoted. Dated 9th November 1894. W. Marriott-Dodington, *vice Sir* C. Cuyler, *Bart.*, appointed Adjutant. Dated 16th January 1895.

23rd February.—Indian Staff Corps.—2nd Lieut. A. C. Stewart, from the Oxfordshire Light Infantry, to be Lieutenant. Dated 21st March 1893.

5th March.—The undermentioned Gentlemen Cadets, from the Royal Military College, to be 2nd Lieutenants: Claud Oswald Chichester, in succession to Lieut. G. N. Colvile, promoted. Dated 6th March

1895. Geoffrey Francis Evans Wardell, in succession to Lieut. *Sir* Charles Cuyler, *Bart.*, appointed Adjutant. Dated 6th March 1895.

12*th March.*—2nd Lieut. L. E. A. Bennett, from the *Duke of Wellington's* (*West Riding*) *Regiment*, to be 2nd Lieutenant, *vice* G. F. E. Wardell, transferred to the *South Staffordshire Regiment.* Dated 13th March 1895.

21*st May.*—*Brevet;* Captain A. B. Thruston to be Major, in recognition of his services during the recent operations in Central Africa. Dated 22nd May 1895.

17*th June.*—The Queen has been pleased to give and grant unto Captain Arthur Blyford Thruston, Oxfordshire Light Infantry, Her Majesty's royal licence and authority that he may accept and wear the Insignia of the Order of the Brilliant Star of Zanzibar of the Second Class, which His Highness the Sultan of Zanzibar has been pleased to confer upon him in recognition of his services while actually and entirely employed beyond Her Majesty's Dominions in the service of His Highness.

30*th July.*—Lt.-Colonel William Clarke, on completion of four years' service in command of a Battalion, is placed on half-pay. Dated 27th July 1895.

Major E. B. Pocklington to be Lt.-Colonel *vice* W. Clark, placed on half-pay. Dated 27th July 1895.

20*th August.*—Captain A. F. Mockler-Ferryman to be Major, *vice* E. B. Pocklington promoted. Dated 27th July 1895.

27*th August.*—Colonel W. Livesay, commanding the 43rd Regimental District (the Oxfordshire Light Infantry), is placed on retired pay. Dated 24th August 1895.

3rd September.—Colonel H. Kingscote, from Assistant Adjutant General, Head Quarters, to be Colonel to command the 43rd Regimental District (the Oxfordshire Light Infantry), *vice* Colonel W. Livesay, retired. Dated 24th August 1895.

24th September.—Brevet-Major A. B. Thruston, from Supernumerary Captain, to be Captain, in succession to Major A. F. Mockler-Ferryman, Instructor, Royal Military College. Dated 27th July 1895.

8th October.—2nd Lieut. L. H. R. Pope-Hennessy from the Welsh Regiment, to be 2nd Lieutenant *vice* W. P. Bethell, deceased. Dated 9th October 1895.

ROYAL HUMANE SOCIETY'S MEDAL.

THE Silver Medal of the Royal Humane Society has, this year, been awarded to Lieut. Randle M. Feilden, Oxfordshire Light Infantry, for saving the lives of two ladies from drowning at Hayburn Wyke on the 23rd July.

"The ladies, after leaving their yacht, the *Kingfisher*, in a dingey, were overtaken by a storm, which capsized the frail craft. Mr. Feilden, on rising to the surface, managed to seize the boat's painter, in water 20 feet deep, with a rocky bay alongside, and by coolness and courage contrived to get both ladies ashore."

CHANGES IN EQUIPMENT, &c., 1895.

1st Battalion.

The Battalion was this year supplied with the "Valise Equipment, 1888," in place of "Valise Equipment, 1882." The new pattern differs from the old in that the valise (which is much smaller and holds less kit) is carried by the soldier high up on the shoulders. The great coat is rolled and carried in the waist belt under the valise, the mess tin being on the top of the great coat.

In appearance the new equipment is very smart and soldier-like, but, unless extremely well fitted (especially having the valise as high as possible on the back), it is doubtful if it is more comfortable to wear than the old pattern. The braces and straps are very complicated, and most difficult to adjust to fit the wearer.

The pattern of the great coat has been slightly altered and improved, the new coat having pockets and a back strap (similar to the officers' pattern), as well as a number of plaits let in at the back of the neck.

Twenty pairs of brown leather leggings have been in use during the year as an experiment. They are an improvement on the old black legging, the chief feature being the absence of the back seam. Other articles issued on trial are shirts (of softer material and new colour), and aluminium mess tins. These mess tins are extremely light, weighing only $9\frac{1}{2}$ oz. in place of 21 oz. of the old pattern. G. W.

MUSKETRY.

1st Battalion.

ANNUAL COURSE 1895.

Figures of Merit.

Company.	Range Practices.	Field Practices.
A, or Captain Davy's	104·23	36·35
B, or Captain Hughes'	95·87	39·84
C, or Major Plowden's	101·35	45·18
D, or Captain Clark's	103·59	40·59
E, or Captain Parr's	96·84	41·50
F, or Captain Owen's	108·19	44·85
G, or Captain Colvile's	89·59	34·08
H, or Captain Fairtlough's	93·39	36·54
Battalion Figure	100·38	39·85

Best Shooting Company, F, or Captain W. Owen's.

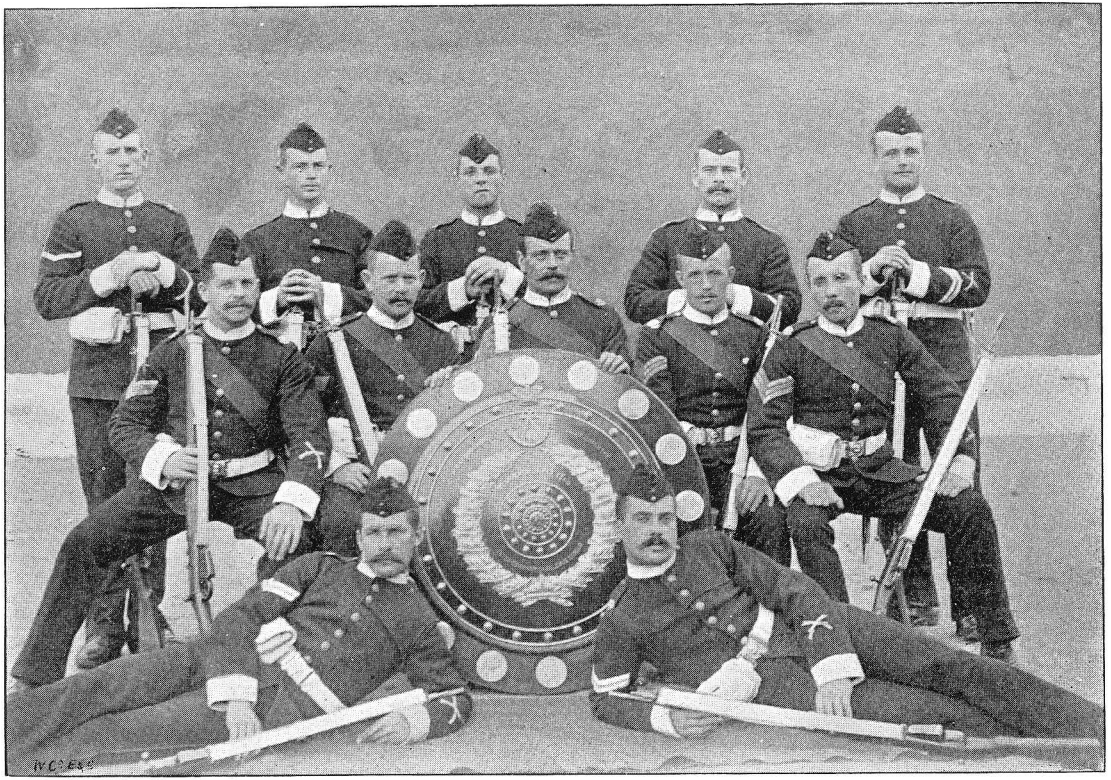
Best Shot of the Battalion, Colour-Sergeant Pears, 196 points.

Number of Men exercised, 584.

Number of Recruits exercised, 215.

Figure of Merit of Recruits, $\frac{159·59}{40·82}$.

Colour-Sergeant Pears.



WINNERS OF THE SHOOTING SHIELD.

A MEETING was held on September 20th on the Kilbride Ranges, co. Wicklow, when the following matches were fired :—

No. I. *Championship.*—Conditions : 10 rounds at 600 yards, 10 rounds at 800 yards. Not more than three men from each company to compete. Two sighting shots allowed at each distance. Position any military.

	Company.	600 yards.	800 yards.	Total.
1st, Bugler C. Amer - - -	A	30	35	65
2nd, Sergt. T. Williams - - -	B	29	32	61
3rd, Lce.-Sergt. H. Bishop - -	B	30	31	61

PRIZES.

1st Prize, Championship Watch, and 2*l.*; 2nd prize, 1*l.*; 3rd prize, 10*s.*; two of 7*s.* 6*d.*, and two of 5*s.*

INTER-COMPANY MATCHES.

No. II. *Inter-Company Challenge Shield.*—Conditions : Open to sections of 12 of any rank (officers excepted). Position : any military throughout; under command of a Sergeant. The team will fall in at 600 yards at the "order," breech closed, sights not adjusted in any way, ammunition in pouches, and will extend to two paces. When the team falls in, the red flag will be raised at the butt; on the flag being lowered, volleys will be fired, for which 20 seconds will be allowed, when the red flag will appear again; sections will then advance for 15 seconds, when the flag will be again lowered and they will open fire as before. They will continue alternately firing and advancing for three and a half minutes, when they will get the order for "independent firing" from the umpire. This fire will last for 30 seconds when the "cease fire" will be sounded. Dress : Drill order with two pouches; any man advancing with a loaded rifle will cause his team to be disqualified; points will

be deducted for ragged volleys, bad advances, or any rounds fired after the conclusion of the "cease fire." Target 2nd Class.

First prize F (or Capt. Owen's) Company, 159 points; second prize B (or Major Evelegh's) Company, 141 points.

No. III. *The Colonel's Prize.*—Conditions: A team of ten men (not to include more than two Corporals or Lance-Sergeants) commanded by a Sergeant; independent firing; extended to two paces; rounds, ten (from the pouch); two minutes allowed; fixed sight; distance, 400 yards; position, kneeling; target, head and shoulders.

First, F (or Capt. Owen's) Company, 37 points; second H (or Capt. Fairtlough's) Company, 28 points.

Inter-Company Prizes.

Challenge Shield: First prize, the Shield and 6*l.* 10*s.*; second prize, 3*l.* 5*s.*

Colonel's Prize: Presented by Lt.-Colonel J. Johnstone. First prize, 4*l.*; second prize, 1*l.*

No. IV. *Officer's Match.*—Seven rounds at 500 yards; target, 2nd class. First, Lieut. C. H. Cobb, score 27; second, Lieut. P. S. Stanhope, score 22; third Lieut. F. J. Henley, score 20.

2ND BATTALION.

ANNUAL COURSE, 1894–95.

FIGURES OF MERIT.

Company.	Individual Classification.	Field Firing.
A, or Captain Napier's	112·58	44·61
B, or Captain Davies'	125·39	53·49
C, or Captain Stanton's	124·47	50·18
D, or Captain Fanshawe's	129·45	49·71
E, or Captain Childers'	124·10	53·10
F, or Captain Mockler's	129·81	54·23
G, or Major Porter's	120·53	45·59
H, or Captain Luard's	117·99	53·37
Battalion Figure	122·70	50·58

Company holding the Challenge Shield for the year 1894–95, F, or Captain G. F. Mockler's.

Holder of the Gold Medal (Best Shot of the Regiment) for the year 1894–95, Sergeant W. Linford.

ANNUAL RIFLE MEETING.

THE Annual Rifle Meeting, which should have taken place in December, was held at Bareilly during the first week of January 1896. The Championship fell to Colour-Sergeant Hodgins. The medal presented by the Bengal Presidency Rifle Association for competition under regimental arrangements, was won by Private Donnelly, being decided by the highest aggregate scores in matches two, four, and ten.

RESULTS OF MATCHES.

1*st Match.*—Third Class Shots. 200 yards, five rounds, standing; 300 yards, five rounds, kneeling:—

Private Buckingham, 24 points, first prize, Rs. 5; Private Barrett, 24 points, second prize, Rs. 3; Private Tricker, 23 points, third prize, Rs. 2.

2nd Match.—Rapid Firing from Magazines. Seven rounds at 200 yards in 60 seconds, standing:—

Private Thatcher, 25 points, first prize, Rs. 7; Lance-Corporal Alder, 23 points, second prize, Rs. 3; Private Walker, 23 points, third prize, Rs. 3.

3rd Match.—Bugle Stakes. Two entries. 200 yards. Time, three minutes. Position, any military. Competitors to run round a post 30 yards from the firing point between each shot. Ammunition to be carried on the person, and no loading except at the firing point:—

Lance-Corporal Pearce, 31 points, first prize, Rs. 8; Private Mathews, 31 points, second prize, Rs. 8; Lance-Corporal Hills, 30 points, third prize, Rs. 3.

4th Match.—The Bisley Match. Seven rounds at 200, 500, and 600 yards; prizes at each distance:—

200 yards:—Sergeant Mackintosh, 27 points, first prize, Rs. 7; Corporal Rawlings, 25 points, second prize, Rs. 3; Private Thatcher, 25 points, third prize, Rs. 3.

500 yards:—Private Penn, 26 points, first prize, Rs. 7; Private Linford, 26 points, second prize, Rs. 3; Colour-Sergeant Hodgins, 25 points, third prize, Rs. 3.

600 yards:—Sergeant-Major Dempsey, 25 points, first prize, Rs. 7; Colour-Sergeant Emery, 25 points, second prize, Rs. 3; Private Clarke, 25 points, third prize, Rs. 3.

Aggregate:—Lance-Sergeant Wallace, 68 points, first prize, Rs. 10; Colour-Sergeant Hodgins, 68 points, second prize, Rs. 7; Private Dancer, 67 points, third prize, Rs. 5.

5th Match.—Skirmishers' Contest. 10 rounds in five rushes, from 350 to 200 yards. Vanishing targets. Any military position. Hits three points each. Two rounds to be fired at each appearance at 320, 290, 260, 230, and 200 yards. Targets visible for 15 seconds for every two shots, disappearing for 10 seconds. Dress, drill order. Ties for first prize shoot again. Ammunition

in the pouch. Any man loading while advancing to be disqualified :—

Lance-Sergeant Vanner, 24 points, first prize, Rs. 10; Corporal Lockwood, 21 points, second prize, Rs. 7; Private Cooper, 18 points, third prize, Rs. 4.

6*th Match.*—Running Man. Distance, 200 yards. Position, any military. Seven rounds. Hits three points each. Single shots :—

Sergeant Wallace, 21 points, first prize, Rs. 10; Colour-Sergeant Lines, 18 points, second prize, Rs. 6; Private Clarke, 18 points, third prize, Rs. 6.

7*th Match.*—Rank and File Match (for 2nd and 3rd Class Shots below the rank of Lance-Sergeant). Seven rounds at 500 yards :—

Bugler Pratt, 26 points, first prize, Rs. 10; Private Williams, 24 points, second prize, Rs. 7; Private Linford, 23 points, third prize, Rs. 5.

8*th Match.*—Sergeants' Match. Ten rounds at 600 yards. Handicap :—

Colour-Sergeant Emery, 38 points, first prize, Rs. 20; Colour-Sergeant Keen, 37 points, second prize, Rs. 12; Sergeant Castagnola, 35 points, third prize, Rs. 8.

9*th Match.*—The Sharpshooters' Contest. Nine rounds in three rushes from 400 to 100 yards. Fixed sights. Running man visible for 25 seconds, disappearing for 20 seconds. Three rounds to be fired at each appearance at 300, 200, and 100 yards. Position, any military. No loading while advancing :—

Colour-Sergeant Hodgins, 24 points, first prize, Rs. 10; Private Hinton, 21 points, second prize, Rs. 5; Private Taylor, 21 points, third prize, Rs. 5.

10*th Match.*—The Championship. Seven rounds at 700 and 800 yards. Points in matches 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and 9, to be added to the score :—

700 yards :—Private Donnelly, 26 points, first prize,

Rs. 10; Corporal Lockwood, 25 points, second prize, Rs. 7; Sergeant-Bugler Sherlock, 25 points, third prize, Rs. 5.

800 yards:—Sergeant-Major Dempsey, 26 points, first prize, Rs. 10; Private Greenfield, 26 points, second prize, Rs. 7; Private Donnelly, 25 points, third prize, Rs. 5.

Aggregate:—Colour-Sergeant Hodgins, 203 points, first prize, Watch and Rs. 40; Private Donnelly, 195 points, second prize, Rs. 20; Sergeant Castagnola, 194 points, third prize, Rs. 10.

11*th Match.*—Inter-Company Competition. Open to teams of eight Corporals and men from each Company, commanded by an Officer. Any number of teams allowed. Ten volleys in five rushes from 500 to 280 yards. Sights fixed at 500 yards. Vanishing targets. Position, kneeling. Two volleys at each appearance at about 430, 400, 370, 340, and 310 yards. Targets visible for 20 seconds for every two volleys, disappearing for ten seconds. Bayonets fixed at 350 yards:—

G, or Major R. W. Porter's Company, first prize, Rs. 50; A, or Captain G. Napier's Company, second prize, Rs. 20.

12*th Match.*—Company Volley Competition. Open to teams of ten Corporals and men from each Company. Seven volleys with magazines at 500 and 400 yards. Time, 60 seconds. Targets four feet by eight feet. Single rank, kneeling:—

D, or Captain Fanshawe's Company, first prize, Rs. 50; E, or Captain Childers' Company, second prize, Rs. 20.

13*th Match.*—Extended Order Competition. Open to teams of eight Corporals and men from each Company. Seven rounds in seven halts between 400 and 200 yards. Individual firing, kneeling. Target, eight *gharrahs* (earthenware pots), filled with water and placed on tripods 18 inches above the ground, one pace apart, for

each team. Fired in heats, two teams at a time. Method of conducting the practice :—Each *gharrah* has a number, and each man a corresponding number, so that when a *gharrah* is broken, the man (in the opposing team) with the same number as the *gharrah* at once becomes a casualty, and falls out as if wounded. For example, if the right section fires and breaks No. 2 *gharrah*, the assistant umpires order No. 2 *man* of the left section to cease fire and take no further part in the competition. The team having the most men left at the conclusion of the competition wins :—

G, or Major R. W. Porter's Company, first prize, Rs. 50; F, or Captain Mockler's Company, second prize, Rs. 20.

14*th Match.*—Consolation Stakes. Five rounds standing or kneeling at 200 yards :—

Private Panting, 20 points, first prize, Rs. 10; Private Elvins, 19 points, second prize, Rs. 5; Lance-Sergeant Havery, 17 points, third prize, Rs. 3.

Rifle Matches.

The following was the score for the Queen's Cup :

Rank and Name.	200 yards.	500 yards.	600 yards.	Total.
Colour-Sergeant Franklin - -	32	34	33	99
Bugler Sadd - - - - -	32	35	31	98
Sergeant-Major Dempsey - -	31	32	30	93
Private Brannagan - - -	29	33	30	92
Sergeant Osborne - - - -	29	31	30	90
Captain White - - - -	28	32	29	89
Sergeant Castagnola - - -	27	31	28	86
Private Donnelly - - - -	24	30	31	85
Total - -	232	258	242	732

The Meerut Meeting.

Captain White, Sergeant-Major Dempsey, and eight N.C.O's and men attended the Bengal Presidency Rifle Association Meeting, held at Meerut, in December. Private Brannagan won the Championship, an excellent performance. Though this was only his second year at Meerut, and on some of the days he had difficult winds to contend with, he fired splendidly all through. His score gave an average of 4·23 (out of five) points, on two "shoots" at 200, 500, 600, 800, and 900 yards.

Private Brannagan also won the Viceroy's Silver Medal, for the best aggregate among British Infantry (two "shoots" at 200, 500, and 600 yards).

The amount won altogether at the meeting in individual prizes by the men representing the Battalion came to Rs. 980.

In the Cup Competition the Battalion was fourth (26 teams competing), being only five points behind the winning team. The aggregate scores were as follows:—Private Donnelly, 97; Captain White, 94; Sergeant Castagnola, 92; Sergeant Osborne, 90; Private Brannagan 88, Colour-Sergeant Franklin, 75. Total 536.

In the Match between the Army and the Volunteers, 12 a side, five of the Army team were selected from the 52nd, and all made good scores.

THE DEPÔT.

ANNUAL Course of Musketry (Fired at Pirbright and Bisley Rifle Ranges between 29th May and 28th August 1895).

Rifle, Lee-Metford, Mark I*.

Number of men exercised, 50.

Figure of Merit, $\frac{140{\cdot}72}{44{\cdot}48}$.

Best Shooting Company, Captain D. J. Barton's.

Best shot of the Depôt, Colour-Sergeant F. Fielding, 205 points.

FIGURES OF MERIT.

Company.	Range Practices.	Field Practices.
Major F. J. Evelegh's - - -	130·83	41·08
Lieut. H. L. Ruck Keene's - -	127·80	45·03
Captain D. J. Barton's - - -	159·85	51·07
Lieut. R. E. Watt's - - -	142·97	41·89

Marksmen, 11; 1st Class Shots, 23; 2nd Class Shots, 16; 3rd Class Shots, none.

ATHLETICS, 1895.

1st Battalion.

The Annual Meeting of the Battalion was held at Beggar's Bush Barracks, Dublin, on the 11th September, when the following constituted the Committee:—Lieut.-Colonel Johnstone, Captain Clark, Captain G. Williams, Lieut. Sir C. Cuyler, Lieut. Eden, Sergeant-Major D. O'Brien, Bugle-Major Moore, Sergeants Payne, Beer, and Molesworth.

I. Throwing the Cricket Ball.—1st, Private Vernall; 2nd, Corporal Ayres; 3rd, Private Turner. 112 yards.

II. High Jump.—1st, Lance-Sergeant King; 2nd, Private Muddle; 3rd, Corporal Stephenson. 5 feet.

III. Flat Race. Quarter mile.—1st, Lance-Corporal Cheshire (winner of the belt); 2nd, Lance-Sergeant Baldwin; 3rd, Corporal Mason. 57 seconds.

IV. Broad Jump.—1st, Lance-Corporal Gallagher; 2nd, Private Muddle; 3rd, Lance-Sergeant Baldwin. 18 feet 2 inches.

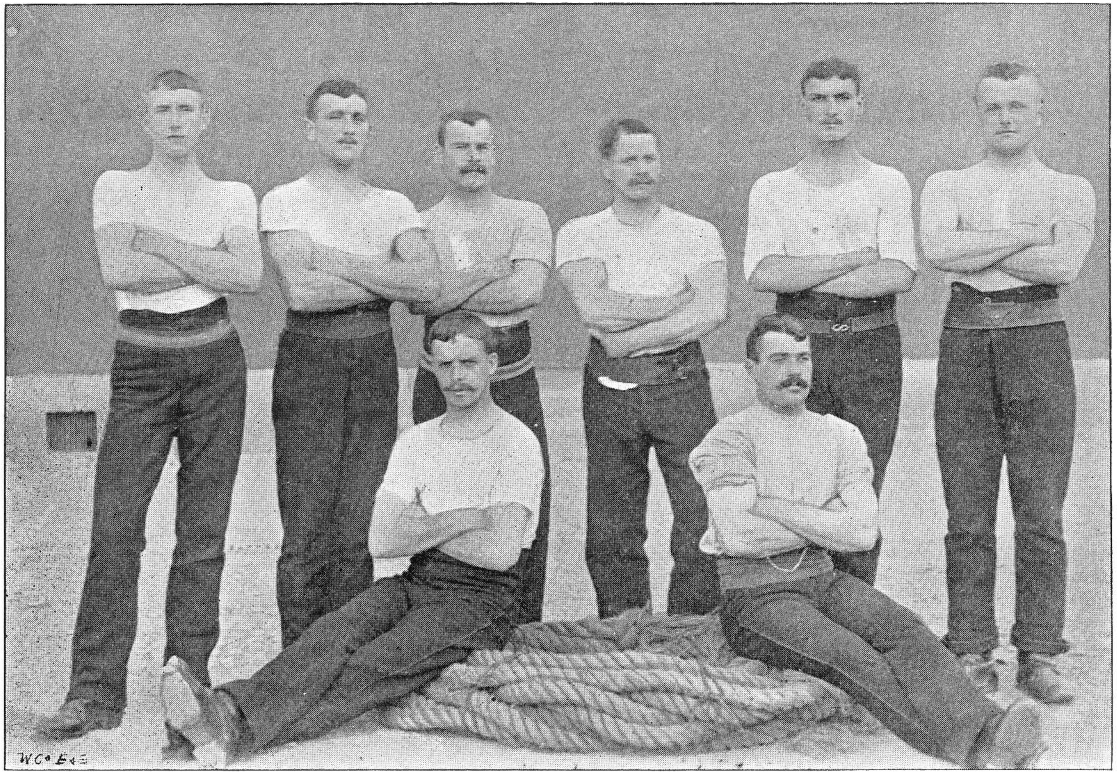
V. Stone Race.—1st, Bugler Paice; 2nd, Private Welch; 3rd, Corporal Stephenson.

VI. Putting the Shot (with a follow and run), 16lbs.—1st, Sergeant Statham; 2nd, Private Messenger; 3rd, Private Vernall. 40 feet 8 inches.

VII. Sergeants' Race. 150 yards handicap.—1st, Sergeant Statham; 2nd, Sergeant Payne; 3rd, Lance-Sergeant Baldwin.

VIII. Flat Race. 100 yards.—1st, Corporal Mason; 2nd, Lance-Corporal Gallagher; 3rd, Lance-Sergeant Baldwin. $11\frac{2}{5}$ secs.

IX. Sack Race.—1st, Corporal Stephenson; 2nd, Private Mills; 3rd, Private Broome.



WINNERS OF THE TUG OF WAR.

X. Hurdle Race.—1st, Lance-Corporal Gallagher; 2nd, Corporal Stephenson; 3rd, Private Turner.

XI. Hop, Step, and Jump.—1st, Private Muddle; 2nd, Corporal Mason; 3rd, Lance-Corporal Gallagher.

XII. Flat Race. One mile.—1st, Lance-Corporal Cheshire (winner of the belt); 2nd, Lance-Sergeant Baldwin; 3rd, Bugler Paice. 4 minutes 54 seconds.

XIII. Tug of War. Teams of eight men from each Company.—1st, F, or Captain Owen's Company; 2nd, G, or Captain Colvile's Company.

XIV. Officers' Race. 120 yards handicap.—1st, Captain Davy; 2nd, Lieut. Sir C. Cuyler; 3rd, Major Plowden.

XV. Obstacle Race. Half mile.—1st, Private Broome; 2nd, Private Prew; 3rd, Lance-Corporal Dwight.

XVI. Bayonet Fighting. Teams of six per Company. —1st, F, or Captain Owen's Company; 2nd, H, or Captain Fairtlough's Company

XVII. Boys' Race.—1st, Boy Balls; 2nd, Boy Henderson; 3rd, Boy Black.

Extra Events.

I. Flat Race. Half mile. Open to the Garrison.—1st, Corporal Barnes, 15th Hussars; 2nd, Corporal Payne, 15th Hussars.

II. Flat Race. Quarter Mile. Open to the Rifle Brigade.—1st, Bugler Moore; 2nd, Bugler Chandley; 3rd, Sergeant Green.

III. Veterans' Race. 120 yards handicap. Competitors must have over 12 years' service. One yard allowed for each year over 12.—1st, Sergeant Holley; 2nd, Colour-Sergeant Nye; 3rd, Corporal Mason.

IV. Consolation Race.—1st, Bugler Amer; 2nd, Lance-Corporal Harris; 3rd, Corporal Mason.

V. Pioneers' Race.—1st, Private Benton; 2nd, Private Bayliss; 3rd, Private Smith.

LANCE-CORPORAL CHESHIRE,
Winner of the Belts.

A Regimental meeting was held at Dublin on Easter Monday; events and winners were:—

I. *Inter-Company Tug-of-war.*—F Company.
II. *Three-legged Race.*—Privates Barrett and Cross.
III. *Hop, Step, and Jump.*—Private Holdaway.
IV. *Sack Race.*—Private Benton.
V. *Putting the Shot.*—Sergeant Statham.
VI. *Recruits Race, 100 yards.*—Private M'Alister.
VII. *Football Competition* (dribbling a ball round a post and shooting for goal).—Private Yates.

WHIT MONDAY SPORTS.

I. Hurdle Race, 120 yards over two flights.—1st, Lance-Corporal Cheshire; 2nd, Private Turner; 3rd, Sergeant Beer.

II. Hop, Step, and Jump.—1st, Private Holdaway; 2nd, Sergeant Statham; 3rd, Private Miles.

III. Recruits' Race, 100 yards.—1st, Private Miles; 2nd, Private McAlister; 3rd, Private Farrel.

IV. Putting the Shot.—1st, Sergeant Statham; 2nd, Private Messenger; 3rd, Private Vernall.

V. Flat Race, open to Detachment Rifle Brigade.—1st, Lance-Corporal Cheshire, 43rd; 2nd, Private Kearns, R.B.; 3rd, Private Barton, R.B.

VI. Hitting the Cricket Ball.—1st, Private Hunt; 2nd, Private Vernall; 3rd, Corporal Ayres.

VII. Sack Race, 80 yards.—1st, Private Mills; 2nd, Private Turner; 3rd, Lance-Corporal Fowles.

VIII. Tug of War, teams of eight per Company.—1st, F Company; 2nd, C Company.

Lance-Corporal Cheshire won the *Race for 43rd Soldiers* at the Rifle Brigade Sports held at Dublin on the 8th July, and was second in the *Open Mile* at the Curragh Athletic Meeting held the same month.

2ND BATTALION.

Waterloo Sports.[1]

THE Annual Meeting in commemoration of the Battle of Waterloo took place at Bareilly on the 18th June. Contrary to the general rule the weather was fine, and in the afternoon the sun was hot enough to make things uncomfortable for the competitors. The officers of the Regiment were "At Home" in their marquee, whilst the N.C.O.'s dispensed hospitality in two other tents. The Light Infantry Stakes were competed for in the morning on the Range, the gymnastic competitions taking place in the gymnasium. The Band of the Regiment played during the afternoon. Details:—

I. Light Infantry Stakes. Two N.C.O.'s and eight men from each Company. To run from 550 yards to the 200 yards firing point, jump four hurdles and fire five section volleys at points marked by flags. Points for time, style and hits.—1st, Captain R. C. Luard's, H Company, 4 mins. 51 secs., style 8, hits 24; 2nd, Major R. W. Porter's, G Company, 5 mins. 16 secs., style 8, hits 24; 3rd, Captain G. F. Mockler's, F Company, 4 mins. 54 secs., style 8, hits 21. Eight teams competed.

II. Bayonet *v.* Bayonet. Teams of six men per Company. Prize.—A Double-barrel Central-fire Gun to the winning Company. Final.—Captain G. F. Mockler's, F Company, beat Major R. W. Porter's, G Company.

III. Gymnastics (Holders of Certificates Barred). Parallel Bars.—1st, Lance-Corporal Connors; 2nd, Private Robinson; 3rd, Private Taylor. Horizontal

[1] From the *Asian*.

Bar.—1st, Private Ashley; 2nd, Private Moody; 3rd, Private Clark. Climbing.—1st, Private Burns; 2nd, Private Appleton; 3rd, Lance-Corporal Primmer. A special extra prize for the best all-round man was awarded to Private Ashley.

IV. Flat Race, 100 yards.—1st, Lance-Corporal Satchell: 2nd, Private Brannagan; 3rd, Private Hunt. Twelve started. Won by half a yard; a yard between second and third.

V. Company Tug of War. Final.—Captain R. Fanshawe's, D Company, beat Captain H. R. Davies', B Company. The winners were by far the heavier team, and this is the first time for five years that B Company has been beaten.

VI. Throwing the Cricket Ball.—1st, Lance-Corporal Aldridge, 106 yards 2 feet 6 inches; 2nd, Corporal Walton, 98 yards 5 inches. Ten entered.

FOOTBALL.

1st Battalion.

The Season 1894–5 was a disappointing one, it being found impossible to train a regular team. Only eleven matches were played, of which two were won and nine lost by the Regiment.

Matches won:—Montpellier; Hampshire Regiment (Army Cup).

Matches lost:—Rifle Brigade (three); Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry; North Staffordshire Regiment (Army Cup); Lancashire Fusiliers (two); Sherwood Foresters; Coldstream Guards.

On Boxing Day, an Inter-Company tournament took place under the following conditions:—Teams, six a side; play, 15 minutes each way; ground, 60 yards by 30 yards.

First Ties.

D (or Captain Clark's) Company beat H (or Captain Fairtlough's) Company; E (or Captain Parr's) Company beat F (or Captain Owen's) Company; G (or Captain Colvile's) Company beat A (or Captain Davy's) Company; B (or Captain Hughes') Company beat C (or Major Plowden's) Company.

Semi-Finals.

D Company beat E Company; B Company beat G Company.

Final.

D Company beat B Company.

Names of the Winning Team: Lance-Corporal Burnes, Privates Styles, Groves, Eyres, Clapson, and Hore.

2ND BATTALION.[1]

The Murray Cup—First Ties.

2ND OXFORDSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY *v.* 1ST HAMPSHIRE REGIMENT.

THE match between elevens representing the above Regiments in the first ties of the Murray Football Cup was played at Bareilly on Saturday the 19th January 1895. The weather was fine, and a keen wind, which was blowing freely, made the spectators feel almost chilly. The scene of the contest was the ground of the Hants Regiment, which was lined three or four deep all round, and the assemblage included Major-General Channer, V.C., C.B., commanding the District, and all the *élite* of the Station. Much enthusiasm was shown by the partisans of either side, any piece of good play being most heartily applauded. The Oxfords, who won the toss, elected to kick off with the wind in their favour, and punctually at four o'clock the ball was set rolling. For the first few minutes the game was greatly in favour of the Hants, but from then till the call of "half-time" play ruled very even, both sides having some very near shaves for goals, but both goal-keepers did their duty right well, and the play of the backs on both sides was really good.

In the "second half" one of the Oxford's best men, Aldridge, was hurt, but kept on after getting bandaged; this will shew that the play was rough. However, though playing practically one man short, and with another partially disabled, the Oxfords, after one or two good shots, in which they narrowly missed scoring, succeeded in obtaining a goal—Duddy heading the ball through after some very pretty passing on the part of the

[1] From the *Asian*.

forwards. The Hants warmed up after this, and but for Gardner's excellent work in the goal would undoubtedly have scored twice. No further score, however, being made, the Oxford's won by one goal to nil. For the winners Gardner, Lundy, Saunders, Duddy, and Aldridge deserve most mention, while Mr. Bewsher, Baker, Gandy, and Squires showed best form for the losers. Sides :—

2nd Oxfordshire Light Infantry: *Goal*—Corpl. Gardner. *Backs*—Privates Lundy and Macgowan. *Half-backs*—Privates Saunders, Piddington and Liddiard. *Forwards*—Privates Day, Bird, and Wells, Lance-Corpl. Aldridge. *Centre*—Private Duddy.

1st Hampshire Regiment: *Goal*—Drummer Mills. *Backs*—Privates Squires and Boyce. *Half-backs*—Privates Pitt, Baker, and Davies. *Forwards*—Privates Lamb, Goodwillie, and Gandy, Sergeant-Drummer Tinsley. *Centre*—Lieut. Bewsher.

Semi-finals.

ROYAL SCOTS FUSILIERS (21st) *v.* 2ND OXFORDSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY (52nd).

VERY great interest centered in the above match which took place on the Regimental ground of the latter in most seasonable weather on Tuesday the 29th January 1895. The match throughout was distinguished by a friendly give-and-take spirit which was pleasant to witness, and play on both sides was very good, though the Scots were too good for their opponents. Soon after the start the Oxfords went within an ace of scoring, but this was about the only time, except just before time, that the Scots' goal-keeper was troubled—the game being nearly all the time in the vicinity of the Oxford's goal, and but for the first-class saving of their goal-keeper, Gardner, the Scots would have scored several times.

After half-time the Scots seemed determined to score, and after about three minutes' play a goal was rushed by them. Play went pretty even for the next eight or ten minutes, when after a splendid run by their forwards, and some very pretty passing, another goal was added to their credit, which was supplemented by a third a couple of minutes later. Neither side scored after this, leaving the Scotchmen winners by three goals to nil. By far the best team won, but the losers played very well, and in justice to them I must mention the fact that three of their best men were *hors de combat*. For the winners Parker, Walsh, Rock, Forbes, and Downes were the most prominent, whilst Lundy, Liddiard and Duddy, and especially Gardner, did their utmost to avert defeat. The teams were :—

Scots Fusiliers: *Goal*—Private Black. *Backs*—Private Parker and Lance-Corpl. Park. *Half-backs*—Privates Swan and Rock, and Lance-Corpl. Walsh. *Forwards*—Corpl. M°Garvey, Privates M°Lure, Walker, and Forbes, and Lance-Corpl. Downes.

Oxfordshire Light Infantry: *Goal*—Corpl. Gardner. *Backs*—Privates Lundy and M°Gowan. *Half-backs*—Privates Saunders, Smith and Liddiard. *Forwards*—Lance-Corpl. Scarsbrooke, Privates Duddy and Wells, and Lieuts. L. J. Carter and D. R. Napier.

Referee; Capt. Ormsby, 3rd Gurkhas.

The Punjaub-Bengal Army Tournament.[1]

1st Cameronians v. *2nd Oxfordshire Light Infantry.*

The above match in the first round of the Punjaub-Bengal Football Association's Tournament was played on the Cameronians' ground at Bareilly on the 7th December 1895 before a large and enthusiastic crowd of spectators, and resulted in a win for the Oxfordshire Light Infantry by three goals to one.

When time was called the score was one all, so an extra ten minutes was played each way.

At the end of this extra time the score was: Oxfordfordshire Light Infantry, three goals; Cameronians, one goal. Teams:—

Oxfordshire Light Infantry: *Goal-keeper*—Corporal Gardner. *Backs*—Privates Lundy and MacGowan. *Half-backs*—Privates Liddiard, J. Smith, and Butler. *Forwards*—Lance-Corporal Aldridge, Privates Gostlow, Plested, Williams, and J. Smith.

Cameronians: *Goal-keeper*—Private Entwistle. *Backs*—Privates Blyth and Barnes. *Half-backs*—Privates Gilligan, Levers, and Roe. *Forwards*—2nd Lieut. Stewart, Sergeant Wilmington, Privates Magee, Boland, and Douglas.

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[1] From the *Asian*.

CRICKET, 1895.

1st Battalion.

RESULTS OF MATCHES.

Date.	Club.	Where played.	Result.	43rd.		Opponents.	
				1st Innings.	2nd Innings.	1st Innings.	2nd Innings.
May 9	N. Stafford Regt. -	Phœnix Park	Lost	110	—	141 for 7 wkts.	—
„ 15	Sherwood Foresters -	Phœnix Park	Lost	104	85 for 8 wkts.	138	—
„ 20	2nd Rifle Brigade -	Phœnix Park	Lost	48	—	246 for 2 wkts.	—
June 20	Sherwood Foresters -	Phœnix Park	Drawn	131 for no wkt.	—	187	—
„ 26	Coldstream Guards -	Phœnix Park	Drawn	93 for 6 wkts.	—	—	—

Twelve other matches had been arranged for the season, but owing to various causes were not played.

Oxfordshire Light Infantry v. *Sherwood Foresters. Played in the Phœnix Park on June 20th*, 1895.

Sherwood Foresters.		Oxfordshire Light Infantry.	
S. J. Shaw, c. Baldwin, b. Clark	47	Sir Charles Cuyler, not out	65
Col.-Sergt. Pykett, c. Scott, b. Ayres	3	Capt. G. Williams, not out	61
Mr. Taylor, b. Ayres	9	Corpl. Roseblade	did not bat.
Mr. Grose, st. Baldwin, b. Clark	38	Sergt. Baldwin	
Mr. Caswell, c. Ayres, b. Clark	4	Mr. L. F. Scott	
Sergt. Hoare, c. Ayres, b. Clark	0	Capt. C. Fairtlough	
Mr. Dove, not out	37	Capt. W. Owen	
Col.-Sergt. Harwood, c. Baldwin, b. Clark	7	Capt. P. T. Clark	
Pte. Thorpe, st. Baldwin, b. Clark	26	Corpl. Ayres	
Mr. Sadler, b. Clark	0	Mr. Cator	
Pte. Potter, b. Clark	11	Mr. Eden	
Extras	5	Extras	5
Total	187	Total for no wicket	131

Oxfordshire Light Infantry v. *North Stafford Regiment. Played in the Phœnix Park on May 9th*, 1895.

Oxfordshire Light Infantry.		North Stafford Regiment.	
Capt. C. E. Fairtlough, b. Fillingham	5	Mr. Hoskins, c. Colvile, b. Ayres	22
Capt. G. Williams, b. Fillingham	7	Pte. Fillingham, c. Hodding, b. Clark	41
Sergt. Hodding, c. and b. Rowley	48	Mr. Prickard, c. Colvile, b. Fairtlough	15
Corpl. Roseblade, b. Fillingham	0	Sergt.-Major Preston, c. Hodding, b. Clark	0
Capt. Colvile, c. Blurton, b. Fillingham	4	Lc-Corpl. Russell, st. Baldwin, b. Clark	7
Mr. A. J. F. Eden, b. Preston	2	Sergt. Rowley, c. Roseblade, b. Clark	1
Capt. Clark, b. Fillingham	1	Mr. Carlyon, not out	30
Sergt. Baldwin, b. Fillingham	2	Col.-Sergt. Bull, b. Clark	1
Mr. Scott, b. Fillingham	0	Lieut.-Col. Williams, not out	15
Mr. Henley, b. Russell	2	Capt. Holland, Corpl. Blurton } did not bat.	
Corpl. Ayres, not out	14		
Extras	25	Extras	0
Total	110	Total for 7 wickets	141

BATTING AVERAGES, 1895.

Names.	Runs.	No. of Innings.	Times Not Out.	Most in an Innings.	Average.
Sir C. Cuyler	121	3	2	65 not out	121
Mr. C. H. Cobb	47	2	1	39 not out	47
Corpl. Ayres	23	2	1	14 not out	23
Capt. G. Williams	122	6	1	61 not out	20·3
Capt. C. E. Fairtlough	27	3	1	22 not out	13·5
Sergt. Hodding	58	5	0	48	10·8
Capt. P. T. Clark	28	5	1	14 not out	7
Mr. L. F. Scott	26	4	0	18	6·5
Corpl. Roseblade	12	3	1	8 not out	6
Mr. P. Stanhope	10	2	0	10	5
Mr. A. R. Bright	11	3	0	8	3·6
Capt. G. Colvile	11	4	0	7	2·75
Mr. A. J. F. Eden	6	3	0	4	2

BOWLING AVERAGES.

Name.	No. of Balls Bowled.	Maiden Overs.	No. of Runs.	No. of Wickets.	Average.
Capt. P. T. Clark	138	0	170	14	12·1
Corpl. Ayres	70	3	50	3	16·6
Capt. C. E. Fairtlough	177	3	130	7	18·5
Sergt. Hodding	65	1	57	3	19

COMPANY CRICKET TOURNAMENT.

First Ties.

F (or Captain W. Owen's) Company beat G (or Captain G. N. Colvile's) Company. D (or Captain P. T. Clark's) Company beat A (or Captain J. D. W. Davy's) Company. B (or Major F. J. Evelegh's) Company beat E (or Captain C. Parr's) Company. C (or Major F. H. Plowden's) Company beat H (or Captain C. E. G. M. Fairtlough's) Company.

Second Ties.

F Company beat D Company, C Company beat B Company.

Final.

F Company beat C Company.

Names of the winning Eleven.—Captain W. Owen, Colour-Sergeant Walder, Sergeant T. Payne, Lance-Sergeant F. Martin, Lance-Sergeant F. Roberts, Corporal W. Ayres, Lance-Corporal H. Jackson, Bugler G. Barnes, Privates Haydon, Muddle, and Vernall.

2ND BATTALION.

Oxfordshire Light Infantry v. *Bareilly. Played at Bareilly, India, on 3rd January*, 1895.

BAREILLY.		OXFORDSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY.	
Pte. O'Halloran, b. Hills	23	Capt. R. G. H. Hughes, b. Parkinson	37
Major J. R. Parkinson, c. Napier, b. Cox	0	Col.-Sergt. Franklin, run out	7
Mr. W. D. Bewsher, c. Hills, b. Cox	1	Mr. D. R. Napier, b. Garbett	13
Major C. C. Ellis, c and b. Hills	16	Sergt. Osborn, b. O'Halloran	4
Mr. A. Sutherland, c. Walton, b. Cox	25	Mr. L. J. Carter, b. O'Halloran	6
Major C. H. V. Garbett, b. Cox	6	Pte. Cox, not out	14
Pte. Baker, b. Cox.	13	Pte. Bull, b. Parkinson	2
Mr. A. J. Badcock, c. Hills, b. Cox	3	Lance-Corpl. Hills, b. O'Halloran	1
Pte. Meredith, b Cox.	3	Pte. Plucknett, b O'Halloran	0
Col.-Sergt. Lewis, b. Cox	1	Lance-Corpl. Walton, not out	0
Pte. Lamb, not out	2	Mr. P. B. Osborn, did not bat.	
Extras	7	Extras	17
Total	100	Total	101

2ND BATTALION PONY RACES.[1]

THE Annual Meeting was held at Bareilly on the 14th December 1895 in capital weather and with a good attendance. The card consisted of seven events and drew out good fields. A totalizator was worked by the committee, and was well patronized. The Band of the Regiment was in attendance during the afternoon. Details :—

FIRST RACE.—Novice Stakes. Rs. 49. Three furlongs.

Mr. Dodington's b cb g Romeo, 11st. 4lbs. Owner 1
Mr. Owen's g a p Crusader, 10st. 6lbs. Owner 2
Mr. Feilden's g a p Scarborough, 10st. 9lbs. - - - - Capt. Fanshawe 3

Also ran : Major Porter's g a p Dixon, 11st. 4lbs. ; Mr. Richard's b a g Goldfinch, 10st. 12lbs. ; Mr. Crum's n cb g Nizam, 10st. 6lbs. ; Major Thruston's g cb m Candid, 10st. 6lbs. Won by two lengths.

SECOND RACE.—Open Scurry. Rs. 49. Three furlongs.

Capt. Trethewy's br aus g Lucknow II., 10st. 7lbs. - - - - Capt. Nason 1
Mr. Wilkie's b cb g Mavis, 10st. 9lbs. - Owner 2
Mr. Macaulay's ch cb m Marchioness, 10st. 5lbs. - - - - - Owner 3

Won by a head; four lengths between second and third.

THIRD RACE.—Steeplechase. Rs. 49. About two miles.

Mr. Trench's b cb m Cima, 10st. 10lbs. Owner 1
Mr. Osborn's ch cb g The Moke, 10st. 8lbs. Owner 2
Mr. Powy's br cb m Psyche, 11st. 6lbs. Owner 3

[1] From the *Asian*.

Woodbury-Gravure.

CAPTAIN HUGHES AND "AARON."

WINNER OF THE REGIMENTAL POLO CUP, 1893 AND 1894.

FOURTH RACE.—Polo Cup. Five furlongs.

Capt Fanshawe's b a p Aaron, 12st. - Owner 1

Also ran: Mr. Carter's g cb p Cymrubach, 10st.; Major Porter's b a p Peter, 10st. 8lbs.; Mr. Feilden's g a p Scarborough; Mr Dodington's br cb m Hebe, 10st.

Lottery: Aaron sold for Rs. 59; Cymrubach, Rs. 58; Peter, Rs. 22; Scarborough, Rs. 15; Hebe, Rs. 25.

FIFTH RACE.—Open Stakes. Rs. 49. Half mile.

Mr. Macaulay's ch cb m Nesta, 10st. 8lbs. Harrison 1
Mr. Ward's gr a p Surprise II., 10st. 6lbs. - - - - Mr. Wilkie 2
Dr. Manifold's b a p Dandydick, 10st. 8lbs. - - - Mr. Pritchard 3
Also ran: Capt. Trethewy's Placid Joe, 9st 8lbs.

Lottery: Nesta sold for Rs. 25; Dandydick, Rs. 48; Surprise II., Rs. 26; Placid Joe, Rs. 62.

SIXTH RACE.—Distance Handicap. Open to N.C.O.'s and men of 2nd Oxfordshire Light Infantry. Five furlongs.

Sergt. Bridgewater's g cb m Ranee, 9st. 8lbs. Native 1
Pte. Bishop's b h Badger, 10st. 3lbs. - Owner 2
Pte. Bishop's ch p Charlie, 9st. 13lbs. - Native 3

Also ran: Sergt. Knight's Jowler, 9st. 10lbs.; Sergt. Wallace's Rags, 10st.; Sergt. Young's Yildiz, 10st. 4lbs.; Sergt. Bryant's Lico, 10st. 4lbs.

Lottery: Charlie sold for Rs. 26; Yildiz, Rs. 25; Rags, Rs. 10; Badger, Rs. 5.

SEVENTH RACE.—Distance Handicap. Rs. 49. Five furlongs.

Capt. Fanshawe's b a p Aaron, 9st. 4lbs. (Scratch) - - - - - - Owner 1
Mr. Carter's g cb m Rebecca, 12st. (80 yards start) - - - - - Owner 2

Also ran: Mr. Wilkie's b a p Akbar II, 15 yards start; Capt. White's ch a g Gladiateur, 20 yards; Major Porter's g a p Dixon, 35 yards; Mr. Dodington's ch cb g Screw, 55 yards; Mr. Richard's br cb m Dorothy, 65 yards; Major Thruston's b a p Non-Ostanti, 70 yards; Mr. Osborn's ch cb g The Moke, 80 yards; Col. Pocklington's b cb g Donald, 80 yards; Mr Trench's b cb p Fatponie, 130 yards.

Lottery: Aaron sold for Rs. 27, Akbar II, Rs. 18, Screw, Rs. 15, Rebecca, Rs. 10, The Moke, Rs. 7.

Bareilly,
20th December 1895.

My Dear Editor,—

Herewith a short account of our pony races which came off on the 14th December. We had a very successful meeting, though most of the fields were smaller then last year. In the Novice Stakes "Romeo," Dodington's new purchase, upset a good many books, winning easily by four lengths and only cantering; even his owner only took half when he went to "drawers" in the lottery. "Scarborough" was made a hot favourite, but could not stay the distance. In the Open Scurry, Trethewy of the Hampshire Regiment won with "Lucknow II."—a smart little Waler gelding—Wilkie's "Mavis" being second. The Steeplechase caused considerable amusement, as none of the ponies had been properly schooled, and it was very sporting of the three owners to run their ponies, riding them themselves. "Cima" won, owing to Osborn's "Moke" running out so often, but, had Osborn been able to keep

him in, he would have won easily, however, he rode a very sporting race. "Psyche" steadily refused to go over more than two fences, so her owner had to bring her back.

"Aaron," now owned by Fanshawe, won the Polo Cup easily, carrying 12 stone (owner up). It was a difficult matter to put all the lead on to make up the weight, but it was a popular win, not only for the sake of the pony, but also for the owner, who has done a great deal for our polo during the last two years. Dodington, who got second place last year, got the same again this year on his mare "Hebe." Porter's Arab, "Peter," ran a good third, but was kept rather too much in hand at the beginning, and could not make it up, though he was going very strong at the end. Carter's "Cymrubach" was expected to do more, but he came in nowhere, and disappointed several backers.

The Open Stakes was an easy win for "Nesta," owned by Macaulay (attached to us), "Dandy Dick" running second. The Distance Handicap for N.C.O.'s and men was a good race, the ponies varying in size from 12·1 to 14·1. "Charlie" was supposed to be a favourite, but he was beaten by his stable-companion "Badger" (14·1) and Sergeant Bridgewater's "Ranee," who won fairly easily. Major Douglas of the Cameronians (brother of our Douglas) did the handicapping after inspecting the ponies, and made a very good handicap of it.

The last race, the Distance Handicap, brought out the largest field, and was considered a fairly safe thing for Trench's "Fatponie," but he ran out coming into the straight, and lost a great deal of ground. "Aaron" won after a tough race, ridden hard from start to finish by his owner, and a pretty sight it was to see him coming through the crowd and only just winning

on the post. Carter's "Rebecca" ran second, and Osborn's "Moke" third (the same place as last year).

We had lotteries the night before at our mess. There were rumours of a night alarm, and all through the lotteries we expected every moment to hear the alarm go, but nothing happened, though one young officer is reported to have sat up all night in full warpaint, thinking it useless going to bed after the lotteries.

Next year we hope to have an equally successful meeting, but we may be moving from Bareilly to a new station. Very sorry we shall be to leave the place after our four happy years.

Wishing you all a Happy New Year,

Yours sincerely,

R. C. R. OWEN.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

A CORRESPONDENT writes with reference to the verses in the last number of the "Chronicle":

"Perhaps the following, from the song of 'Mary Draper' in *Charles O'Malley*, may have escaped your notice:

> She'd ride a wall, she'd drive a team,
> Or with a fly she'd whip a stream,
> Or, may be, sing you "Rousseau's Dream,"
> For nothing could escape her;
> I've seen her, too, upon my word,
> At sixty yards bring down her bird;
> Oh! she charmed all the Forty-third!
> Did lovely Mary Draper.

"In the prose line, of course you know that the immortal Mr. Pickwick and his friends encountered the 43rd and 52nd at Chatham, when 'Dr. Payne of the 43rd' gave them some trouble, and their chance acquaintance, the stroller, was acting in the 52nd theatricals at the Rochester Theatre. By the way, I have often thought that Dickens gave one of his Pickwick heroes the name of Snodgrass from the 52nd Officer of that name who distinguished himself so frequently in the Peninsula, when serving with the Portuguese light troops.

"All your readers have probably come across James Grant's 43rd book *Jack Challoner, or the Fighting Forty-Third*, in my humble opinion, one of the poorest, of that military writer's efforts, and by no means a good description of the New Zealand War."

DEFINITION OF LIGHT INFANTRY.

"LIGHT Infantry are the eyes of a general, and the givers of sleep and safety to an army. They should be

accustomed to the pace of four miles an hour as their usual marching pace, and be able to march at five miles an hour upon all particular occasions."—*Oxford Encyclopædia*, 1828.

A RECRUITING NOTICE, 1756.

ALL persons, inhabitants of the county of Huntingdon, who are willing to serve their king and country, and will engage themselves in the 52nd regiment of foot, commanded by Major-General Abercrombie, will receive for their enlisting money one guinea and a half (free from all deductions) if they have five foot five inches high, and two guineas if they have five foot eight, and half a guinea more to supply them with necessaries on their joining the regiment. They shall have the further privilege (if it be their choice not to be enlisted for life) to be engaged only for the term of three years, unless His Majesty should be engaged in a war for a longer term with France, at the expiration of which they shall be entitled to their discharge.

All such persons who have their country's interest at heart, and are ready to exert themselves in defence of their religion and liberties, are desired to apply to the Earl of Sandwich at Huntingdon, where they will meet with proper encouragement, and, in his absence, to Major D'Ebrisay, of the said regiment, at his quarters at the Crown Inn at Huntingdon.

At the Bareilly Sky Races, held on the 24th and 26th January, 1895, Mr. Marriott-Dodington's "Bagatelle" won the *Pony Scurry* and the *Bareilly Steeplechase*; Mr. Wilkie's "Akbar II." was second in the *Pony Hurdles*, and Captain Hughes' "Aaron" and Mr. Wilkie's "Mavis" were placed in the *Consolation Stakes*.

Woodbury-Gravure.

Lieut.-Colonel W. Clark. Lieut. R. C. R. Owen. Lieut. Marriott-Dodington. Captain Fanshawe.

POLO TEAM, 52ND LIGHT INFANTRY. 1895.

In the first ties of the Infantry Polo Tournament played at Lucknow, the 52nd were defeated by the East Lancashire Regiment. The following composed the 52nd team:—Mr. Marriott-Dodington 1, Mr. R. Owen 2, Lieut.-Colonel W. Clark 3, and Captain R. Fanshawe (back).

Captain E. A. White and Mr. Trench started on a shooting expedition to the Central Provinces in April, but four days after reaching their ground were recalled for Field Service in Chitral. They succeeded in bagging a sambhur, 3 swamp deer, 1 nilghao, 1 black buck, and a hyæna, and had excellent prospects of sport.

Captain H. R. Davies returned to India in May from his visit to Yunan, having accomplished a journey of upwards of a thousand miles through the Shan and adjoining Burman States.

Macmillan's Magazine for May 1895 contains an article entitled "A Soldier's Journal," which is most interesting reading. It is the diary of "the gallant Major Knox of King George the Second's Forty-third Regiment of Infantry," condensed from the two large volumes, *Historical Journal of the Campaigns in North America*, 1757–60, by Captain John Knox, London, 1769.

At the Royal Irish Military tournament held in Dublin in June this year, the 43rd were second in the Tug-of-War (light weights), and Private E. Partridge (H Company) was second in the Medium Weight Boxing. The Regiment took part, with the Rifle Brigade, in a military display on each day of the tournament.

At a Gymkhana meeting held at Bareilly on 4th July, the 52nd practically won everything :—

The Hurdle Race.—Mr. Carter's "Rats," 1st; Mr. Dodington's "Hebe," 2nd; Mr. Crum's "Fatima," 3rd.

The Open Race.—Captain Fanshawe's "Bydand," 1st; Mr. Dodington's "Bagatelle," 2nd.

The Novice Stakes.—Major Porter's "Peter," 1st; Mr. Wilkie's "Regret," 2nd.

The Polo Scurry.—Mr. Dodington's "Hebe," 1st; Mr. Wilkie's "Typhoon," 3rd.

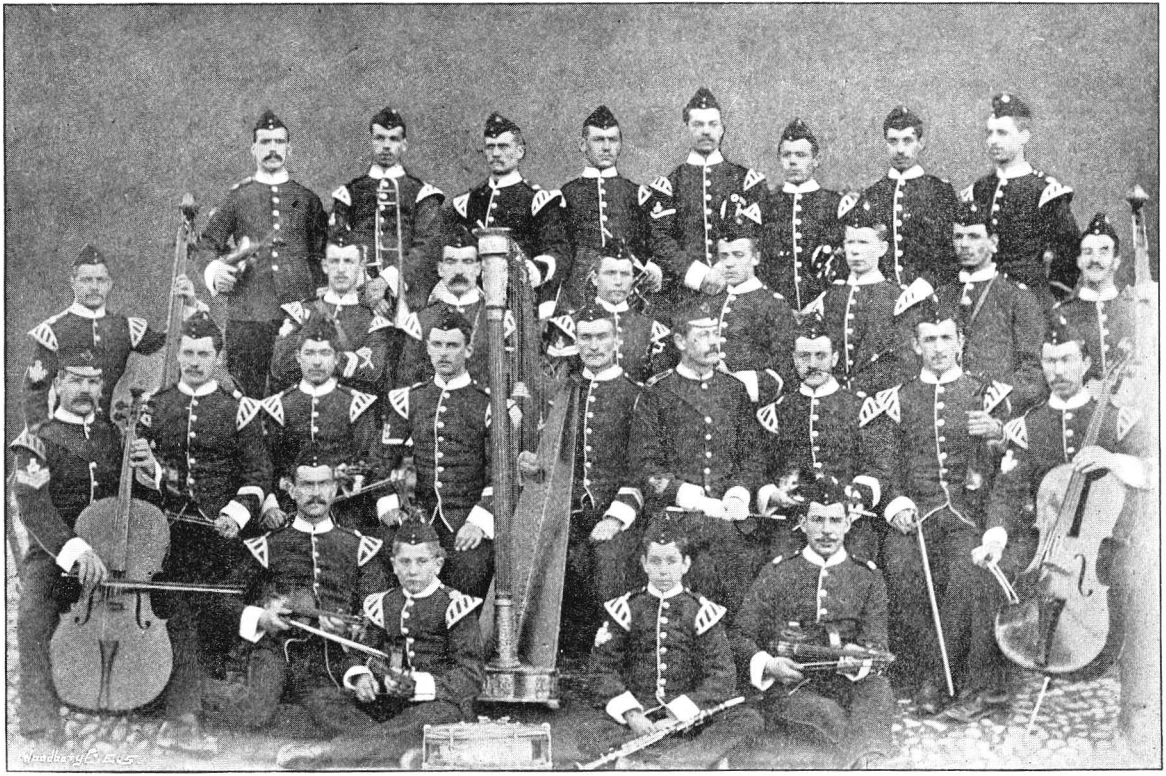
At the Naini Tal Gymkhana, 27th July, Mr. Wilkie's "Tommie" won the *Novice Stakes* and the *Midget Stakes;* the same owner's "Regret," running 2nd for the *Polo Scurry*, and "Typhoon" 3rd for the *Maiden Novice.*

The following should have been included in *Prize Shooting*, *43rd Light Infantry*, in last year's "Chronicle" :—

1889. *Hants Rifle Association Meeting*, 600 yards, won by Captain G. F. Mockler.

Army Rifle Meeting, Aldershot, 500 yards, won by Captain G. F. Mockler.

Captain G. F. Mockler fired in the "Army Sixty" this year, and took several prizes at the Aldershot and Bisley Meetings. At Bisley he fired for the winners (Cheltenham) of the "Public Schools' Veterans' Trophy."



STRING BAND, 1ST BATTALION.

Messrs. Dodington and Crum, during two months shooting in the Himalayas this Autumn, bagged 3 burrel, 3 thar, and 5 gooral, besides small game.

On leaving Dublin, the officers of the 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade, presented to the 43rd Officers' Mess a handsome silver bowl. With this much appreciated gift was the following memorandum :—

Richmond Barracks, Dublin.
18th September 1895.

Herewith—
Bowl, Officers', silver - - - - - - 1
"A grateful sense of favours past,
A lively hope of more to come."
2nd B., R. B.

At the Bareilly Open Gymkhana, held on 17th October, Mr. Wilkie's "Mavis" won the *Maiden Stakes*, his "Akbar II." being second. Major Porter's "Peter" won the *Polo Scurry*, Mr. Wilkie's "Typhoon" third; while Captain Fanshawe's "Sunshine" ran third for the *Novice Stakes*, and Mr. Wilkie's "Typhoon" third for the *Distance Handicap*.

A novel feature of this meeting was a Point-to-Point Race open to N.C.O's and men of the Oxfordshire Light Infantry; about $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles. There were seventeen entries, and the winners were: Private Hunt 1st, Private Hawkins 2nd, and Private Gostlow 3rd.

A military band contest was held in Dublin, under the auspices of the Arts and Crafts Society, on the 14th December 1895. Six regimental bands competed, and the 1*st Battalion* Oxfordshire Light Infantry was eventually awarded the second prize—the Armada Cup, valued at 15 guineas.

A most successful concert was held in the gymnasium at Beggar's Bush Barracks, on the evening of Boxing Day, when Colour-Sergeant Pears, Sergeant Roberts and others, gave some excellent songs, and Sergeant T. Payne performed prodigies in the gymnastic line.

The regiment has, this year, produced a handsome recruiting poster, for circulation in the counties of Oxford and Buckingham. It consists of a central group representing a portion of the regiment on outpost duty, and pictures of Sabugal, Almeida, Waterloo, and Delhi, with a short description of each engagement, and a *resumé* of the services of the two battalions.

The drawings are by Mr. R. Simkin, and the poster has been admirably lithographed in nine colours by Messrs. J. Keliher & Co.

The following shooting news comes from Bareilly :—

"D. Napier, during a few day's shooting in Kashmir, succeeded in bagging 3 black bears, 2 red bears, and a leopard.

"At Christmas, White and Trench, in the Terai, got two swamp deer, and some good bags of peafowl, jungle fowl, etc. Pearson and Powys, round Aligarh and Delhi, got 15 black buck and 3 chinkara; Davies, at Aligarh, got 8 black buck.

"A good many snipe have been shot during the season, the best bag up to date being 62 couple by White and Trench in November. Crum, Davies, and Powys got 50½ couple of snipe and 12 couple of quail, one day early in December."

Last year we inserted an extract from an old paper relating to the death in 1801 of General Cyrus Trapaud,

the predecessor of Sir John Moore as Colonel-in-Chief of the 52nd. The following passage from "Some Celebrated Irish Beauties of the Last Century," by Frances Gerard, throws a little more light on the services and domestic life of the General:—

Catherine Plaistow, daughter of General Plaistow, was of Dutch extraction. She was very pretty, and being seen with the Gunnings was considered a "third beauty," of course in a minor degree. She married Cyrus Trapaud, a relation of Marshall Turenne. At the Battle of Dettingen (1743) he saved the life of George the Second, whose horse had run away with him. Ensign Trapaud seized the bridle, and when the King alighted he said, "Now if my horse will run away my legs shall not!" The young officer got rapid promotion to reward him for his service. He was made General Trapaud in 1783, and was alive in 1800, living in Mansfield Street, where Paoli and other distinguished personages visited him and his wife, who retained much of the beauty handed down in the picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds. The General, who was blind and 83 years of age, died in 1801, and is buried at Chelsea Hospital. Mrs. Trapaud then removed to Welbeck Street, where she died in 1805. They had no children, but adopted a nephew of hers.

The following epitaph appears in the churchyard of Upper Walmer, Kent:

In memory of

JOHN PHILIP HUNT,

Companion of the Bath,

Late Lieut.-Colonel Commanding the 11th Regt. of Foot, and formerly of the 52nd Regiment Light Infantry, in which gallant Regiment, during the Peninsular War, he fought for his Country in many Battles.

Died 26th November, 1858; aged 77.

SIGNALLING, 1895.

1st Battalion.

The Inspection by Colonel Kennedy, Inspector of Signalling, took place in the Phœnix Park, Dublin, on the 9th September.

Figure of Merit—370·72.

Instructor.—Lieutenant F. J. Henley.

Assistant-Instructors.—Sergeant Holmes and Lance-Sergeant Hibbert.

2nd Battalion.

Figure of Merit (1894–95).—473·52.

Instructor.—Lieutenant Marriott-Dodington.

Assistant-Instructors.—Lance-Sergeant Hopkins and Corporal Baldwin.

ANNUAL DINNERS, 1895.

43RD LIGHT INFANTRY.

THE Dinner took place at the Hotel Metropole, on the 17th June, when the following were present:—

Lt.-Colonel J. Johnstone, commanding the 1st Oxfordshire Light Infantry, in the chair; Viscount Bangor, Captain E. T. C. Bower, Major-General H. A. Brett, Colonel J. Colebrooke Carter, Lord Eustace Cecil, Lt.-General F. M. Colvile, C.B., Captain G. Colvile, Captain H. R. Stapleton Cotton, Captain C. R. Day, Major R. Eccles, Lt.-Colonel Girardot, Lieut. F. J. Henley, Captain Howell, Captain Shaw-Kennedy, Lieut. Ruck Keene, Captain F. Lamotte, Lt.-Colonel Lennox, Colonel W. Livesay, Lt.-Colonel A. C. Money, Captain T. H. Pearson, Mr. G. H. Prichard, Captain E. A. Stanton, Major F. A. B. Talbot, Major H. A. Terry, Major A. B. Thruston, Lt.-General F. Green-Wilkinson, Captain J. Hanbury-Williams, Sir Henry Wilmot, Bart., V.C., C.B., Mr. Gerald Young.

There are at present sixty-three members of the Club, and the Committee has not changed.

Since the Dinner of 1894, the Club has lost one member by death, viz.: Major J. T. O'Brien.

52ND LIGHT INFANTRY.

THE Annual Dinner took place in the Pinafore Room of the Savoy Hotel on the 21st June, the following being present:—

Lt.-General F. Green-Wilkinson in the chair; Major H. Adair, Colonel H. C. Adams, Major-General Bailie, Major-General Barwell, Major J. A. Bayley, Lt.-General

Sir Seymour J. Blane, Captain E. T. C. Bower, Lt.-Colonel M. S. Brownrigg, Lt.-Colonel the Hon. G. H. Windsor-Clive, Captain E. L. Somers-Cocks, Captain A. T. Crosse, Lt.-Colonel C. K. Crosse, Captain R. L. Crosse, Lt.-Colonel W. H. Cunliffe, Lt.-Colonel H. M. S. Douglas, Lieut. A. C. Edwardes, Captain H. G. Fane, Lieut. R. M. Feilden, Major P. T. Godsal, Lieut. W. C. Hunter, Deputy-Surgeon-General C. A. Innes, Lt.-Colonel J. Johnstone, Colonel H. Kingscote, Captain E. A. E. Lethbridge, Captain R. C. Luard, Captain J. P. Meade, Lieut. R. C. Owen, Major E. B. Pocklington, Captain E. A. Stanton, Captain W. J. Stopford, Lieut. R. E. Watt.

The number of subscribers to the dinner is now fifty-two.

Woodbury-Gravure.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL CHARLES MACLEOD.

KILLED IN COMMAND OF THE 43RD LIGHT INFANTRY,

AT THE

STORMING OF BADAJOZ,

6TH APRIL, 1812.

LIEUT.-COLONEL CHARLES MACLEOD.[1]

In the chapel of St. John the Baptist, Westminster Abbey, adjacent to the tombs of Henry III., Edward I., and Henry V., stands a monument erected by his regiment to their commanding officer, Charles Macleod, of the 43rd Light Infantry. The inscription is short, but contains a quotation from Lord Wellington's despatch after the storming of Badajoz, in which the heroic commanding officer, who lost his life at the head of his regiment, receives the well-merited praise of the Great Captain.

Charles Macleod came of a warlike stock: his great grandfather, Colonel Æneas Macleod, served with distinction in the wars of Marlborough; his father, Lieut.-General Sir John Macleod, G.C.H., who died in 1833, as Colonel Commandant of the Royal Horse Artillery, served in the American War, and commanded the Royal Artillery at the Battle of Guildford. He also served in a similar capacity during the Walcheren Expedition in 1809, but having been placed at the head of the Royal Artillery Staff in 1790, he became the first Deputy Adjutant-General of that corps in 1795, and was never allowed to quit that employment but once, when Lord Chatham, being Master-General of the Ordnance and commanding the expedition, allowed him to accompany the force to Holland. He had four sons, of whom the subject of this memoir was the eldest. All four were soldiers, and were serving at the same time in the Peninsula. Charles Macleod's mother, Lady Emily Macleod, was the daughter of the 4th Marquis of Lothian, and on

[1] Compiled principally from a manuscript memoir written for and presented to the officers of the 43rd Light Infantry by Charles Macleod's nephew, General Lynedoch Gardiner, C.B.

her side also, amongst the Kerrs, there had been brave soldiers for many generations. It is, therefore, hardly surprising that Macleod should have at an early age displayed "a natural genius for war." [1]

Born on the 20th December 1784, Charles Macleod was appointed to the 71st Regiment as Ensign at the age of fourteen years and nine months, 5th September 1799; Lieutenant 62nd Regiment, 21st March 1800; Captain 3rd West India Regiment, 22nd April 1802; [2] Captain 13th Regiment, 25th May 1803; Major 4th Garrison Battalion, November 1806; Major 1st Battalion 43rd Light Infantry, May 1807; Lieut.-Colonel 43rd Light Infantry, 16th August 1810.

He went to India in 1805 as A.D.C. to the Governor-General, Lord Cornwallis, who, however, died the following year, Macleod bringing home the despatches announcing his death. A few months after joining the 43rd, he proceeded on service with the 1st Battalion of the Regiment to Copenhagen, and was present at the Battle of Kioge, 19th August 1807. In the pursuit of the enemy after this action, Macleod was ordered by the German General in command "to shoot all the peasants he met with, but he pronounced it *pheasants*, and Macleod laughingly promised that he would obey that order." [3] The expedition was soon at an end, and in October, 1807, the Battalion was back in England. In the following year (August) Macleod sailed with the 1st Battalion of the 43rd for Corunna, and took part in the memorable retreat of Sir John Moore's army. The details of this weary march to the coast have been frequently described; the following passage from *Napier* is, however, of particular interest:—"My feet were swelled and bled

[1] Napier's *Peninsular War*.
[2] Never joined.
[3] *Life of Sir William Napier*.

at every step in such a manner that General Craufurd who saw me turned his head away, and I must have perished if Macleod, hearing of my state, had not lent me his spare horse."[1]

Macleod embarked at Vigo with the 1st Battalion on the 24th January 1809, reaching England a few days later. In June he was back again in the Peninsula, and at the end of July he took part in the extraordinary march of the Light Brigade to Talavera. On the 27th July, whilst actually on the march, he wrote home :—"We expect to be at Talavera, where the head-quarters of the English are, on the 30th, passing through Orepese." Yet the Brigade actually reached Talavera on the 29th—the day after the battle—and at once took over the outpost duties of the army. Napier thus describes the event :—

> These troops after a march of twenty miles were in bivouac near Malpartida de Plasansia when the alarm spread by the fugitive Spaniards spread to that part. Craufurd allowed the men to rest for a few hours, and then withdrawing about 50 of the weakest from the ranks, commenced his march with the resolution not to halt till he reached the field of battle. As the brigade advanced crowds of runaways were met with—and these not all Spaniards—spreading the vilest of falsehoods. The army was defeated—Sir Arthur Wellesley was killed—the French were only a few miles distant, and some blinded by their fears affected even to point out the enemy's advanced posts on the nearest hills. Indignant at this shameful scene, the troops hastened rather than slackened the impetuosity of their pace, and leaving only seventeen stragglers behind, in twenty-six hours they had crossed the field of battle in a close and compact body, having in that time passed over sixty-two English miles[2]

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[1] A sincere friendship existed between Macleod and William Napier, strengthened, no doubt, by a family connection. Macleod's aunt married Lord George Lennox, who was William Napier's uncle.

[2] The correct distance of this march has been disputed, and quite recently it formed a subject for correspondence in one of the service papers. General Lynedoch Gardiner says : "Sir Arthur Wellesley, in writing to Lord Castlereagh on the 1st August from Talavera, records that 'Brigadier General Craufurd arrived with his brigade on the 29th, having marched twelve Spanish leagues in a little more than

in the hottest season of the year, each man carrying from fifty to sixty pounds weight upon his shoulders. Had the historian Gibbon known of such a march, he would have spared his sneer about the delicacy of modern soldiers.[1]

Macleod was at this time senior Major of the 43rd, and on Colonel Gifford's appointment to the Staff, he was placed in temporary command of the Battalion. Writing on the 10th February, 1810, about the disposition of the army, he says :—

We are separated in villages ; this, of which I am autocrat, is called Reigada. The rest of the regiment are at Torpina and Cincovilla—two other *hovelries*. We are about three leagues from Almeida, which is nearly south of us, where there are some famous fortifications, and some infamous dirty streets, and some famous Portuguese regiments without arms—and without breeches ; but do not say anything about this. Arms are no use for they always throw them away, and breeches do not make the man.

The work of the Brigade was now most arduous. Napier writes :—

Meanwhile General Craufurd had commenced a series of remarkable operations with the Light Division. This body of infantry was composed of three regiments singularly fitted for any difficult service. They had been for several years under Sir John Moore, and being carefully disciplined in the peculiar school of that great man, came to the field with such a knowledge of arms that in six years of real warfare no weakness could be detected in their system, and in all that time they were never overborne by courage or skill.

We now come to the combat of the Coa (Almeida) in which Macleod played a prominent part. In describing the affair we do not propose criticising General Crau-

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twenty-four hours.' The Spanish league is estimated at four English miles, and if the whole brigade were together half-way between Torel and Navalmoral, the distance by measurement on the map corresponds exactly with that mentioned by the commander of the forces in his despatch ; and that would seem to be the more correct version, as it was written at the time on the spot, while Napier's History of the War was not penned for some thirty years later ; but the performance is in any case a wonderful one."

[1] *Napier.*

furd's dispositions or movements,[1] it being sufficient for our purpose to say that, after a stormy night, the Light Division found themselves on the morning of the 24th July 1810, endeavouring to effect a retreat over the Coa by the one bridge near Almeida. The situation briefly was this :—Craufurd's force consisted of 4,000 infantry (43rd, 52nd, 95th, and Portuguese Caçadores), 1,100 cavalry, and six guns. The position he occupied ran obliquely to the river. The right rested on some broken ground; the left on an unfinished tower about 800 yards from Almeida; but in rear the ground descended precipitously to the river, forming one side of a ravine through which the river ran, and the bridge was more than a mile from the nearest point of the plateau. To attack him in this position the French advanced with 24,000 infantry, 5,000 cavalry, and 30 guns. Craufurd pushed his guns and cavalry on to the plain, and withdrew the infantry below the edge of the ravine. The French cavalry and guns quickly obliged those of the British to retire, and their infantry came rapidly on against the centre and left of the position. A hot fire was soon raging, under which the Portuguese gave way, following the cavalry and artillery across the bridge.

The 43rd, hitherto held back on the left, now moved up into the first line to replace the Portuguese; but the French, having all the advantage of numbers, pressed back the British from the edge of the ravine, while their powerful cavalry, charging along the glacis of Almeida, rode down and sabred everything they could reach. This mingling of friend and foe prevented the guns of the fortress of Almeida from coming into action.

Then the British regiments, with singular intelligence and discipline, extricated themselves from their perilous situation. Falling back slowly, stopping and fighting when opportunity offered, they made their way

[1] Vide *General Craufurd and his Light Division*, by the Rev. A. H. Craufurd, M.A., London, 1892.

down the ravine, tangled as it was with vineyards, in spite of their enemies, who were yet so fierce and eager that even the horsemen rode in amongst the enclosures, striking at the soldiers as they mounted the walls or scrambled over the rocks.

Soon the retreating troops approached the river, and the ground became more open, but the left wing, hardest pressed and having the shortest distance, arrived while the bridge was crowded with artillery and cavalry, and the right was still distant. Major Macleod of the 43rd instantly rallied four companies of his regiment on a hill to cover the line of passage; he was joined by some riflemen, and at the same time the Brigade-Major, Rowan,[1] posted two companies on another hill to the left, flanking the road; these posts were maintained while the right wing was filing over the river, yet the French, gathering in great numbers, made a rush, forcing the British companies back before the bridge was cleared, and when part of the 52nd was still distant from it. Very imminent was the danger, but Macleod, a young man endowed with a natural genius for war, turned his horse, called on the troops to follow, waved his cap, and rode with a shout towards the enemy, on whom the suddenness of the thing and the animating gesture of the man produced the effect designed, for the soldiers rushed after him cheering and charging as if a whole army had been at their backs. The enemy's skirmishers, not comprehending this, stopped short, and before their surprise was over the 52nd passed the river, and Macleod followed at speed. It was a fine exploit.[2]

If any are now living of those who defended the little hill above the bridge, they cannot fail to remember the gallantry displayed by Major Macleod of the 43rd, who was the senior officer on the spot. How either he or his horse escaped being blown to atoms, when, in the most daring manner, he charged on horseback at the head of a hundred or two skirmishers of the 43rd and our regiment mixed together, and headed them in making a dash at a wall lined with French infantry, which we soon dislodged, I am at a loss to imagine.[3]

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[1] Lieut.-Colonel Sir Charles Rowan, K.C.B. He entered the 52nd in 1798, and served with the regiment in Sicily, Denmark, Portugal, and Spain. He was for some time A.A.G. to the Light Division, and as such distinguished himself at the action of Almeida. He was present at the sieges of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz, and at the battle of Salamanca, besides numerous intervening affairs, for which he received the war medal with clasps. He also served in the battle of Waterloo, where he was severely wounded. On his retirement from active service, Sir Charles Rowan undertook the organization and management of the new Metropolitan Police, which task he executed in a manner reflecting the highest credit on his ability.—*52nd Records.*

[2] *Napier.*

[3] *Rough Sketches of the Life of an old Soldier,* by Lieut.-Colonel J. Leach, C.B., late of the Rifle Brigade, London, 1831.

Macleod relates the affair in a letter to his father, dated Fraxados, August 22nd, 1810:

All I can tell you is that it was rather ticklish work while it lasted, and, indeed, until it ended, and who had the worst of it must be settled by the generals. We each of us gained the object intended, I believe. Ours being simply to prevent their crossing the Coa, and theirs, in the first place, I believe, merely to have the other side to themselves. Some people think that it would have been as well to have settled this *amicably*.

I was looking out with another officer, out of curiosity, in front of our position long before the action began, and thought I saw what might make *one bridge in our rear, and no other way of retreat*, rather an awkward thing, *viz.*, the enemy advancing regularly to the investment of the town[1] in very large force; the number of infantry at least quadruple ours and fifteen squadrons of cavalry formed upon their right. However, we kept their Light Infantry in check, and beat them back whenever we thought proper—two or three times when they showed rather impertinently—and the last companies crossed the bridge without a shot being fired at us, so that if they say they *drove* us (as I daresay they will) they lie in their teeth. We afterwards disputed the passage of the bridge with them until they thought it as well to leave off the experiment. Every man of them that crossed the bridge was killed (about thirty who got so far that they rushed over by way of getting out of the fire); a great many were killed on the bridge, and then they were contented with killing one another across the river. They threatened once more, but the drummer who was stirring them on with the *pas de charge* and the officer who led them being killed on the bridge, the rest went back.

There can be little doubt that Macleod by his timely counter-attack saved the day, and extricated the 52nd from a very difficult situation, yet he got little *kudos* for his share in the day's work. He had commanded the regiment temporarily for nearly a year, and only the day before the engagement had handed over the command to Lieut.-Colonel Hull, but he was not personally mentioned in Wellington's despatch,[2] although he was

[1] Almeida.

[2] The despatch in question says: "I am informed that throughout this trying day the commanding officers of the 43rd, 52nd, and 95th Regiments, Lieut.-Colonels Beckwith, Barclay, and Hull, and all the officers and soldiers of those excellent regiments distinguished themselves."

actually commanding the regiment for the greater part of the day—Lieut.-Colonel Hull having been killed early in the morning.

Macleod was gazetted Lieut.-Colonel of the regiment on the 16th August 1810, at the age of 25 years and 8 months—certainly the youngest commanding officer that the 43rd has ever had. He commanded the regiment at the Battle of Busaco (September 1810), but in the following January his health completely broke down, and he was forced to go home on sick leave. He was, however, again with the regiment in May, 1811, having missed some hard fighting, which he regrets in a letter to his father written from Espeja on the 21st May 1811 :—

I do not enter into my disappointment and chagrin and desperation at having missed all that has been to be done—to be seen—to be learnt. It is not to be told, but you will understand it when you hear of the brilliant conduct of the 43rd under another man, particularly at Sabugal, when they showed themselves most conspicuously, both in courage, order, and discipline. I look upon Patrickson,[1] who commanded them, as one of the luckiest fellows in the army. I certainly rejoice at its having fallen to his lot (myself being out of the way), and hope he will get something by it.

After this a period of inaction set in, during which the Light Division amused themselves as best they could, and Macleod's letters home show that times were pleasant enough :—

Fuente Guinaldo,
20th November 1811.

Orderly: "Sir, you have just ten minutes to write, Sir"—packet making up for England. We are all rubbing on pretty fairly ; nothing to do

[1] Christopher Patrickson, C.B., transferred to the 43rd as Captain, May 1803 ; Major, September 1809 ; Brevet Lieut.-Colonel, May 1811 ; Lieut.-Colonel, June 1813 ; Colonel, July 1821, ; served in Ireland with the 9th Dragoons during the rebellion of 1798 ; with the 43rd at Copenhagen and in Spain, under Sir John Moore, in 1808-9 ; served throughout the Peninsular War, and commanded the regiment at New Orleans ; present at the capture of Paris, 1815 ; received the gold medal for Toulouse, and the silver medal for Busaco, Fuentes d'Onor, and Vittoria ; retired 1826, and died 1856.

but course, hunt, and act plays, which Colonel Barnard has set going, and which everybody was inclined to assist in. Half my boys are kings, princes, buffoons, &c. To-morrow is to be performed, with variations no doubt, the most excellent conceited humourous play of Shakespeare, *Henry the Fourth*. We expected Colonel Bradyll to act Falstaff, but he has unfortunately been taken ill, and is not able to ride from twenty to thirty leagues, which he was actually on the point of doing, for they (the Guards) are quartered below Celerico. It is not true, as the French say, that we are dying of *ennui*. When they do not amuse us, we find some way of driving away our other enemy—time—with tolerable success. For my own part I confess I am a dull actor, and my time is spent in the more important, though certainly less profitable and amusing, avocation of quarrelling with my General.[1] I course and ride, however, as long as the horses can go, but they are, I am sorry to say, for want of forage in a woeful plight. I am glad my friend Bill Napier is improving. If he can get the ball out of his guts he will do well; if he cannot he must do well with it in. I hope they will make him a Major, but I don't know. I am a little afraid they will put in some one.[2]

A little later he writes :—

We got up *Henry the Fourth*, Colonel Barnard says, better than—no, as well as—you did at Coxheath, and without the assistance of any officers from any other division. General Stewart, the A.G., and all the people of the most distinguished fashion attended. It was really quite good. The scenery and decorations were not expensive and, ingeniously executed, chiefly made of the canvas bread-bags—*lent* only recollect (or we shall have the reformers upon our heads) by the companies.

Again from the same place, January 3rd 1812—

They talk of laying siege to Ciudad immediately. Fascines and gabions, already made at all the cantonments near the place, are to be

[1] From Macleod's letters it is evident that he disliked General Craufurd intensely. There is no apparent reason for this dislike, though possibly the absence of Macleod's name in Craufurd's report to Wellington on the affair of Almeida may have originated it. The matter is treated of at some length in *General Craufurd and his Light Division*, where the author, in defence of his grandfather, allows himself to be carried away somewhat beyond the bounds of reason. That Macleod bore no malice the following extract from a letter written after Ciudad Rodrigo will show :—"You will have heard of the death of poor Craufurd. I regret it very much, for, although I was not on the terms one would wish to be with one's General, he was nevertheless always particularly civil to me, and liked the regiment."

[2] William Napier was severely wounded at the head of six companies of the 43rd at the combat of Castel Novo. He had been previously wounded at the combat of the Coa (Almeida), and was afterwards again wounded at Archanges. The Napier brothers were remarkable for the number of wounds that they received during the Peninsular War.

collected on the 5th and *move to the place on the 6th.* The ground is covered with some inches of snow since yesterday; whether this will make any alteration, or whether the whole may be another feint to call back the enemy I do not know; that it will be invested immediately I have no doubt. The battering-train, very large and good, is at Almeida, and the place might soon fall if really vigorously attacked. We expect fully to march on the 5th or 6th and set to.

Events turned out as Macleod foretold, and on the evening of the 8th of January Lieut.-Colonel Colborne, commanding a detachment of two companies from each of the three regiments—43rd, 52nd, and 95th—took the redoubt of San Francisco by storm, and without severe loss took the whole garrison prisoners, except those killed during the assault. Then commenced the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo, which lasted until the 20th January, when the assault was ordered.

The storming party of the Light Division consisted of 300 volunteers (100 from each of the three regiments) led by Major George Napier of the 52nd, with a forlorn hope of 25 men under Lieutenant Gurwood of the 52nd. Four other columns took part in the assault, which was entirely successful.[1]

The following is Macleod's account, written to his father from Encina on the 22nd January 1812:—

I have only time to tell you that we have carried Ciudad Rodrigo by assault after eleven days' siege. There were two breaches. The 43rd and 52nd followed the storming party into the left, and Picton's division went into the great breach. We soon communicated with each

[1] "I have already reported in my letter of the 9th instant my sense of the conduct of Major-General Craufurd and of Lieut.-Colonel Colborne, and of the troops of the Light Division in the storm of the redoubt of San Francisco on the evening of the 8th instant. The conduct of these troops was equally distinguished throughout the siege; and, in the storm, nothing could exceed the gallantry with which these brave officers and troops advanced and accomplished the difficult operation allotted to them, notwithstanding that all their leaders had fallen. I particularly request your Lordship's attention of Major-General Craufurd, Major-General Vandeleur, Lieut.-Colonel Barnard of the 95th, Lieut.-Colonel Colborne, Major Grills and Major Napier of the 52nd, and Lieut.-Colonel Macleod of the 43rd."—*Wellington's Despatch.*

other on the right side of them, and the thing was completed in little more than a quarter of an hour.

Napier led the storming party, which I had given in my name for—not understanding that the whole regiment was to be employed—but it was given to Napier, by way of ensuring him promotion. He has been wounded (*according to custom*) so badly in the right arm that it was found necessary to amputate it immediately. I am glad it was done without delay. He submitted to it without hesitation, and is going on as well as possible.[1]

I never was more satisfied with the behaviour of my own men and officers than on this occasion; I will say for them, in case nobody else does, that their conduct was excellent. We entered the breach at the same time with the rear of the storming party, and amidst the confusion and irregularity that was going on, every man might have gone his own way (as most others did), but we were able to keep them together, and, as a proof of their steadiness, there was not a single duty furnished in the town that was not taken by our regiment. We got possession of all the gates and both breaches, and I do not believe a single Frenchman escaped. This is only between you and me, for I do not wish to be the trumpeter of my own forces except to you.[2] You will see by the returns that we have suffered a good deal.[3]

A few months after this great victory a still more stupendous undertaking was in progress. Wellington invested Badajoz on the 16th March; the Picurina was carried by storm on the 25th, and by the 6th April three breaches in the fortress were reported practicable.

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[1] Arm shattered by a grape-shot.

[2] General Gardiner says: "I have heard much in my young days of the extraordinary influence exercised by Charles Macleod as commanding officer, but this is a very astonishing instance of it. In Captain Cooke's *Narrative*, Vol. I., p. 122, referring to the dreadful excesses which followed this victory, it is said in quoting a remark that the *soldiers were not to be controlled.* 'That excuse will scarcely suffice here, because Colonel Macleod of the 43rd, a young man of most energetic spirit, placed guards at the breach and *did* constrain his regiment to keep its ranks for a long time after the disorders commenced.' It is a fact well worthy of being added to the records of the regiment that such was their discipline that after following the storming party into the left breach, and facilitating the storm of the great breach by taking the defenders in flank, they placed guards at the breaches and gates to prevent the escape of such French soldiers as had not surrendered, and preserved order in the midst of general confusion."

[3] The casualties in the 43rd were:—1 lieutenant, 1 sergeant, and 13 rank and file, killed; 1 captain, 1 lieutenant, 2 sergeants, and 35 rank and file, wounded. The casualties in the 52nd were 57 of all ranks killed and wounded.

On that night the great conflict took place. Desperate it was expected to be, and most desperate it proved. The day had been fine, all the soldiers in high spirits were cleaning themselves and their accoutrements as if for a review. At half-past eight p.m. the ranks were formed and the roll called in an undertone.

Before the 43rd joined the division, Colonel Macleod long and earnestly addressed the men, expressing his entire confidence in the result of the attack, and concluded by impressing upon them that he trusted to the honour of all listening to preserve discipline and to refrain from any species of cruelty on the defenceless inhabitants. As at Ciudad Rodrigo, the 43rd, 52nd, and 95th Regiments furnished each a hundred volunteers, with officers. The 43rd party was again commanded by Captain Fergusson, notwithstanding his having at the time two unhealed wounds.[1]

To continue in the words of Napier :—

The two divisions reached the glacis just as the firing at the castle had commenced, and the flash of a single musket, discharged from the covered-way as a signal, showed them the French were ready; yet no stir followed, and darkness covered the breaches. Some hay-packs were then thrown, some ladders placed, and the forlorn-hopes and storming-parties of the Light Division, five hundred in all, descended into the ditch without opposition; but then a bright flame shooting upwards displayed all the terrors of the scene.

The great historian then proceeds to describe in his ablest manner the most fierce and bloody conflict of the war. The French crowded on the ramparts, while "the red columns of the British, deep and broad, coming on like streams of burning lava," strove to reach their foes. Suddenly an awful explosion of shells and powder-barrels dashed the assailants to pieces. An instant only did the Light Division soldiers pause on the edge of the ditch, "then with a shout that matched even the sound of the explosion they flew down the ladders, or, disdaining their aid, leaped, reckless of the depth, into the gulf below." The ditch became a seething mass of frenzied men,

[1] *Historical Records of the* 43*rd*.

struggling in all directions to gain a footing in the work. The noise was terrific; musket balls, grenades, shot and shell fell like hail. Baffled on all sides, the columns—

Bounded up the great breach as if driven by a whirlwind; but across the top glittered a range of sword-blades, sharp-pointed, keen-edged immovably fixed in ponderous beams chained together, and set deep in the ruins; and for ten feet in front the ascent was covered with loose planks studded with iron points, on which the feet of the foremost being set the planks slipped, and the unhappy soldiers falling forwards on the spikes rolled down upon the ranks behind. Then the Frenchmen, shouting at the success of their strategem and leaping forward, plied their shot with terrible rapidity, for every man had several muskets, and each musket in addition to its ordinary charge contained a small cylinder of wood stuck full of slugs, which scattered like hail when they were discharged.

Once and again the assailants rushed up the breaches, but the sword-blades, immovable and impassable, always stopped the charge, and the hissing shells and thundering powder-barrels exploded unceasingly. Hundreds of men had fallen, hundreds more were dropping, yet the heroic officers still called aloud for new trials, and sometimes followed by many, sometimes by few, ascended the ruins; and so furious were the men themselves that in one of these charges the rear strove to push the foremost on to the sword-blades, willing even to make a bridge of their writhing bodies. The others frustrated the attempt by dropping down, yet men fell so fast from the shot it was hard to say who went down voluntarily, who were stricken, and many stooped unhurt that never rose again. Vain also would it have been to break through the sword-blades, for a finished trench and parapet were behind the breach, where the assailants, crowded into even a narrower space than the ditch was would still have been separated from their enemies, and the slaughter continued.

Order was impossible; nevertheless, officers of all stations, followed more or less numerously by the men, were seen to start out as if struck by a sudden madness and rush into the breach, which yawning and glittering with steel seemed like the mouth of some huge dragon belching forth smoke and flame. In one of these attempts, Colonel Macleod of the 43rd, whose feeble body[1] would have made him quite

[1] This perhaps gives a wrong impression of Charles Macleod's physique. His youngest brother, Sir Henry Macleod, always described him as having a lithe supple figure, but very active and muscular.

unfit for war if it had not been sustained by an unconquerable spirit, was killed. Wherever his voice was heard there his soldiers gathered, and with such resolution did he lead them up the ruins, that when one, falling behind him, plunged a bayonet into his back, he complained not, but continuing his course was shot dead within a yard of the sword-blades.

The assault on the breaches was utterly hopeless, and when "two thousand brave men had fallen" the remainder were ordered to retire and reform for a second assault. Meanwhile, however, other divisions had been more successful, and after desperate hand-to-hand fighting, the French were driven from the ramparts, and Badajoz was in the hands of the British.

Five thousand men and officers fell during the siege, including seven hundred Portuguese; three thousand five hundred were stricken in the assault; sixty officers and more than seven hundred men slain on the spot. Five generals, Kempt, Harvey, Bowes, Colville, and Picton, were wounded, the first three severely; six hundred men and officers fell in the escalade of San Vincente, as many at the castle, and more than two thousand at the breaches; each division there lost twelve hundred. But how deadly the strife was at that point may be gathered from this:—the 43rd and 52nd Regiments of the Light Division alone lost more men than the seven regiments of the third division engaged at the castle.[1]

Such was the cost of victory to the British. Of 30,000 men engaged against the fortress, nearly 9,000 fell in the siege and assault.[2]

If an early death were to be his fate, Charles Macleod probably died as he would have most desired. It is well said in the *43rd Records* that his character and services are best epitomised in the words of the illustrious

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[1] *Napier.*

[2] The 43rd losses were:—killed, 4 officers, 4 sergeants, and 74 rank and file; wounded, 17 officers, 18 sergeants, and 239 rank and file. The 52nd losses were:—killed, 5 officers, 4 sergeants, and 60 rank and file; wounded, 17 officers, 24 sergeants, and 305 rank and file.

commander, who, with the glory of his own deeds, has transmitted to posterity the name of Macleod :—

"IN LIEUT.-COLONEL CHARLES MACLEOD, OF THE 43RD REGIMENT, WHO WAS KILLED IN THE BREACH, HIS MAJESTY HAS SUSTAINED THE LOSS OF AN OFFICER, WHO WAS AN ORNAMENT TO HIS PROFESSION, AND WAS CAPABLE OF RENDERING THE MOST IMPORTANT SERVICES TO HIS COUNTRY." [1]

For a soldier to have won such words from such a man was indeed a prize worth dying for in the discharge of his duty; in the voluminous despatches of the Great Duke there is no higher praise bestowed on anyone. No officer could desire a prouder epitaph, and could Charles Macleod have known that the brother officers whom he regarded with so much pride and affection would also lend a loving hand to preserve his memory by placing this record upon a monument in Westminster Abbey, who can doubt that he would have been content to fall as he did?

He was buried amid springing corn, on the slope of a hill opposite to the regimental camp. Six sorrowing hearts, the only officers of the 43rd able to stand, laid him in his grave.[2]

Macleod's brother James (Royal Artillery) was present at the funeral, and wrote home the most harrowing details. He mentions Major Duffy, of the 43rd, as being perfectly overwhelmed with grief, adding: "he was not singular, the very privates who bore him sobbed aloud. It was a scene of grief indeed!"

William Napier's feelings at the loss of his friend can hardly be described. He was in England in March 1812,

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[1] Despatch from Lord Wellington to the Earl of Liverpool; Camp before Badajoz, 7th April 1812.

[2] *43rd Records.*

and hearing that Badajoz was besieged hastened to rejoin the Regiment, but only reached Lisbon in time to receive the terrible news of the assault of the fortress and the death of Macleod. The first letter he wrote to his young wife betrays the storm of passionate grief which swept through his soul:—

Lisbon,
17th April 1812.

Macleod is dead, and I am grovelling in misery. My temples ache with the painful images that are passing before me. He was the best and will be the last of my friends, for I cannot endure the torture that I feel again; and where can I find another like him? . . . . I cannot write more now, but I could roll in the dust if it were not for shame.

His letters to his wife continue to show how deeply he felt the loss of his friend:—

Sabugal,
23rd April 1812.

Everybody says I am the most fortunate of men to have command of such a regiment; for my part I only find that the recollection of Macleod comes with more bitterness to my mind. What comfort or pleasure can I have in filling the place that belonged to him? The greatest pride I had was to hear him praised and see him admired as he deserved, and now I must be content to recollect that he was everything that was noble and kind, and convince myself that I shall never see him again. I cannot give myself up to the sorrow I feel pressing so heavily upon me, and yet every occupation I have tends directly to place him in the point of view in which he was to be most admired. My poor Charles! If I could have seen him once before he was killed, or have been with him when he fell! But there is little use in talking about him—sometime or other I hope to see him again.

On the 20th May 1812, he wrote to Macleod's father from La Encina as follows:—

MY DEAR SIR,

I HAD almost determined to have enclosed the letters within a blank leaf, being fearful of intruding upon your affliction, yet if feeling the most bitter anguish for your loss can plead my excuse, I can truly say I do feel it. The glory, the patriotism of your brave son, and the testimony borne to it by Lord Wellington must have its weight with you as they reflect so much to the honour of that family that gave their

country such a man. His death was to me the extinction of affections that I had for many years cherished with the greatest fondness, and that have not been given up but with the most excruciating pain. I beg pardon, my dear Sir, for pressing my feelings upon you, but I cannot restrain them when I think of his worth, his kindness, and his affection for me. I loved him as a favourite brother, and you must allow me to lament him as such even to you. I am happy to say that the regiment has determined to erect a monument to him with the passage engraven upon it by which Lord Wellington so truly describes his military career.

It will be a monument of the real affection that was entertained for him by as brave a set of men as ever lived. They wept for him when he fell, for they well know that his loss cannot be replaced to them.

With my best wishes for your future happiness, allow me to subscribe myself,

Yours sincerely,

WILLIAM NAPIER.[1]

A remarkable piece of evidence as to Macleod's influence as a commanding officer (with both officers and men) was given by Lieutenant Blood[2] before a Royal Commission:—

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[1] Napier was fortunate in obtaining the temporary command of the 43rd, as he was junior major (having obtained his majority by his friend's death). He continued in the same rank in the regiment until 1819, when he went on half-pay. He was all through the Peninsular War, frequently in command of the regiment. He missed Waterloo by a few days, having embarked at Dover to join the army on the very day that the great battle was fought. His biographer truly observes:—"He was second to none in merit; held in high esteem by the Duke of Wellington, had been thirty times engaged, had commanded a regiment in several general actions and detachments nearly equal to a regiment in several others, had gained two steps and three decorations in the field of battle, and received three wounds, one of them so severe as to leave him for the remainder of his days only a miserably painful existence." Yet he received no special reward for these services by further advancement in army rank or otherwise, and when in 1819 an opportunity occurred of purchasing the Lieut.-Colonelcy of the 43rd he was unable to avail himself of it for want of means; therefore, probably out of consideration for the officers of the Regiment (not wishing to stop promotion) as well as for family reasons, he determined to retire. The officers of the 43rd presented him with a sword "as a testimony of their sincere regard for him and their high admiration of the gallantry and conduct he ever displayed during his exemplary career in the 43rd Regiment."

[2] Thomas Blood was a remarkable 43rd soldier, and according to Napier on one occasion saved Wellington's life:—"Wellington himself narrowly escaped the enemy's

If he is of experience and of amiable disposition there will be harmony and good fellowship; he will be beloved by all ranks and all will go right; every person assists him in the different duties with delight; all study his approbation. Such was Colonel Charles Macleod, killed at the head of the 43rd Regiment at the storming of Badajoz. There was not a man in that corps that night but would have stood between him and the fatal ball that struck him dead, so esteemed was he by all, and only twenty-seven years of age.

With regard to the monument erected in Westminster Abbey[1] to the memory of Charles Macleod, it is a matter for deep regret that Dean Stanley, some few years ago, considered himself justified in re-arranging various monuments so as to give greater prominence to others. In this manner Macleod's monument suffered; the slab of dark-veined marble (which had an admirable effect rising behind the sculptured white angel) being cut off just above the weeping angel's wings. It was moreover placed so high that the inscription could not be read without difficulty. On learning of this maltreatment of his uncle's monument, General Lynedoch Gardiner communicated with Dean Stanley, who expressed a certain amount of regret for what had been done, and some years later he obtained permission to lower the monument. When this was effected, he added a piece of marble sufficiently high to recall the original design, and had printed and framed a notice of the services and death of Charles Macleod.

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hands. He had taken towards Echallar half a company of the 43rd as an escort, and placed a sergeant named Blood with a party to watch in front while he examined his maps. A French detachment endeavoured to cut off the party, and their troops, rushing on at speed, would infallibly have fallen unawares upon Wellington, if Blood leaping down the precipitous rocks, had not given him warning; as it was, they arrived in time to send a volley after him while galloping away." Blood was a stormer at San Sebastian, wounded severely; was one of the first Colour-Sergeants made in the regiment. Received a commission in the 6th Regiment, 10th November 1813; Lieutenant 8th September 1814.

[1] By the famous sculptor, Nollekins.

Future generations of 43rd soldiers will do well to watch over the monuments which have been erected to the memory of their illustrious comrades, and see that they do not suffer at the hands of officials bent on so-called improvements.

BADAJOS
TO THE MEMORY
OF LIEUT. COLONEL CHARLES MACLEOD
WHO FELL AT THE SIEGE OF BADAJOS
AGED 28 YEARS
THIS MONUMENT IS ERECTED BY HIS BROTHER OFFICERS

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR EDWARD GIBBS, K.C.B.

Sir Edward Gibbs was the son of Samuel Gibbs, Esq., of Horseley Park, Essex, by Arabella, daughter of Admiral Sir William Rowley, K.B., and widow of Captain William Martin, R.N.[1]

His family was closely connected with the two services. His father had been a Captain in the 10th Light Dragoons, and his brother, Major-General Sir Samuel Gibbs, K.C.B., died of his wounds after the battle of New Orleans, January 1815.

Sir Edward joined the 52nd as Ensign in 1798, and became Lieutenant November 28th, 1799; Captain, February 24th, 1803; Major, February 4th, 1808; Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel, February 6th, 1812; Lieutenant-Colonel 52nd Light Infantry (*2nd Battalion*), April 8th, 1813; Major-General, January 10th, 1837; Lieutenant-General, 1846.

He served in the expedition to Ferrol, also in Sicily, Spain, and Portugal. Was present at the sieges of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz, and at the battle of Vittoria. He received the war medal with two clasps. Whilst serving as a regimental officer with the 52nd, he was frequently mentioned in despatches, and more especially for his conduct at the assault of Ciudad Rodrigo and of Badajoz.

Sir Edward was nominated a Companion of the Bath in 1814, and a Knight Commander of the Order in 1838. He was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Jersey in

[1] By her marriage with Captain Martin she had three sons—William Martin of Huningston Hall, Suffolk, sometime a Captain in Elliot's Horse; Henry Martin of Colston Basset, Notts, formerly a Lieutenant in the 69th Foot, and afterwards a K.C. and M.P for Kinsale; and Sir George Martin, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., Admiral of the Fleet and Vice-Admiral of the United Kingdom.

Woodbury-Gravure.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR EDWARD GIBBS, K.C.B.,

COLONEL OF THE 52ND LIGHT INFANTRY,

AND

LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF JERSEY.

1839, Colonel of the 68th Light Infantry early in 1844, and transferred to his old Regiment, the 52nd, in December of the same year.

There is a tablet to his memory in St. Saviour's Church, Jersey, with the following inscription :—

Sacred to the memory of

LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR EDWARD GIBBS, K.C.B.,

Son of the late Samuel Gibbs, Esq., of Horseley Park, in the county of Essex, and Arabella, daughter of Admiral Sir William Rowley, G.C.B. He shared the laurels gained by the 52nd Light Infantry in the Peninsular War ; lost an eye at Badajoz, where he led one of its battalions to victory, and was finally appointed Colonel of that distinguished corps.

Successively A.D.C. to George IV. and William IV., he was at length rewarded with the Government of this Island, which he held for upwards of eight years. He died at Grainville House in this parish on the 24th of January 1847, ten days after he had given up the command, aged 68, and his mortal remains were deposited in the family vault of John Poingdestre, Esquire.

E. T. C. B.

GENERAL GEORGE WHICHCOTE.[1]

GEORGE WHICHCOTE, fourth son of Sir Thomas Whichcote (5th Baronet), of Aswarby Park, Lincolnshire, by Diana, daughter of Edmund Turnor, of Stoke Rochford, Grantham, was born 21st December 1794. He was educated at Rugby, and while there was fag to Macready (the actor). He entered the army 1810, became Major 1825, Lieutenant-Colonel 1838, Colonel 1851, Major-General 1857, Lieutenant-General 1864, and General 1871.

In 1810, Whichcote joined the 52nd as a volunteer, and served in the Peninsula, in France, and in Flanders. He was present at the actions of Sabugal, El Boden, and Alfayates; the sieges and storming of Ciudad Rodrigo; and of Badajoz; the battles of Salamanca and Vittoria; the action of Vera and the Pyrenees; the battles of Nivelle, the Nive, Orthes, and Toulouse, as well as the action at Tarbes. He was the first man to enter the city of Toulouse after the evacuation by the French. Being in command of a picket at the time, he sent back word at midnight that the enemy were retiring, and at daybreak he entered the town almost alone, and was surprised to hear a guard turn out to the roll of a drum. He thought he was about to be taken prisoner. It was, however, the Garde Civile turning out to do honour to the allied troops.

He also served in the campaign and at the battle of Waterloo, for which he received the Waterloo medal,

[1] George Whichcote's brother, Benjamin, served in the 43rd. Ensign, 31st January 1811; Lieutenant, 16th July 1812; Captain, 9th December 1819; exchanged to 6th Dragoons, 8th November 1821; Major 6th Dragoons, 31st December 1825; retired 24th April 1828.

and was afterwards awarded the Peninsular medal with nine clasps. At Waterloo, although only a lieutenant, he commanded a company of the 52nd, his captain (Douglass) having been previously killed at Arcanguez.

After the Peninsular War, Whichcote returned with his regiment from Bordeaux to Pauillac, being quartered sometime at Castel Sarrasin on the Garonne. From Pauillac they sailed to Plymouth in the 74 gunship *Dublin*, the 52nd being the first regiment to embark. From Plymouth they marched to Tavistock, whence they proceeded to Ireland. They were detained all the winter on board the troopship *Atlas*, convoyed by the *Argos*, outside Cork Harbour, endeavouring to get out to join the troops then operating at New Orleans, but were frequently obliged to put back through stress of weather. At length they succeeded in making a fair start, but after several days' toil were overtaken by a fast cutter bearing the tidings of Napoleon's escape from Elba, and ordering them to change their course at once for Ostend.

After the battle of Waterloo, Whichcote proceeded with his regiment to Paris. They reached the Bois de Boulogne on 7th July, and encamped in the Champs Elysées till the 2nd November, the 52nd being in close proximity to the Duke of Wellington's house, with the Cossacks in their rear. General Whichcote often related how, for three days, he was on guard at the Louvre during its dismantling, and saw Rubens' great picture, "The Descent from the Cross," and other works of art despatched to their rightful owners from whom they had been taken. He also saw the "Four Bronze Horses of Venice" returned to that city.

In 1818 he exchanged into the Buffs, and afterwards, in 1822, into the 4th Dragoon Guards, purchasing his troop from the afterwards famous Colonel Sibthorpe.

Retiring from the service about 1850, he settled down at Meriden, near Coventry, where, at the age of 96, he died in September 1891.

During the later years of his life, he was accustomed to receive, on the anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo, an immense number of congratulatory telegrams and letters. His death occasioned the reception by his relatives of messages of condolence from all parts of the country. The following telegram was received from Her Majesty:

Balmoral.

Queen very sorry to hear of the death of this distinguished Waterloo man. PONSONBY.

H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge also sent the following telegram:

Accept my sincere sympathy for your family at the loss of such a gallant old officer. CAMBRIDGE.

The 52nd was represented at the General's funeral by a party from the Depôt, consisting of Major J. Johnstone, Captain E. T. C. Bower, Lieutenant E. D. White, and four Colour-Sergeants.

The following is taken from a local paper:

General George Whichcote had lived to a great age. He was born in the last decade of the last century, and he has lived into the last of this. One can best form a conception of his great age from the fact that nine years before Her Majesty the Queen was born he had commenced his apprenticeship in the art of war, for it was in 1810 that he first embarked in a troopship to serve his country abroad; and when he commanded his company of the 52nd at the battle of Waterloo, the Queen was a little blue-eyed fair-haired chubby-cheeked girl of four. She is no longer young and active; she has passed the allotted threescore years and ten; and it was a kindly thought that led her to pay a last tribute of respect to the memory of the old warrior. Though he was not buried with the honours of war, he was not forgotten by the representatives of his old comrades. The gallant regiment in which he served, under whose colours he had often marched to victory in the Peninsular War, was represented; but as during the last forty years he had lived a quiet and unostentatious life in

the Village of Meriden, it seemed fitting that his remains should be borne to their last resting place by those whom he regarded as his neighbours. More than one of those who stood around that open grave on Monday could have testified to the kindness and generosity of the veteran who had passed away. On the battle-field he had found, like his great chieftain who had gone before him, that the path of duty is the way to glory, while the well earned repose of old age did not prevent him from doing the duty that lay nearest to him. He was the last but one of that gallant band of Waterloo heroes of whom we used to speak a quarter of a century ago. Fifteen years before that, the Iron Duke died, and the nation mourned for the man who defeated the legions of France in the Spanish Peninsula, and finally overthrew them at Waterloo. In these important and sanguinary struggles General Whichcote played an humble but not inconspicuous part, standing side by side with the common soldier, and sharing with him the common danger. For both alike now—

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more again on life's parade
Shall meet the fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
For glory gilds with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.

SIR JAMES FERGUSSON, G.C.B.

James Fergusson was born March 17th, 1787; he was the descendant of an old Scottish family—the Fergussons of Craigdarroch, in Dumfriesshire;

> "Thy line, that have struggled for freedom with Bruce,
> Shall heroes and patriots ever produce."

and no doubt his ancestors had joined in many of the fierce border forays. There is evidence that one Fergusson had headed a small handful of men who defeated a portion of Cromwell's army at Glencairn, 1500 strong, in 1651; while another lost his life at the battle of Killiecrankie.

James Fergusson inherited the warlike instincts of his race, and was throughout his life a keen soldier. In the great Peninsular struggle, ill or well, he was never absent from any engagement in which his regiment took part. At Corunna he rose from a sick bed to join in that fateful fight; at Badajos he led the stormers of his regiment with three unhealed open wounds, and in his last command, as Governor of Gibraltar, with health failing and his iron constitution giving way—the result of the old Ciudad Rodrigo wound—he refused to leave his post for a day.

But to tell the story of his military life: In 1801 he received his commission in the 18th Regiment, and in 1803 he joined his regiment as a boy of sixteen—"A wee ensign," as an old woman at Edinburgh called him, as she saw him struggling with one of the colours up to the Castle. In 1804 he was appointed lieutenant, and in the same year he was removed to the 43rd Light Infantry, and joined them at Shorncliffe, where the 43rd,

Woodbury-Gravure.

GENERAL SIR JAMES FERGUSSON, G.C.B.

(From a Portrait when Lieutenant 43rd Light Infantry.)

52nd, and 95th Rifles, as the Light Brigade, were brought to their high state of discipline under Sir John Moore.

In 1806 he was appointed to a company, and in 1808 the 43rd sailed for Portugal, and, on arriving there, at once took part in the battle of Vimiera, about which Captain Fergusson wrote: "Our young battalion took a conspicuous part in the action and distinguished itself." Then followed the campaign under Sir John Moore, and the retreat to Corunna in 1808 and 1809—that march which he describes they began "hungry, but not spiritless, until the severity of our march, want of food, and, above all, want of sleep, overpowered us; a continued storm of rain and sleet pelted us unmercifully from the moment we left our position; our shoes began to fail; numbers falling from exhaustion into the ditches and there dying; the strongest continuing their weary march asleep, occasionally stumbling against a stone, and for a moment roused to the scene about them, and again relapsing into the same state of drowsiness." He was one of the burial party when their gallant commander, Sir John Moore, was buried on the ramparts at night.

With the 2nd Battalion, 43rd, Captain Fergusson was on the ill-fated expedition to Walcheren, but in 1810 joined the 1st Battalion in the Peninsula, when the Light Brigade was changed into the famous Light Division under General Craufurd. He describes the Division as "in the highest state of discipline, and although close to a numerous and formidable enemy, kept its ground and avoided all surprise; a few minutes during day or night was sufficient to get it under arms and assembled at its alarm post."

He was with his regiment at the combats of the Coa, Busaco (where he describes Craufurd holding his division back out of view till the French had actually

won the summit, and then the signal was given by waving his hat, and, "with a British cheer, the Light Division charged the enemy and overthrew their columns"), Pombal, Redinha, Cazal Nuovo—"best day's lesson in skirmishing during the war"—over the mountains, when the excellence of the light troops made them experience little loss compared to the enemy; Foz d'Aronce, Sabugal, in which, he says, "our regiment, the 43rd, displayed great gallantry and discipline," when, in a thick fog, "they stood alone to defend the ground, the whole of Reynier's Corps in their immediate front; when they charged the columns, routed them, and threw them back in confusion upon their main body." And again a little later, after remaining "firm and steady under a heavy fire of grape and musketry, until the enemy's columns neared us, we again charged and routed them," took a howitzer that had been annoying them, and held their ground till the 52nd formed-up on their right, and the 2nd Brigade arrived to their support.

Fuentes d'Onor followed, and then came the sieges of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajos, when, in the final attacks, Captain Fergusson on each occasion commanded the storming party of his regiment. At Ciudad Rodrigo there is a curious story of the Forlorn Hope taking the wrong direction, when an unknown engineer officer guided them aright, and the stormers actually entered the breach first. The name of the engineer officer was long unknown till Colonel Angelo accidentally discovered him at the United Service Club. Captain Fergusson was severely wounded on the ramparts, a ball having lodged under the backbone; before it could be removed Badajos was invested and he joined his regiment; received another wound in the side, but considered himself sufficiently recovered to take the command of the storming party at the assault—"the most desperate

service they had yet been employed on"—where he was again wounded, and where the 43rd had 25 officers and 401 rank-and-file killed and wounded; the greatest loss being their "gallant young Chief," Colonel Macleod, who fell in the breach, four officers only of his regiment being able to attend his funeral. Captain Fergusson had a great admiration for his colonel, and Colonel Macleod returned it,—writing shortly before his death to their mutual friend, William Napier, that "Jim Fergusson behaved beautifully; he is turning out one of the best soldiers extant." In his account of Badajos, Napier also writes of "the resolution of Fergusson of the 43rd, who, having in former assaults received two deep wounds, was here with his hurts still open, leading the stormers of his regiment; the third time a volunteer, and the third time wounded!"

Castrajor, Salamanca, and San Munoz finished his last active service with the 43rd, and in 1812 he was appointed to a majority by purchase in the 79th at Lord Wellington's recommendation. In 1813 he was removed to the 85th, and joining the army in Spain, took part in the passage of the Bidasoa, and the battles of Nivelle and Nive.

In 1814 Lord Wellington appointed him to a Lieut.-Colonelcy in the Buffs by purchase, but on the 2nd Battalion being reduced, he was placed on half-pay, and went to the Military College for some months in 1816.

In 1819 he was appointed to the command of the 88th, and in 1825 was removed to the 52nd, and commanded it for 14 years, during which period his old friend, Sir George Napier, himself an old 52nd Officer, wrote to him:

> Every military man I meet speaks of the high conduct and discipline of the 52nd, and that they are the best and steadiest set of officers in the service. Now I am too old a soldier not to be fully aware that the

conduct of the officers mainly, if not solely, depends upon the tone and example set them by their commanding officer, and therefore it does not surprise me to hear such universal praise and admiration of your officers, as I am confident it could not be otherwise under you.

And in the records of the regiment, they speak of "Colonel James Fergusson, whose system of steady and strict discipline, combined with kindness and consideration for all under his command, had induced a feeling of implicit confidence as well as of the most perfect obedience."

In 1839 he retired on half-pay, "after having commanded a regiment nearly a quarter of a century, with the approbration of all those under whom he had served," as Lord Hill remarked.

Colonel Fergusson was appointed A.D.C. to King William IV. 1830, C.B. 1831; and as A.D.C. to the Queen, attended her coronation in 1838. Major-General 1841; on the pension list for "distinguished services" 1843; colonel of the 62nd 1850; but within a month was removed to his old regiment, the 43rd, and became Lieut.-General 1851.

In 1852 General Fergusson was appointed to the command of the troops at Malta, which he held during the earlier part of the Crimean War. The state of his health prevented his having a command in the Crimea; but he did all in his power to send up reinforcements of every kind to the army—at one time leaving only one British Regiment to garrison Malta—and letters from Lord Raglan[1] and Sir James Simpson tell how they relied on his help ("Lord Raglan often remarks 'What a lucky thing it is having Fergusson at Malta,'" writes Sir James Simpson).

[1] Lord Raglan, as Lord Fitzroy Somerset, had served in the 43rd with Sir J. Fergusson.

In 1855 he was made K.C.B. and appointed governor of Gibraltar, and there, in the words of the farewell address of the inhabitants, "His long and distinguished career in the service of the crown" came to an end, and finding the work, which he refused to leave for a day, too much for his failing strength, he retired in 1859.

In 1860 he was promoted to the rank of General, and appointed G.C.B., and he died on September 4th, 1865.

J. G. J.

THE COLOURS OF THE REGIMENT.

By S. M. Milne.

I.—43rd LIGHT INFANTRY.

As early as the great civil war companies of foot soldiers were brought together and formed into regiments of infantry, one of the captains being entrusted with the position of colonel, another captain with that of lieutenant-colonel, and a third that of major (sergeant-major he was termed in those days). Each of these officers retained command of his company, though by reason of his higher rank, the colonel's company was eventually commanded by an officer termed captain-lieutenant.[1] Every company had its own standard or colour, differing in design from those carried by other companies. There were no regulations whatever in regard to these colours, but a kind of custom prevailed, which changed a little from time to time; thus, in the Stewart period, the national cross of St. George, on a white ground, or at least with a white fimbriated edge all round, formed a prominent part of all the colours, excepting that of the colonel's company, which was generally of some plain hue throughout, decorated with the colonel's coat-of-arms or crest.

During the reign of William III., standards and colours were gradually reduced from one per company to only three for the regiment. Cannon states[2] that at this period regiments were drawn up in three divisions,

[1] This state of things continued for a long time in the British Army—until 1803, in fact.

[2] *Vide* "*Records 3rd Buffs*," etc., etc.

the pikemen in the centre, and the musketeers and grenadiers on each flank—three colours being carried so that each division might act independently if required.

The general introduction of bayonets still further reduced the number of colours, so that by the end of Queen Anne's reign only two remained per regiment. The survivors were naturally the seniors, namely those of the colonel's and lieutenant-colonel's companies; this state of things existed until 1743.

It is doubtful if any colours of this period are now in existence; probably those of every regiment differed. We do, however, happen to know the pattern of the colours carried by the 10th Foot (Grove's Regiment) in 1726.[1] In this case the senior (the colonel's) was white, with General Grove's crest and motto in the centre, a small "Union" (that of England and Scotland) in the upper corner nearest the spear-head. The second colour was simply the "Union" throughout, bearing no badge or distinction. The union of England and Scotland had taken place in 1707, the national flag then becoming the red St. George's cross, with its white fimbriated edge, placed upon the white saltire cross of St. Andrew, all on a blue ground. The records of the 43rd[2] state that the regiment was raised on January 17th, 1741, and being found fit for service and complete, embarked for Minorca the next year. Its colours would be in accordance with the arrangement or custom just described, but what devices were placed upon them must remain a matter of uncertainty.

The semi-feudal distinctions which colonels had placed upon their flags had proceeded to such lengths (a similar display being unknown in foreign armies)

[1] *Rawlinson MSS.*; Bodleian.
[2] *Historical Records of the Forty-third Regiment*; Levinge, 1868.

that the authorities determined to subject colours to the strictest regulation, hence the Royal Warrant issued September 14th, 1743. Its principal feature consisted in the abolition of the old colonels' and lieutenant-colonels' colours, with their private heraldic devices, substituting for them two entirely new colours, one to be called the *King's*, the other the *Regimental;* the only ornamentation permitted being the regimental number within a "Union" wreath of roses and thistles. It is important to notice that this is the first authorisation of the regimental number on any portion of the equipments. The following portion of the Warrant refers to the colours of marching regiments:

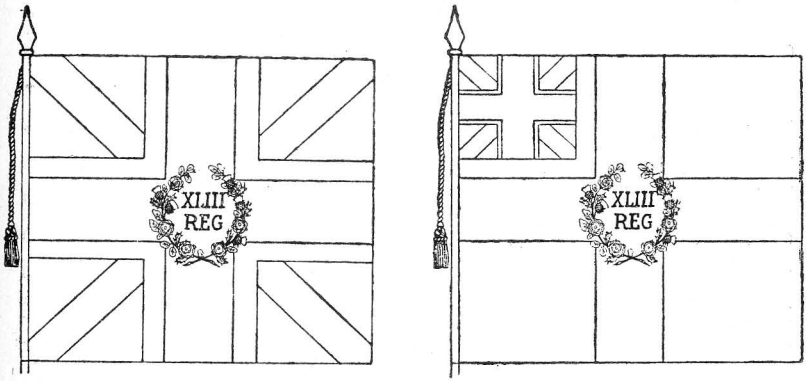
> The Union Colour is the first stand of colours in all regiments, royal or not, except the Foot Guards. With them the King's Standard is the first, as a particular distinction. No colonel to put his arms, crest, device, or livery, on any part of the appointments of his regiment. The first colour of every marching regiment of foot is to be the great Union; the second colour is to be the colour of the facing of the regiment with the union in the upper canton, except those regiments faced with white or red, whose second colour is to be the red cross of St. George in a white field and a Union in the upper canton. In the centre of each colour is to be painted in gold Roman figures the number of the rank of the regiments, within a wreath of roses and thistles, on one stalk, except those regiments which are allowed to wear royal devices or antient badges.

A further warrant in 1751 gave the dimensions, namely, "Flag, six feet six inches flying, and six feet two inches on the pole; length of pike (spear and ferrule included) nine feet ten inches; length of cord and tassels, three feet; length of spear, four inches."

In order of precedency, the regiment, called after its Colonel, "Fowke's Regiment," received the number "Fifty-four," and the next stand of colours it received after the promulgation of the Warrant of 1743, would have had that number placed upon them; but in 1748,

in consequence of the disbandment of some senior corps,[1] the regiment received the number "Forty-three," consequently, allowing some years for the duration of the first stand, it is probable that the first colours received, subject to the new regulations, would have the time-honoured number "Forty-three" upon them.

The accompaning illustration represents the colours according to the official drawings issued by Colonel Napier, the Adjutant-General in 1747; the regiment



COLOURS OF THE REGIMENT ACCORDING TO THE ROYAL WARRANTS OF 1743 AND 1751.

having white facings, a red St. George's Cross occupied the centre of the regimental colour. Extreme plainness characterised the design—just the regimental number, little else.[2]

The regiment, after some years' garrison duty at Minorca, returned to Ireland in 1749, when probably new colours, as just described, would be given out; it again sailed for North America in 1757, serving

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[1] *Vide* "*Carter's Records 44th Regiment*," etc., etc.

[2] The author of these notes has only met with one single colour bearing the central device, after the severe style authorised in Colonel Napier's instructions, namely, the regimental colour of the 9th Foot, made about 1757, now deposited in the Chapel, Sandhurst. It forms the subject of an illustration in *Colours and Standards of the Army*, 1661–1881; Milne, 1893.

at Quebec under Wolfe, and in the West Indies until 1764, returing home that year.

Some information on the subject of the duration of colours, and also the period when new ones were received, may be gathered from the "Inspection Returns." The earliest of these documents, preserved in the Public Record Office, referring to the regiment, dated Plymouth, April 20th, 1767, describes the officers' uniform, but does not mention the colours; next, that of May, 1768, Exeter, wherein the colours are described as, "in good condition"—evidently new since the regiment returned from Havannah; this is corroborated by the inspection report from Stirling, dated May 28th, 1770, wherein General Oughton describes the colours as being new in 1763.[1] There is, probably, a mistake of a year here, as the regiment returned from active service in 1764, and it is scarcely likely to have received a new stand until it arrived home (as indeed was the usual custom). The new colours would only differ from the old ones in the central embroidery; the number, now as follows: $\frac{\text{REG.}}{\text{XLIII}}$ would be embroidered upon the red silk of the flag centre, but within a yellow silk shield border of fantastic rococo design (then much in fashion), the whole surrounded by a wildly-spread and irregular wreath of roses and thistles.[2]

This stand only lasted some ten years. We gather from the Inspection Return, dated St. Alban's, March 4th, 1774, that new colours had just been given out. In design, they would very closely resemble those last described.

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[1] This officer also states in quaint language, "Drums beat and played well, a good band of musick genteely dressed."

[2] A good specimen of this design is illustrated in *Colours and Standards;* Milne, 1893—a regimental colour 39th Foot, made 1759.

The regiment, embarking for North America in 1774, took part in most of the affairs and actions of the War of Independence, from the skirmish at Lexington to the surrender at Yorktown, 1781. It is not at all certain that the colours were present with the regiment on the latter occasion; they may have been left with the depôt at New York. That some regiments did adopt this course, is almost beyond doubt; experience had proved over and over again that in the rough forest warfare of that contest colours became an encumbrance.

The remains of the regiment returned home early in 1783. At the inspection, Hilsea, August 2nd that year, General Lennox remarked in his report, "New colours had been received in July." Fashion in the central designs of colours had changed again—the wild discursiveness of the rococo period had given place to the more classical "Adams" style; regularity was now the principal object desired, and although the number was displayed as before $\frac{\text{REG.}}{\text{XLIII}}$, the yellow silk bordered shield became more rectangular, and had both sides corresponding; the wreath also, as to pattern, was precisely similar on both sides.[1]

With a view to encourage recruiting, the regiment received orders, dated August 31st, 1782, to assume the title of "The Forty-third, or Monmouthshire Regiment of Foot," but beyond this designation appearing in the annual army list, nothing came of it for the present; county titles had no place on infantry colours until about 1816 or 1817.

The regiment was inspected at Youghal 18th June, 1792, when the colours were reported upon as "in bad

[1] A specimen in *Colours and Standards;* Milne, 1893—55th colour 1786, now in Kendal Parish Church.

condition"; probably they required a little repairing, the regiment having been twice quartered in Dublin. The guard duties, in which the King's colours largely participated, always had a deteriorating effect upon that colour, in consequence of the numerous pieces which constituted the "Union" flag. These colours were taken to the West Indies towards the end of 1793. The outcome of that disastrous and deadly campaign may be gathered from a perusal of the regimental records—in two years the regiment disappeared, officers and men—the colours disappeared also.

A new 43rd was formed, and new colours given out at Portsmouth in the autumn of 1795.[1] The ornamental design in the centre had become more severe in style, the number, now as follows, $\frac{\text{XLIII}}{\text{REG.}}$ placed upon a heart, or heater-shaped shield, having a narrow yellow silk edging surrounded with a stiff and regular wreath, in accordance with the classical fashion then in vogue.[2]

In 1797 the regiment was again sent to the West Indies, and once more disease reduced it, in a short three years, to a skeleton; what was left of it returning home in 1800.

The union with Ireland in 1801 necessitated a considerable alteration in the colours of the army. The Union flag itself received an additional cross, that of St. Patrick being added to the two already displayed upon it. The actual wording of the Order in Council is as follows:

> The Union flag shall be azure, the crosses saltire of St. Andrew and St. Patrick quarterly, per saltire counter-changed, argent and gules, the latter fimbriated of the second, surmounted by the cross of St. George of the third, fimbriated as the saltire.

[1] *Vide* "43*rd Records*," p. 92.

[2] A good specimen of this period, 28th Foot, 1795, may be seen in *Colours and Standards*; Milne, 1893.

It was further ordered "that the shamrock should be introduced into the 'Union' wreath."

Although the colours in use had only seen some six years' service, they were replaced, and new ones made in accordance with the recent regulation. This may be gathered from the inspection returns: Guernsey, 1801, colours mentioned as received in 1795[1]; Guernsey, 1802, General Dalrymple reports, "Colours good; in possession of the regiment at the last inspection," implying that new colours had been made, but that the old ones appeared on the occasion quoted; again, Guernsey, 1803, Major-General Doyle reports, "Colours new in 1802."

Numbers of colours were made at this period, all, or nearly all, of one pattern; the number and shield as last described, but the wreath very thin and plain, with two roses on each side, each branch of the wreath terminating in a rose-bud above the shield.[2]

Nothing more about the colours appears in the inspection returns until April 23rd, 1807, Hythe, when they are reported upon as being in bad condition; the same report next year at Maldon. As these colours were in use until 1818, they must have been repaired and carried by the regiment (now the 1st Battalion) in the Corunna Campaign, 1808, and also in the Peninsular War from 1809 until 1814. It is very doubtful, however, if they were ever brought into action—an idea being prevalent that colours need not be used by light infantry corps on active service. The "Returns" clearly prove that at least three light infantry regiments serving in the Peninsula left their colours at home.[3] Beyond doubt the 43rd took its colours to Spain, for at the inspection early in

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[1] Only 200 rank and file were present at this inspection.

[2] A good specimen of this regulation wreath and shield may be seen in *Colours and Standards*, 66th Regiment, centre of regimental colour.

[3] 51st, 68th, and 71st Regiments.

1812 they are reported upon as being "in conformity with the King's regulations." In 1813, however, at Gallegos they were "not produced."

A 2nd Battalion was raised in 1804, but does not appear to have received colours for a considerable period. In 1807 it had no colours; the same report also at the inspection, Hythe, May 5th, 1808. Within a few weeks, however, the battalion embarked for Spain, and fought at Vimiero and Corunna, probably without colours. During the remainder of its existence it acted as a recruiting Battalion for the 1st Battalion in the Peninsula.[1] It did, however, eventually receive colours, which can be traced in the "Returns" from 1810 to 1816.[2]

At the conclusion of the war in the South of France, the 1st Battalion went to America, taking part in the attack on New Orleans, then back to Europe, just missed Waterloo, and afterwards formed part of the army of occupation in France. The old colours, carried about for eighteen years, had become much dilapidated, and were reported upon at the second half-yearly inspection, Clichy, 1815, as "completely worn out"; again 1817, "very bad, no steps have been taken by the colonel of the regiment to replace them."[3] These rather free remarks appear to have had the desired effect, for next year new colours arrived, and were presented, as the following entry in the orderly room copy of the records testifies: "1818, July 23rd: The regiment this day assembled at the

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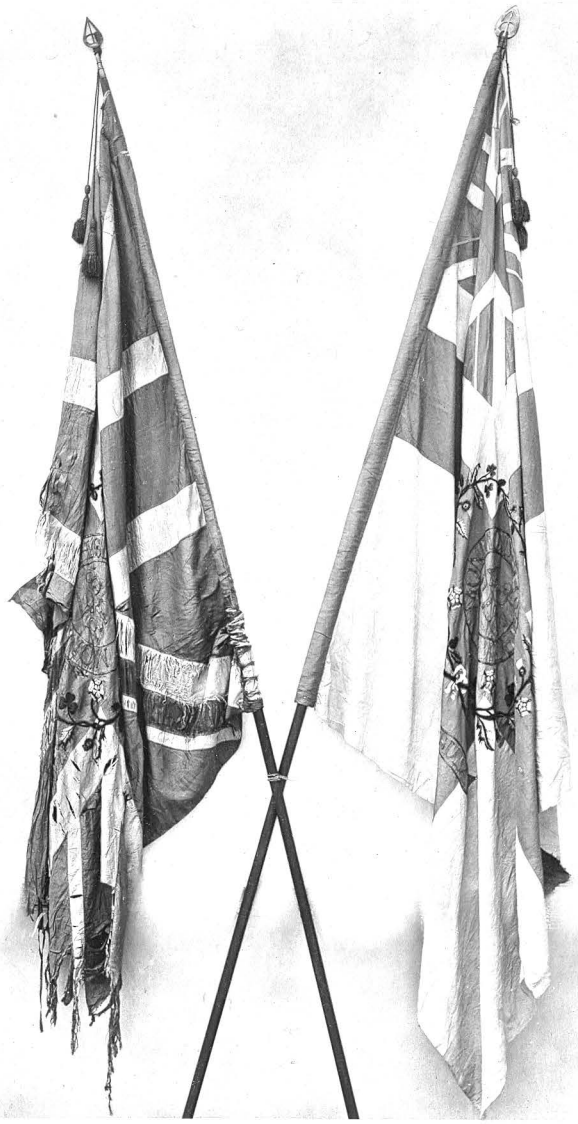
[1] Levinge's *Records of 43rd.*

[2] The battalion was disbanded April 1817, and the subsequent disposal of these colours is unknown. It appears, however, from information lately received by the editor of the *Chronicle*, that Sir Thomas Pearson, its last colonel, had a set of colours made towards the end of 1816, which he intended to have presented to the battalion, but its early disbandment prevented the design being carried out, and the colours are now in the hands of Major Barnett, of Costylost, Washaway, Cornwall.

[3] In the British army, until quite recently, the colonel provided the colours from his own purse.



Woodbury-Gravure.

THE COLOURS OF THE 43RD LIGHT INFANTRY.

1818-1827.

Place Verte, Valenciennes, when, after consecration by the Reverend Maurice Jones, the new colours were presented by Lady Blakeney in the presence of Major-General Sir James Kempt." Of the old ones, which had seen so much service, little would be left but a few fragments, and these cannot now be traced.

The newly presented colours are happily with us at the present time, being deposited in the museum of the Royal United Service Institution, Whitehall,[1] together with nearly contemporary colours of the companion regiment, the 52nd. The illustration opposite does them full justice, and will serve to give the reader a good idea of their appearance and of the details of their ornamentation. To begin with, they were of altogether new pattern, as far as the central part was concerned; the county title, conferred so far back as 1782, appeared for the first time. In the centre on red silk: $\frac{43}{\text{REG.}}$ (Arabian numerals taking the place of the duly authorised Roman letters for no apparent reason); the red silk girdle without buckle, bearing "Monmouthshire" embroidered in gold, the whole surrounded by a scanty "Union" wreath, as in the 1801 stand, but the two upper arms of the wreath, ending in the familiar rose buds, crossed and interlaced, the crossed stalks at the bottom tied with ribbon.

One highly important addition must not be overlooked; below the wreath, upon both colours, was placed the motto "Peninsula," on a red silk label. This, the first battle honour granted to the regiment, was authorised to be borne upon the colours and appointments in April 1815, in common with other regiments that had served through the Peninsular

[1] Vide *Journal of the Royal United Service Institution*, Vol. xxxix., page 1008 (October, 1895).

campaigns. On the 7th March 1821, ten more battles were authorised to be displayed upon the colours,[1] and and on the 22nd, yet another, "Corunna." It was usual to place these honours upon scrolls, and attach them to the colours at once, provided the silk was in condition to bear the extra weight, but for some reason these additional honours were never placed upon the 1818 colours, as a glance at the illustration will prove.

On the occasion of the half yearly inspection at Gibraltar, December 11th, 1826, the following entry occurs, "New colours have been received, and will be presented in a few days." An eye witness[2] relates that, "the new stand was presented by Mrs. Haverfield, the wife of the commanding officer on the Alameda, 6th January, 1827, rather hurriedly, as the regiment was to embark next day for Portugal." These colours were retired in 1847, and, as was customary, handed over to the custody of the colonel of the regiment, Lieut.-General the Honourable Sir Hercules Pakenham, K.C.B. They are now in the possession of his son, the Reverend Arthur H. Pakenham, who has kindly given every facility for examination, enabling a correct description to be rendered. The centre badge like that on the 1818 colours,[3] the wreath a little fuller in leaf; perhaps the great distinction lies in the fact that the authorised battle honours are displayed, for the first time, upon blue silk scrolls or labels; in the case of the Regimental colour, four on the left side, under the small "Union"; on the opposite side six, one also above,

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[1] "Vimiero," "Busaco," "Fuentes d'Onoro," "Ciudad Rodrigo," "Badajoz," "Salamanca," "Vittoria," "Nivelle," "Nive," "Toulouse."

[2] Mr. Logan, vide *Chronicle*, 1894, p. 200.

[3] The illustration of the 52nd Colour, 1824, *vide* p. 149, is a precise copy of the wreath and arrangement of the centre.

and one below the wreath, making twelve in all. When it is borne in mind that both colours displayed all these devices and honours, it may be readily understood that an imposing appearance was presented.

In January, 1844, a Royal Warrant was issued, discontinuing the practice of placing any "regimental record or device upon the Royal colours, more than the number of the regiment, surmounted by the imperial crown." This very much impoverished the appearance of the Queen's colour, but the new rule did not affect the colours of the 43rd until the next set was made—presented to the regiment on Southsea Common, March 22nd, 1847, by Lady Pakenham.[1] These colours were in use for a very long period (the regiment doubtless very loth to part with them), but in 1887 the remains were deposited in the Church, Monmouth; little more of them can now be seen but the pole of the Queen's, and a few shreds of the Regimental colour. According to the lately mentioned regulation, only the number in Roman characters and Crown would appear upon the Queen's colour, but the Regimental colour, when new, would be, like several others made at this date, of a very ornamental appearance; the usual red girdle, thereon "Monmouthshire," within the girdle the Regimental number in Roman letters (as on the Queen's colour), the whole surrounded with a very handsome wreath surmounted with the crown; the twelve battle scrolls on blue labels, ranged on each side only.[2]

In 1855, colours were slightly reduced in size; again 1858, the size was still further reduced to four feet six inches flying, and four feet on the pole; a silk and gold

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[1] A full description of the event is detailed in the *43rd Records.*

[2] An example of the number, and crown on the Queen's Colour, and the wreath, centre, and crown on the Regimental Colour of this date, may be found in *Colours and Standards*, vide Colours 26th Regiment, 1844.

fringe border introduced, and the ancient spear-head abolished; a gilt crown and lion (the crest of England) taking its place. All these changes did not affect the colours of the regiment, which were carried at its head until 1887—a period some six years after the introduction of the territorial system, which amalgamated the 43rd with its old companion, the 52nd, and blended the honours of both regiments.

The new colours received by the regiment (now the 1st Battalion, Oxfordshire Light Infantry) in 1887, were in accordance with the regulations of 1881, excepting that the old number was missing; the change, so far as the regiment was concerned, was not so great as in some others. The white ensign with the red cross (always used by those regiments having white facings) was not so very unlike the previous colours borne by the regiment, plus the honours of the 52nd, which were added.

It only remains to mention that "New Zealand" was authorised, June, 1870, for the services rendered by the regiment in the seven campaigns of 1864–65; "Quebec, 1759" as a somewhat tardy acknowledgment of its services under the immortal Wolfe, authorised 1882; and in the same year, "South Africa, 1851–3," for its services in that Colony.

II.—52ND LIGHT INFANTRY.

RAISED in 1755 as the 54th Foot; two years afterwards, in consequence of the disbandment of some senior corps, it received its honoured number Fifty-two. Like every other regiment, it would receive a pair of colours very soon after its formation. In those days, indeed, so important a part did colours play in the field manœuvres of an infantry regiment, that none could be considered complete without them. Shortly before this date, the colours of the army had become subject to strict regulation, two colours only being used, the first the *King's*, the second the *Regimental*. According to the Royal Warrant of September, 1743, the King's colour was the "Union" throughout, that is, the red cross of St. George with a white fimbriated edging placed upon the white cross of St. Andrew on a blue ground; the other, the Regimental colour, of buff silk (the hue of the regimental facing) with a small "Union" in the upper corner next the spear-head. The centre of both colours displaying the regimental number surrounded with a "Union" wreath of roses and thistles, the badges of England and Scotland.[1]

It almost amounts to certainty, that the earliest colours borne by the regiment, would display the first number "54," and equally certain that the new number would replace the former as soon after 1757 as the change could be made, with due regard to the interests

[1] Full details of this warrant with dimensions of colours, etc., etc., will be found on p. 130. The illustration of the 43rd colours p. 131, will convey an idea of the appearance of the 52nd colours of the same epoch, omitting, of course, the red cross in the centre of the 43rd Regimental colour, which, a reference to the Warrant will show, was only used by those regiments having white or red facings.

of the colonel, who provided the colours at his own expense.

Much information may be gathered, regarding the dates when colours were given out, from the "Inspection Returns" preserved in the Public Record Office, but unfortunately, the earliest to be found there having reference to the 52nd, is dated 1779, therefore, as a conjecture, it is quite possible these colours would be carried by the regiment to North America in 1765, taking part in the War of Independence with its fluctuating fortunes, and brought back, as may be surmised, much war-worn in the year 1778.

On the occasion of the earliest recorded inspection, which took place at Dartford, September 29th, 1779, the inspecting officer remarked that the colours "are in good condition, and in conformity with His Majesty's regulations." They were evidently quite new, indeed, subsequent inspection returns, namely, those at Rye, October 10th, 1781, by General Gage, and Chatham, September 4th, 1782, by General Calcraft, confirm this; in both cases the colours reported upon as "new in 1779." The general effect of this new stand of colours (coming under the Warrants of 1743–51, confirmed by that of 1768) was generally the same as the former set, but following the dictates of fashion, the simplicity of the central embroidery of the old stand had vanished. The regimental number (now Latinised), $\frac{\text{LII.}}{\text{REG.}}$ was placed upon a red silk shield, nearly oval in shape, edged with a narrow floriated border of yellow silk, presenting a bold effect upon the buff silk of the regimental flag, surrounded in turn by a handsomely embroidered "Union" wreath of roses and thistles, spreading over a large portion of the central part, fully two feet in width. The fact that this red silk shield was placed

in the centre of the red cross of St. George, deprived the King's colour of the brilliant appearance presented by its companion.[1]

The regiment embarked for India in 1783; its services there are well described by Moorsom,[2] but not a word can be heard of the colours, for though the regiment was doubtless inspected from time to time, no official reports, whilst on its fifteen years' tour of Indian duty, can be found. The colours were doubtless brought back to England with the regiment in 1798; Moorsom states that it arrived at Chatham, August 7th, that year. Subsequent Inspection Returns, viz. Horsham, December 5th, 1799, by Major-General Whyte, and Chelmsford, March 8th, 1800, give the date of the presentation of a new stand as August 8th, 1798, consequently, little time must have been lost; the new stand evidently awaited the arrival of the regiment.

Most fortunately, correct drawings of these 1798 colours happen to have been preserved—the illustration on the next page being taken from the archives in the Herald's College. As they are of historic interest—being carried by the regiment in the Peninsular War and at Waterloo, a remarkably long and eventful service—it may be well to devote more than ordinary attention to them. In the first place, the illustration represents the colours as they appeared when first presented in August 1798; the "Union" bears the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew only, and the wreath, roses and thistles; the central shields, in red silk, are of handsome design, that on the King's colour bearing, as a distinction, the crown over the number. In this state, as depicted in the illustration, they remained until the Union with Ireland in 1801.

[1] For an example of this date see *Colours and Standards*; Milne—centre part of 93rd Colour, 1778.

[2] *Records of the 52nd Regiment*; Moorsom.

The embodiment of the cross of St. Patrick upon the "Union" colour, and the introduction of the Irish badge of the "Shamrocks" into the wreath (to be displayed there upon equal terms with the old established roses and thistles), necessitated a change in the colours of the army.[1]

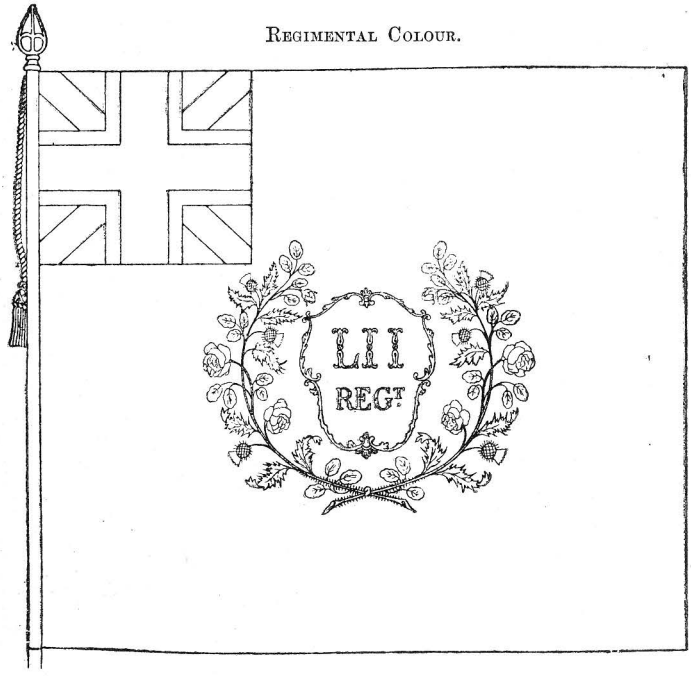
Stands of colours in accordance with the new regulations were, in most cases, given out, but occasionally, when they were almost new and the silk in good condition, existing colours were altered; the King's colour, the great "Union," taken to pieces, and the cross of St. Patrick added; the space occupied by the wreath, and central ornaments not being interfered with, nothing more being required than to introduce the Shamrock into the embroidery of the wreath. It had to be pushed in somewhere, and its intrusion was in all cases manifest. Several such altered colours are still in existence, and show the additions very distinctly. The colours of the 52nd being comparatively new, and, by inference, of good materials, were adapted to the new regulations in the manner described.

Some years afterwards, namely, in 1807, the newly appointed inspector of regimental colours sent out a circular asking for drawings and details of such colours as were then in use by infantry regiments. In reply, Colonel Wade sent the before mentioned drawings of the colours, then borne by the 1st Battalion 52nd. Writing from Melazzo, Sicily, 27th July, 1807, he says, "The regiment have only had two pairs of colours within the last twenty-seven years—the last received in 1798 after return from India; with respect to the deviation you will perceive in the King's colour, I cannot inform you by whose authority it was done." The gallant

[1] The actual wording of the Royal Warrant, with full description of the changes will be found on p. 130.

KING'S COLOUR.

REGIMENTAL COLOUR.



PRESENTED AUGUST 8th, 1798; ALTERED TO SUIT THE REQUIREMENTS NECESSITATED BY THE UNION WITH IRELAND, 1801; CARRIED AT WATERLOO, AND FINALLY RETIRED 1818.

officer's last paragraph evidently refers to the difference of the badges upon the central shields, noticeable in the accompanying illustration.[1]

These colours were taken to the Peninsula, serving at Corunna, Busaco, and the numerous actions in which the regiment took a distinguished part. It is not quite certain if they were carried at the head of the regiment in the campaigns of 1813 and 1814,[2] certainly they were with the regimental head-quarters in 1812. At the first half-yearly inspection that year, they were reported upon as being "in bad condition"—no wonder, considering their age—nevertheless, the veterans survived to witness the defeat of the Imperial Guard at Waterloo.

To go back a few years: A second battalion was added to the regiment in 1799; it served with the first at Ferrol, and was inspected at Horsham in December that year, when it appears to have had no colours, but at the succeeding inspection, Ashford, October 12th, 1801, it had colours, for they were reported upon as "in good condition." In January 1803, it was detached from the regiment, and numbered "96."[3]

Another 2nd Battalion was raised in 1804, but for some reason did not receive colours for many years. When inspected at Shorncliffe, April 17th, 1807, the inspecting officer reported "no colours." Shortly after this it embarked for Portugal, serving at Vimiera and in the retreat to Corunna. In 1810 the battalion, then in England, was reported upon as "not having colours, nor the sergeants pikes." It joined the first battalion in Spain in 1811, but whether it had colours or not, must remain uncertain. Returning to England, at the

[1] The author has met with one or two examples (all of this date) showing precisely the same difference.

[2] Many light infantry regiments did not use their colours in the Peninsula, *vide* p. 135.

[3] Renumbered "95" in 1816, and finally disbanded 1818.

ENSIGN WILLIAM LEEKE.

52ND LIGHT INFANTRY,

WHO CARRIED THE REGIMENTAL COLOUR

AT THE

BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

next inspection, 1812, it had colours, for they are described as "good"; the same remark at both the following inspections in 1813. The battalion subsequently served in Flanders, 1814, and was finally reduced at Canterbury, May, 1816. Its colours cannot now be traced.

To return to the 1st Battalion, after its return from the Peninsula, the old colours were reported upon at Chatham as being "in bad condition," and in that state they were taken to the Netherlands in 1815, and headed the regiment at Waterloo. The Reverend W. Leeke, who, as ensign, carried the regimental colour on the 18th of June, describes the colours as being "little more than bare poles." His interesting work[1] contains much graphic detail about the disposition and fortunes of the colours on that eventful day; he relates how Ensign Nettles, carrying the King's colour, was killed towards the close of the battle; the colour, in some unaccountable way, being overlooked, and found next morning under his body by a sergeant of Captain Mercer's troop of horse artillery. As a fitting termination to their long career, the colours entered Paris at the head of the regiment. To quote Leeke's words, "I am sure it was the proudest moment of my life, when I found myself riding down the Champs Elysées, bearing in triumph into the enemy's capital that same 52nd Regimental colour which I had had the honour of carrying to victory on the glorious day of Waterloo."

Until the end of 1818, the 1st Battalion (more correctly speaking, "the regiment," now that the 2nd Battalion has been disbanded) formed part of the army of occupation, and was the last of the British army to quit France.[2] Leeke's bare poles still had to do duty,

[1] Leeke's *History of Lord Seaton's Regiment at the Battle of Waterloo.*
[2] Moorson's *52nd Records.*

but in Sir Denis Pack's report upon the inspection, May 15th, 1818, he describes the colours as "new." There appears, unfortunately, to be no record of the date or of the manner of presentation. The central embroidery upon these new colours formed a complete contrast to that upon the old 1798 set, perhaps the chief distinguishing point being the appearance of the county title (for the first time, although, as we have seen in connection with the 43rd, it had been allotted to the regiment so far back as 1782.) "Oxfordshire" in gold embroidery upon a red silk girdle (without buckle or tip) occupying the centre; within this girdle, on red silk, $\frac{52}{\text{REG.}}$, the number in Arabian numerals[1] be it remarked, contrary to the regulations, which prescribed "Roman figures," the whole surrounded by a rather stiffly-designed wreath of roses, thistles, and shamrocks, each end terminating in a rose-bud interlaced, exactly like the centre of the next (1824) stand (*vide* the illustration p. 149.) One very important addition must be mentioned, namely, two scrolls or labels of red silk, edged yellow, placed one above and one below the wreath, bearing the words, "Peninsula," "Waterloo." These distinctions having been conferred upon the regiment in 1814 and 1815.

In March 1821, the following honours were further granted to the regiment, to be borne upon its colours and appointments, "Hindostan," "Vimiera," "Corunna," "Busaco," "Fuentes d'Onor," "Ciudad Rodrigo," "Badajoz," "Salamanca," "Vittoria," "Nivelle," "Nive," "Orthes," "Toulouse," making a grand total of fifteen battle honours—the largest number granted at the time to any corps, save one, the "Rifle Brigade."

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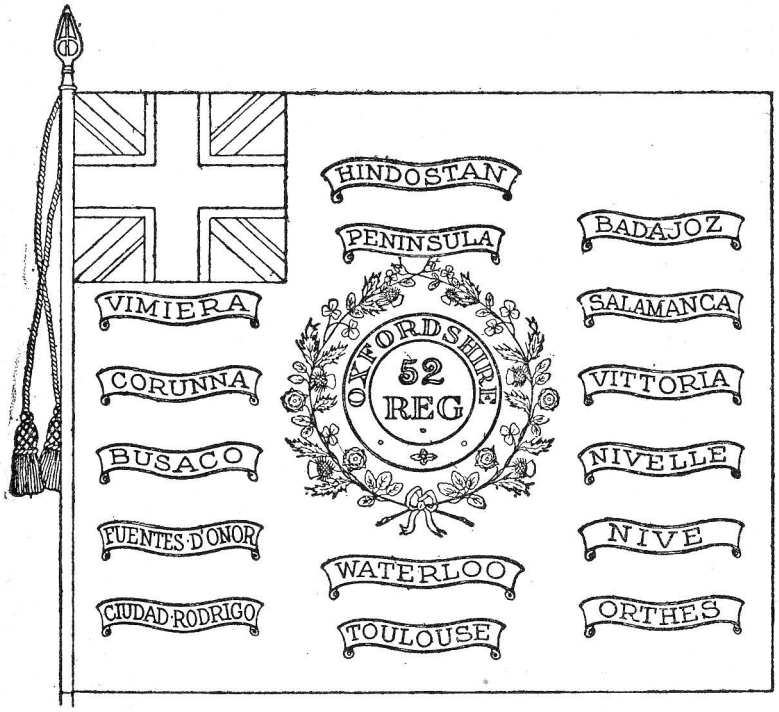
[1] Classical details, of all kinds, were just now out of fashion.

It was customary to attach scrolls bearing these distinctions to the colours as they were from time to time authorised, but it is doubtful if they were ever so placed upon the 1818 stand—its life, by some chance, being a short one, being retired about 1823.

There is no evidence in the Regimental Records that new colours were presented at this date, the inspection returns throw no light on the subject, simply reporting "colours good" all through 1820 to 1825, and forward;



REGIMENTAL COLOUR PRESENTED 1823, RETIRED 1852.

but that colours were presented or given out in 1823 is placed beyond all doubt. On the occasion of the inspection at Limerick, May 7th, 1851, Major-General Napier remarks, "The colours very much tattered and torn, and require to be replaced; they were presented to the regiment in 1823." A possible explanation may be that the

1818 colours were not of sufficiently strong materials to carry the numerous battle scrolls[1]; be this as it may, the 1823 colours were made and given to the regiment probably just before it embarked that year at Cork for its tour of duty in North America. The accompanying illustration represents the Regimental colour, the King's colour having precisely similar devices. A full description is scarcely necessary, as both colours are now deposited in the museum of the Royal United Service Institution, formerly the banqueting hall of the Royal Palace of Whitehall.[2]

New colours were presented at Dublin in 1852 by the commanding officer, Lieut.-Colonel Forester, in the absence of Lady Maclaine, the wife of Lieut.-General Sir Archibald Maclaine, K.C.B., the colonel of the regiment.[3]

Although they were the same size as before (the dimensions indeed had not altered from the date of the first regulations), still the general appearance was different. The Queen's colour, in accordance with the Warrant of 1844, bore no devices beyond the number in the centre in Roman characters, surmounted by the crown. Upon the Regimental colour, on the other hand, was concentrated the whole of the distinctions gained by the regiment. The number, in Roman characters on red silk, occupied the centre within a girdle displaying "Oxfordshire," above this a crown; the girdle, but not the crown, surrounded by a closely embroidered "Union" wreath, tied at the bottom with ribbon. The fifteen battle honours placed upon blue silk scrolls, seven each side, and one in the centre below the wreath.

These colours were taken to India, 1853, partaking

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[1] The fifteen scrolls would be attached, in duplicate, one on either side of the flag, making a total of thirty—a considerable weight.

[2] A coloured plate of this flag, forms an illustration in *Colours and Standards*; Milne.

[3] Moorson's *52nd Records.*

in the Mutiny campaign and siege of Delhi, returned home with the regiment in 1865, and finally retired at Malta in 1868,[1] a new set of colours being then taken into use without any presentation ceremony.

They, however, came under the new regulations of 1868,[2] which prescribed the following dimensions: Three feet nine inches flying, and three feet on the pole, edged all round with gold fringe, the pole surmounted with a gilt crown and lion, the crest of England, instead of the old historic spear-head which had done duty so long. The devices on these colours are very much like those lately described on the 1852 stand. One additional battle honour, "Delhi," had been authorised soon after the conclusion of the Mutiny campaign and appeared on the Regimental colour, there being now sixteen battles placed eight on each side of the central wreath. "Mysore" was granted to the regiment in March 1889 "in consideration of the services rendered during the compaigns in Southern India, 1790–1792."

These latter colours are still carried by the 52nd, now the 2nd Battalion Oxfordshire Light Infantry.

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[1] They were presented to Lord Seaton (son of the Field Marshal), and are still in the possession of his family.

[2] A previous Warrant in 1858 first introduced these fringed colours; they were then ordered to be four feet six inches flying, and four feet on the pole.

WAR MEDALS.

THE following medals are in the possession of Captain F. J. Newton-King:—

Peninsula.—SERGEANT C. TRUEMAN, 52nd Light Infantry, with clasps for "Corunna," "Busaco," and "Fuentes d'Onor." Dates of campaigns, 1793-1814.

Waterloo.—ROBERT FORSTER, 1st Battalion, 52nd Light Infantry; 1815.

South Africa.—J. MASON, 43rd Light Infantry; 1853.

Indian Mutiny.—C. PHIPPS, 52nd Light Infantry, with clasp for "Delhi"; 1857–58.

Indian Mutiny.—THOMAS RATCHFORD, 43rd Light Infantry; 1857–58.

Lieut.-Colonel J. B. Gaskell has this year added to his collection the VICTORIA CROSS of Bugler Hawthorn, 52nd Light Infantry.

THE TALAVERA CLASP.

PENINSULAR medals of 43rd and 52nd soldiers having the clasp for Talavera are rare, since only one company from each regiment took part in the battle. These two companies were attached to the 1st Battalion of Detachments, having been left behind for this purpose on their regiments embarking for England after Corunna.

The following is the War Office Roll of 43rd and 52nd officers and men who were awarded the clasp for Talavera when the Peninsular medal was granted:

43RD LIGHT INFANTRY.

Rank.	Name.	Remarks.
Private - -	Barnes, Arthur.	
Private - -	Bell, William.	
Lieutenant - -	Brown, G.	
Private - -	Brown, John	
Sergeant - -	Castelow, John.	
Private - -	Davies, Edward.	
Private - -	East, William.	
Private - -	Lewis, David - - -	Medal in Officers' Mess, 43rd Light Infantry.
Private - -	McBurney, John.	
Corporal - -	McCawley, John.	
Private - -	McKennedy, M.	
Private - -	Meager, James.	
Private - -	Nassey, George.	
Private - -	Oddy, James.	
Private - -	O'Neil, Patrick.	
Private - -	Perry, Owen.	
Private - -	Rounsley, Joshua.	
Private - -	Shepherd, William.	
Private - -	Shore, Samuel.	
Private - -	Walker, Thomas.	
Private - -	Walker, William.	
Private - -	Wharton, Henry - -	Medal in Officers' Mess, 43rd Light Infantry.

52ND LIGHT INFANTRY.

Rank.	Name.	Remarks.
Private - -	Anderson, John.	
Private - -	Atkins, John.	
Private - -	Crawford, James.	
Private - -	Devie, Alex.	
Private - -	Grimm, Francis.	
Private - -	Haggerty, Patrick - -	Medal in Officers' Mess, 52nd Light Infantry.
	Hay, *Lord* James.	
Private - -	Hetherwick, David.	
Private - -	Illingsworth, William.	
Sergeant - -	Jones, Robert.	
Private - -	Kelk, Edward.	
Sergeant - -	McCurrie, Hugh.	
Private - -	McFarlane, John - -	Medal in the collection of Col. John Murray.
Private - -	McLaughlin, James.	
Private - -	McPhee, Alexander.	
Private - -	Newland, William.	
Private - -	Powell, John.	
Private - -	Savage, John.	
Corporal - -	Slater, John - - -	Medal in the collection of Capt. E. A. Whitaker.
Private - -	Smith, James.	
Private - -	Stansfield, Joseph.	
Private - -	Watts Fras.	
Private - -	Williamson, John.	
Lieutenant - -	Woodgate, J.	
Sergeant - -	Yeates, John.	

Although the above is the only *official* list in existence, and the only means of verifying the Talavera clasp attached to the Peninsular Medal, it cannot be accepted as positive proof that no other clasps for this action were issued to 43rd and 52nd soldiers ; in fact, in two cases, there is no doubt that the clasp was issued and not entered in the roll. The two men in question were Sergeant J. Nixon of the 43rd, and Private William Delicote of the 52nd.

Sergeant Nixon's medal is in the collection of Colonel Hon. H. F. Eaton, and Private Delicote's in that of Lieut.-Colonel Gaskell. Both these gentlemen are collectors who would not suffer a medal to remain in their collection for a moment unless they were perfectly

satisfied that the clasps were as issued by the authorities. Where thousands of medals (with variations of clasps) were issued at the same time, it is only natural that many mistakes occurred. There are several instances of such mistakes on record, and the following extract from an old sale catalogue may be quoted with reference to this subject:

Peninsular medal, 14 *clasps*, *Peter Marsh*, 95*th Foot*.—This medal was in the collection of Mr. Washington of Liverpool, when Captain Grig bought it in 1861. It does not agree with the Medal Rolls at the War Office, but it is nevertheless genuine and exactly as when issued. When Marsh got his medal first, he found the clasps quite wrong, those of some other man having evidently been attached to the medal accidently; he, therefore, returned it to the War Office for correction.

Eventually he got it back rectified and with its present arrangement of clasps. These mistakes were not infrequent when the medal was issued, in consequence of the immense number which had to be mounted and fitted with clasps, and doubtless the original entry in the books was sometimes not corrected when the medal itself had been, which will account for the occasional non-agreement of clasps with the Medal Rolls—so Captain Grig was informed at the War Office when verifying some of his medals.[1]

[1] Private Marsh's medal was sold at Sotheby's in 1887 for 14*l*. 5*s*., and in 1891, when put up for auction again, fetched 23*l*.

"EL CHICO BLANCO."

Lieutenant Havelock of the 43rd Light Infantry.

An Incident of the Passage of the Bidassoa.[1]

The passage of the Bidassoa achieved, the stream passed o'er,
The allied columns hasten on to pluck some laurels more;
And with fresh vengeance all prepare, with no unsparing hand,
To clear the frowning steeps above, where crouch Dalmatia's band.

Across the trench, through shifting sands, over the river's tide
The fearless troops march gaily on in all their martial pride;
They scale the rock of the "Hermitage" which shields the stern foe,
And war's wild cry resounds again, and woe re-echoes woe!

"Why doth bold Downie waver there?" the noble Alten cried,
"Haste! see what stays the warrior!" and forth that instant hied
His youthful Aide-de-Camp, whose ear had caught the welcome word,
And on the spur flew Havelock, of the gallant Forty-third!

He found the sturdy Spaniards, spite of Giron's ardent cry,
But feebly breasting up against their powerful enemy
Who ceaselessly his host's full strength pour'd on their shelter'd front
That now withstood the battle's tide—now yielded to its brunt.

Tho' boyhood's bloom was on that face, and he unknown to fame,
Yet Havelock a hero stood, only a boy in name!
For, as he viewed the vet'rans quail before death's hideous glare,
The man within him glowed to win his maiden chaplet there!

So reining in his foaming steed for one devoted blow,
He bared his flaxen locks before high Heaven and the foe!
Then waved aloft his helmet, cheered the hard-pressed columns on—
"Follow, brave Spaniards, 'tis the path where liberty is won!"

Then dashed the rowels in his steed and urged him swift away,
Cleared the *abatis* at a bound, and plunged amid the fray;
"El chico blanco!" shouted then each Andalusian tongue,
While on each olive cheek the tint of burning shame upsprung.

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[1] October 1813.

In wonder at the daring feat, ashamed, they quail no more,
And every soldier seems to have more valour than before!
"El chico blanco!" sounds above the battle's fearful cry,
Away the dark-eyed legions plunge to death or victory!

Close on the fair boy's track pursue the ardent troops of Spain,
And with one mighty shock hurl down Soult's veterans again;
They win the pass! the field's their own! again their cry is heard—
"El chico blanco!" still they cheer the brave of the Forty-third!

W. S. PASSMORE.

The above is taken from an old book of Peninsular verses. Napier thus refers to the incident: "Giron, after driving Conroux's advanced post from the gorge leading from Vera to Sarre, had pushed a battalion towards the head of the Great Rhune, and placed a reserve in the gorge to cover his rear from any counter-attack. When his left wing was free to move by the capture of the *Boar's Back*, he fought his way up abreast with the British line until near the saddle-ridge, a little to the right of the Puerto; but there his men were arrested by a strong line of *abatis*, from behind which two French regiments poured a heavy fire. An adventurer named Downie, then a Spanish General, exhorted them, and they kept their ranks, yet did not advance; but there happened to be present an officer of the 43rd Regiment named Havelock, who being attached to Alten's staff had been sent to ascertain Giron's progress. His fiery temper could not brook the check. He took off his hat, called upon the Spaniards, and putting spurs to his horse at one bound cleared the *abatis* and went headlong among the enemy. Then the soldiers, shouting for '*El chico blanco*'—'*the fair boy*,' so they called him, for he was very young and had light hair—with one shock broke through at the very moment the French centre was flying under the fire of Kempt's skirmishers from the Puerto on the left."

Sir Richard Levinge makes no mention of this in his history of the 43rd, although he places the words "*El chico blanco*" opposite Havelock's name in the Alphabetical Roll of Officers, and he records another anecdote about him with reference to the battle of Toulouse: "About this time, an officer of the 43rd—Lieutenant Havelock—extra Aide-de-Camp to Baron Alten, was seen riding at the base of the enemy's position, turning and twisting his horse at full speed, inducing a group of brother officers to imagine that he was wounded and no longer able to manage the animal. Suddenly he fell, as it were, from the saddle to the ground, and the horse made a dead stop. Believing him killed, great was their surprise when he remounted, cantering towards them with a hare which he had ridden down."

William Havelock, K.H., joined the 43rd as Ensign 12th July 1810, became Lieutenant 12th May 1812, promoted Captain 32nd Regiment 19th February 1818, transferred to the 14th Light Dragoons 19th July 1821, Major 31st December 1830, Lieutenant-Colonel 30th April 1841. He served in the Peninsula from 1810 to 1814, and in the Waterloo Campaign. Was present at Busaco, Sabugal, Salamanca, Vittoria, Bidassoa, Nivelle, Bayonne, Orthes, and Toulouse. Wounded at Quatre Bras. Received the war medal with six clasps. He was killed at the head of the 14th Light Dragoons at the battle of Ramnugger, Punjab, 22nd November 1848.

Collotype.

PRIVATE, 43RD LIGHT INFANTRY.

1815.

(From an old Drawing by LIEUT. NICHOLAS CONDY.)

GENERAL DON MIGUEL ALAVA.

AMONGST the correspondence of Lt.-Colonel Henry Booth, whose memoir we published last year, we have come across a series of letters from the illustrious Spaniard Alava. The letters are in French, and date from 1824 to 1836. Many of them are most interesting reading, and, since they contain frequent references to the 43rd, we may perhaps be pardoned if we devote a few pages to a foreigner who was always an ardent admirer of the Regiment.

Don Miguel was a Castillian noble, and as a young man fought against us at the Battle of Trafalgar, under his uncle, Admiral Gravina, being severely wounded in the engagement and taken prisoner. In 1810 we find him attached to the British head-quarters as the military correspondent of the Junta. Napier describes him as "that brave, generous, and disinterested Spaniard," and says of him, "he was too sagacious not to perceive the necessity for seconding the English General, yet in the manner of doing it, he never forgot the dignity of his own country, and as he was too frank and honest for intrigues, his intercourse was always honourable to himself and advantageous to both nations." Again Napier mentions him in connection with the retreat from Burgos in 1812: "The Spaniards, unequal to any regular movement, got into confusion, and were falling back, when their fiery countryman Miguel Alava, running to their head, with exhortation and example—for though wounded he would not retire—urged them forward to the fight."

During these stirring times he lived much with the officers of the 43rd, with whom he formed an intimate friendship, which remained constant till the end of his

life. In 1823, when the French invaded Spain, Alava retired with King Ferdinand and the government (in which he then held office) to Cadiz; and, on the defeat of the Spaniards at the Rocadero, Alava was selected to hand over the king to the French. After this act he considered that Spain was no longer safe for him, so he sought refuge in Gibraltar, where the 43rd happened at the time to be quartered. Here he resided with the Regiment, refusing the invitation of other corps, "I like to live with my own family here, my old friends the 43rd."

In 1824 he went to England, but on the passage met with an accident which crippled him for several months. Notwithstanding this, however, he managed to get about sufficiently to attend levées and visit his friends, and he kept his old comrade, Major Henry Booth, informed of all his movements. In an account of his first levée he says:—

Haverfield[1] was well received at the Horse Guards and by the Duke of York, who said to him, before all the military levée, "Colonel, I hear on all sides none but the best reports of your Regiment! Lord Wellington has also told me that this is also the opinion of the Government."

In December of the same year he again writes concerning a recent visit to Lord Bathurst at Cirencester:—

The Duke of York was of the party, and all the talk at table "after cloth removed" was of war, battles, Light Division, 52nd, Riflemen, and 43rd. But I was really astonished to find how His Royal Highness knows the Army, and above all the Regiment. There is not an officer of your corps of whom he cannot speak with as much knowledge of the subject as yourself. He repeated to me what he said

[1] Colonel William Haverfield (then in England on leave) entered the Regiment as Ensign 25th July 1805; Lieutenant, 3rd April 1806; Captain, 31st March 1808; Major, 11th August 1814; Lieut.-Colonel, 29th August 1822. Was with the Expedition to Copenhagen 1807, and Walcheren 1809; wounded at Vimiero and Salamanca; commanded the Regiment in the Expedition to Portugal, 1826–7. Died at Bath, November 1830.

to Haverfield, and ended by saying that Lord Chatham had a predilection for your Regiment which did not astonish him.

The next letter in the correspondence evidently relates to some honour paid to Alava by the Regiment, though of what form it took we are unfortunately left ignorant:—

London,
2nd March 1825.

DEAR MAJOR,

WRIGHT[1] has brought me your very excellent letter, and I declare to you that the friendship of all the kings in the world, even in this period of banishment, would not have made so strong an impression and been such a pleasure and comfort to me as the generous conduct of your whole Regiment.

There are things which are better felt than expressed, and of such is the feeling which I have at this moment, and which I shall retain for my whole lifetime. What can I say after such treatment, or what can I do to testify my gratitude? I can but pray, "May Providence preserve and protect the 43rd Regiment, and that it may be always such as it has been, such as it now is."

I met Chichester[2] at a brilliant party of the Dowager Lady Salisbury. He is very well, and was one of the most elegant dandies in the company. He still sighs for the 43rd, although his Regiment is such a good one.

God bless you, my dear Booth! Express all my gratitude to all the Regiment, and believe you, and they, and all, in the sincere friendship and unchangeable gratitude of

Your devoted friend,
M. DE ALAVA.

A little later, imagining that the last letter had miscarried, he writes from Chiswick (where he was staying with the Duke of Devonshire) expressing his gratitude for the honour done to him by the whole Regiment; and, after referring to his "terrible accident," which

[1] Charles Ravenhill Wright, Ensign, 29th Regiment, 25th December 1813; Lieutenant, 26th July 1821; Lieutenant, 43rd, 3rd January 1822; Captain, 11th July 1826; retired on full pay as Major, 9th May 1845; died June 1854.

[2] Lord S. A. Chichester, entered the 43rd as Ensign, 26th August 1822; Lieutenant, 7th Fusiliers, 4th November 1824. Died at Richmond 27th May 1825.

had already kept him on crutches for nine months, he concludes in these words:—

I value too highly the honour done to me by your comrades not to testify to them many, many times over, my appreciation and gratitude.

That Alava bore a sincere and genuine affection for the officers of the Regiment is testified over and over again in his letters. Thus he says, "My friends and benefactors, the officers of the 43rd, whom I love as I love myself"; and in every letter he sends messages to the different officers, with ten or twelve of whom he appears to have been on most affectionate terms.[1] In one letter (1825) he writes:—"Tell Mrs. Pearson[2] that this morning I met her Tom,[3] and shook hands with him with the greatest pleasure. He looks remarkably well and very dandy in his dress." In another letter of the same year he refers to his meeting for the first time with Captain Cooke:—

Faithful to the 43rd Regiment, no sooner had I arrived in the Isle of Wight than I made a point of going to Newport to call upon Captain Cooke, whose acquaintance I am delighted to have made, and have cultivated all the time I have been at Cowes. Everything is in admirable order since the barracks have been under the orders of Ross, and your men are distinguished here, as elsewhere, by their bearing and discipline.

After Cowes I was at Goodwood, our dear Duke of Richmond's,[4] and I was very sorry to have missed there your Mr. Hair,[5] who had just taken leave of the duke to return to his Regiment. In spite of that,

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[1] His principal friends appear to have been: T. Champ, J. Considine, J. M. Hill, J. P. Hopkins, David Williams, W. Considine, Hunter Ward, G. Hood, W. G. Freer, and A. Denham.

[2] Wife of Sir Thomas Pearson, C.B., K.C.H., formerly of the 43rd, and then commanding the 23rd at Gibraltar.

[3] Thomas Alymer Pearson (son of Sir Thomas) entered the 43rd as Ensign 10th September 1828; Lieutenant, 23rd December 1831; Captain, 21st August 1840; retired 31st December 1841. His son, Thomas Horner Pearson, served in the 43rd from 1863 to 1878.

[4] As Lord March, the Duke of Richmond served in the 52nd, and was wounded at the Battle of Orthes.

[5] Archibald Hair, M.D., Surgeon 43rd, and afterwards Royal Horse Guards.

nothing was spoken of but the 43rd, 52nd, and Riflemen. We drank their health again and again—a thousand times.

I dined last Sunday with your Napier[1] at Strathfieldsaye. He is very well, although very subject to attacks of gout, and even very violent ones. He is writing memoirs of the war in Spain; and, from what he told me, and from the materials which he told me that he has been furnished with, I think that he will succeed in his work. As for his politics, he is as violent a Radical as ever, although the mania of Radicalism is no longer in fashion here.

We may perhaps here quote from Captain Cooke's *Narrative* with reference to the meeting between himself and Alava:—

When the war was brought to a conclusion, he was offered a gold snuff-box by the British Government of that day, which he refused like a true Cabalero, saying that he had only done his duty towards his country; and when he told me this, with his hands on my shoulder and his kind eye fixed on my face, he exclaimed, "A gold snuff-box for serving my country!" This distinguished and worthy man told me that he had fought at the Battle of Trafalgar against Nelson with the Spanish fleet. When I asked him which he thought the most terrible, a sea or a land fight, he said that a sea engagement was a d——d row, but for killing the thousands the land fight was *de ting*.

The last letter in the series is one congratulating Henry Booth on his appointment to the command of the Regiment:—

Bourbon d'Archambault,
13th July 1830.

My Dear Booth,

I have received a letter from Haverfield's brother announcing to me his poor brother's death, and your appointment to succeed him in command of the 43rd.

[1] William Napier. His biographer gives a curious example of his Radicalism. Colonel Shaw-Kennedy (Shaw of the 43rd), who was intimate with Napier, and had served under his command, being at the time in military charge of Lancashire (before the passing of the Reform Bill), "was informed by the Under Secretary of State that it was supposed that Colonel Napier might lead 50,000 men against London. Colonel Shaw-Kennedy replied that he had received a letter from Colonel Napier on the subject, from which it appeared that some such proposal had been made to him, and that he had answered it by severely rebuking those who had made it." Napier himself, in a characteristic and rather pompous letter, wrote to Lady Hester Stanhope, in March 1839, "It had been in my power to raise a civil war, and it may be so again, but I abhor such a proceeding."

This has surprised me more than anything, for nothing was further from my thoughts than poor Haverfield's bad health; and, as I had heard nothing of him for a year, I was naturally surprised at the news of his death. You were a witness of his kindness to me at Gibraltar, and I hope that you will do me the justice to believe that neither time nor distance will ever efface it from my memory; and he, and you and your brother officers will always have an exclusive right to all my gratitude and to all my thankful acknowledgment.

Poor Haverfield must be greatly regretted by all his Regiment and all the garrison of Gibraltar; but it is in justice to you to say that in the whole Army List it would be impossible to make a better choice for His Majesty's service and for the good of so admirable a Corps. I know your Army well enough, and I know the 43rd too well enough, to venture this opinion, being very sure that my friend Lord Fitzroy Somerset, who knows your Army better than anyone without exception, will have had a large share in your promotion.

That it has been without purchase is another motive of satisfaction for you, on which I congratulate you, though sincerely sorry at the same time that your poor predecessor was unable to dispose of his commission before his death.

When you rejoin your Regiment, or if you are with it already, I beg you to remember me to the officers, and particularly to those whom I had the honour and the pleasure to know, and who all treated me with such kindness.

From what I have heard, there remain none but the younger Considine, Estcourt, Ward, and Tryon of my old acquaintances, and one other whom I knew in Paris in 1828, and whose name I forget. I beg you to convey to them the assurance of my friendship and gratitude, and to all the Regiment my most sincere wishes for its happiness and for the continuance of that immortal reputation which it has won in the Army.

If Dr. Gilchrist and the excellent Williams are there too, remember me to them, and all; and yourself be assured always of the feeling of gratitude, friendship, and interest borne towards you by

Your sincere friend,

MIGUEL DE ALAVA.

The reader will have already gained some knowledge of the character of this old friend of the 43rd; yet George Napier, of the 52nd, has so much to say of

him that we cannot refrain from quoting certain passages :—

When we arrived at Celerico[1] we found them (William Napier and Thomas Lloyd, both of the 43rd) not dangerously, but severely, wounded, and settled in the Spanish General Alava's quarters, who was then A.D.C. to Lord Wellington. He had seen these two English officers brought into the town on a bullock cart, dreadfully jolted, and a blazing sun over their heads—not a soul offered to take them in. General Alava, seeing the neglect with which they were treated, went and offered them his house, and there every comfort he had was given to them with that frankness and kind-heartedness which so highly distinguished that gallant and noble Spaniard, who from that time to the present period has always been our friend. He took part in the revolution in Spain in 1820, and since that has been obliged to live in England and France, having been driven from his country, for which he fought and bled for years, a wandering exile, his property confiscated and his constitution broken down by hard service and mental misery at seeing the unhappy state into which his beloved country had been plunged by the cowardly, cruel, and contemptible Ferdinand! To the honour of the Duke of Wellington, the moment he heard of Alava's misfortunes, and that he had made his escape and was at Gibraltar, he wrote to him to say that as long as he lived he should provide for him; that he should have apartments in his house in London, and never feel the loss of property in a pecuniary point of view; he also gave him a small house in the park at Strathfieldsaye. This was very right and kind on the Duke's part, and General Alava was fully sensible of it; but after a year or two he found his health would not stand the damp and cold of our climate, and he went to Tours, in France, where he resides on the interest of a a few thousand pounds which luckily he had placed in the British funds when he was ambassador at Brussels and Paris. He told me he had about two hundred a year, and, having that, he refused all relief from our Government or that of France.[2]

Again George Napier writes from Barèges, on 1st August 1829, to his brother William :—

I went over to see Alava at Bagnères; he swears you are blind to that "*coquin* Napoleon's conduct in Spain, and believe in all the dam French

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[1] After the Combat of the Coa.

[2] *The Early Military Life of General Sir George T. Napier, K.C.B.* Written by himself and edited by his son, General W. C. E. Napier. London, 1886.

rascals like——, and, by G—! I am angry wid William, but, by G—! the military part is to me better and dearer than Polybius; by G—! George, I tell everybody no such book in Europe;[1] by G—! William would make the best minister in the world, and, by G—! he is equal to command any army; he is one dam clever fellow—the cleverest fellow, but dam rascal to the Spaniards." And then he jumps up on his one leg and sputters out French, English, and Spanish, to the utter incomprehensibility of any human being.

It is gratifying to know that, in spite of his misfortunes and vicissitudes, Alava eventually—during Lord Melbourne's administration—filled the post of Spanish Ambassador at St. James's.

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[1] Referring to the first volume of the *Peninsular War*.

Collotype.

LIEUTENANT JONATHAN ALDERSON,

43RD LIGHT INFANTRY.

1828-1834.

FROM PRIVATE TO ADJUTANT.

Henry Sunderland, 52nd Light Infantry.

The services of this worthy 52nd soldier deserve more notice than that accorded to them in the *Historical Record* of the Regiment; unfortunately, however, Sunderland had no biographer, and as he joined the "great majority" forty years ago, there is little hope now of gaining a better knowledge of his life than that given in the following notice of his death:

Death of a Peninsular Veteran.[1]

We have to record the death of a veteran, one of the celebrated Peninsular Light Division, a native of Heptonstall, and long an inhabitant of Hebden Bridge. We allude to Lieut. Henry Sunderland, who departed this life at Pontefract on the 15th inst., age 77 years. We have great pleasure in communicating the following statement of his services from a paper in his own handwriting, the perusal of which has been kindly allowed by his son, Mr. John Sunderland, late Sergeant of the 52nd, his father's old Regiment, and now Pay-sergeant in the 1st West York Rifles. We preface this authentic statement with a few introductory remarks from a paper on which a friend began to write down some particulars of his life, from his dictation, before he left Hebden Bridge. This account was unfortunately cut short by Mr. Sunderland's sudden removal to Pontefract.

Henry Sunderland volunteered into the Supplementary Militia in 1796. He commenced his military training at Wakefield in 1797. From June to October 1798, he lay in camp near Hornsea, in Yorkshire, with a brigade of picked men under Lord Mulgrave. After wintering at Hull, he went into camp again from June to October 1799, and then marched to York for winter quarters. About 60 men of the Regiment volunteered into the Line for five years, on condition of not serving out of Europe, and on December 24th joined the head-quarters at Chelmsford. Embarked at Cowes, June 24th 1800, under sealed orders, and in July landed in France, in Quiberon Bay, near Belle Isle, and there found

[1] From a Yorkshire paper.

the 63rd and 31st Regiments already encamped with 24 guns. The effectual precautions of the enemy prevented any attack on Belle Isle. Here Sunderland was made a corporal. After they had stayed three or four weeks, Sir Ralph Abercrombie arrived with his fleet on his way to Egypt, and took the British troops from Quiberon Bay to Ferrol in Spain. On the 26th August Sunderland saw his first fighting at Ferrol. August 27th embarked for Gibraltar and cruised about; then back to Cadiz, then back to Gibraltar again. The ship he was in then proceeded to Egypt, but being enlisted for Europe only, Sunderland did not proceed with it, but returned to Lisbon, and returned to England in January 1801. He now extended his services for an unlimited period, instead of the original enlistment for five years.

In 1801 and 1802 he lay in quarters at Ramsgate, Deal, and Canterbury, with the 1st Battalion of the 52nd Regiment. In 1803 the Colonel, Sir John Moore, decided to make Light Infantry of the most effective men of the 52nd. Sunderland continued in the 1st Battalion, and the 2nd Battalion was afterwards numbered as the 96th Regiment.

Sir John Moore now commenced a new system of drill with the 1st Battalion as Light Infantry, in which he was most cordially and most ably seconded by Lieut.-Colonel Mackenzie. Sunderland's battalion was the first that was drilled on the new system; this system is now continued throughout the British Army. Sunderland himself afterwards ranked as one of the most effective drill-sergeants in the service. He was eventually promoted to the Lieutenancy and Adjutancy of his Regiment, and on that occasion, as a token of esteem, the officers and non-commissioned officers of the Regiment presented him with his horse and outfit.

Statement of Services, &c., of Henry Sunderland:—

1. Service in the Expedition under Sir R. Abercrombie in 1800 on the coast of Spain. Was present at the action of Ferrol, August 26th, 1800. Was at Vigo and at Cadiz in the same year.
2. Served at the siege, bombardment, and capture of the Danish Fleet at Copenhagen. Was also present at the Battle of Kioge, August 29th, 1807, under the command of Sir Arthur Wellesley, the army being commanded by General Lord Cathcart, and the fleet by Admiral Lord Gambier.
3. Served in Portugal in 1808 and 1809 under the command of Lieut.-General Sir John Moore. Was also present at the Battle of Vimiera, August 21st, 1808.
4. Served in the Expedition to Walcheren under General Lord Chatham in 1809. Was in the Island of South Beveland.

5. Served under His Grace the Duke of Wellington in Portugal and Spain. Was present at the action at Sabugal, April 3rd, 1811; at the Battle of Fuentes d'Onor, May 3rd and 5th, 1811; also at the siege and storming of Ciudad Rodrigo (here he took Sir Ormsby Vandeleur, wounded, off the ramparts) January 19th, 1812, and was slightly wounded in the trenches.
6. Was at the attack of the fortified village of Merxem of January 24th and February 3rd, 1814; also at the bombardment of the French Fleet at Antwerp the same year, the army being commanded by Lieut.-General Lord Lynedoch.
7. Served under the Duke of Wellington with the Army of Occupation in France in 1816, 1817, and 1818.

Has received the silver war medal with three clasps for "Vimiera," "Fuentes d'Onor," and "Ciudad Rodrigo."

Henry Sunderland was promoted Ensign and Adjutant 52nd Light Infantry (from Sergeant-Major) in 1821, and in the following year retired on half-pay as Lieutenant. From that date until his death he continued to hold various staff appointments.

PRIVATE CARNEY WOOD.[1]

52ND LIGHT INFANTRY.

WITH the death of Carney Wood, at the advanced age of 92, passes away the last but one of the Waterloo residents in Nova Scotia, and creates another breach in the ranks of the very few now living. Carney was known by almost every person as one of our oldest inhabitants. He was a Waterloo hero, and, although sometimes a little gruff in his manner, was reverenced alike by old and young.

Born in Sligo in 1788, the twin son of Charles Wood, Esq., J.P., a gentleman of considerable means and social position, he manifested a marked taste for military life by running away from home while yet in his teens and enlisting in the army. He was bought out by his parents, only to again run away to enlist, and be bought out a second time. He finally convinced his parents that he had made up his mind to be a soldier, and when 23 years of age, enlisting for the third time, joined the 52nd regiment of Light Infantry. The next half dozen years were among the most interesting and exciting that the world has yet seen, and young Wood entered into the duties of his profession with all the ardour and enthusiasm that an Irishman is capable of. His regiment took a prominent part in the Duke of Wellington's Peninsular Campaign, and at the great battle of Waterloo, and the deceased veteran, Wood, was wounded at the battles of Orthes, Nive, and Waterloo. At the close of the war he was awarded the Waterloo medal, and, some years later, the Peninsular medal with clasps

[1] From the *Evening Mail* (Halifax, N.S.), May 22nd, 1880.

for "Nive," "Nivelle," "Orthes," "Pyrenees," and "Toulouse."

On the 18th of August 1826, the 52nd Regiment arrived at Halifax from New Brunswick under the command of Colonel Fergusson, and remained here five years. During their stay, the Racket Court—now a disgraceful eyesore, but then a handsome building—was erected, and just previous to the departure of the regiment for England (1831), Mr. Wood, having completed nearly 22 years' service, took his discharge, and adopted Halifax as his future home. He was appointed to the charge of the Racket Court, the salary for which, coupled with his pension, was ample to provide him with all the comforts of life. Previous to the arrival of the regiment in this garrison, he married, and had one or two children—nine having been born to him altogether—five of whom are now living.

Twelve years later the old 52nd were again ordered on this station, but only one man was in the regiment then that belonged to it on its first visit, so that Mr. Wood derived but little pleasure from the second visit, especially so, as the regiment was ordered to Canada eleven months after its arrival. The "Waterloo Hero" was well known to the majority of the officers who have served on this station since 1831; and he never wearied of recounting to them the glorious victories of the Peninsular Campaign, in many of which he was engaged, and several officers testified their esteem in a substantial manner. One gave him a silver pin, the head of which represented the colours of the 52nd and the bugle worn on the caps of the men, the back being engraved with the names of "Orthes," "Nive," "Nivelle," "Pyrenees," "Toulouse," and "Waterloo."

Wood's constitution remained almost unimpaired till the last, and he was up and about two days before his

death. He was buried with full military honours in Fort Massey Cemetery, the firing party being furnished by the 97th Regiment, and the band by the 101st Regiment. He left his medals to his grandson, Carney Wood Doyle, a lad of eleven summers, with instructions that they should be placed in the Provincial Museum until the boy comes of age.

Woodbury-Gravure.

Major J. Forlong. Ensign A. S. Bruere. Captain Johnson Ford. Sergeant Wasp.
Ensign Hon. C. H. Lindsay. Lieut. G. Talbot.
"Chicken."

43RD LIGHT INFANTRY, 1839.

A NAUTICAL ADVENTURE.

By an old Officer of the 43rd Light Infantry.

When the 43rd Depôt was quartered in the Citadel, Plymouth, in 1845, under the command of Major W. Fraser, I recollect going down with Captains Meade and Coote to buy a gig for the officers at Waterman's. We were lucky enough to find the very thing we wanted, and bought a capital boat that had been built for racing in Plymouth Sound. She was a six-oared gig, thirty-six feet long, beam about three feet, and gunwales about eight inches above the water-line with all her crew aboard. We used to pull long distances in her, both out to sea and up the river, our favourite expedition in the latter direction being to Clotille, Lord Mount-Edgcumbe's place, which gave us a row of fifty miles there and back.

Shortly after we had bought our boat we were ordered to Dover, and were taken round in one of Her Majesty's ships. Our gig was stowed on deck, and the officers of the ship were full of praise for her build.

At Dover we were quartered in the Castle, and our gig was kept on the beach just below—a row out to sea being a constant source of amusement.

One August evening at mess, some officers proposed that we should pull over to France. At that time there was a report that Searle's boat (a ten-oar) was about to undertake the same thing, and so we determined to await her arrival and pull across with her; but we got tired of waiting for Searle, and one day, when the sea had been like a sheet of glass, we settled at mess that we would make a start for France next morning.

A further incentive to our attempt was the presence of a certain Mr. Wallace, who happened to be staying with one of the officers of the regiment. We thought it would be a pity to lose so good an opportunity of taking William Wallace over to France.

The order was: to go to bed early, breakfast next morning at seven, and down on the beach ready for a start at eight sharp. As events turned out, nobody put in an appearance at breakfast until nine o'clock, and we were not ready for a start until ten. Our crew consisted of Captain Hon. T. G. Cholmondeley, Lieut. J. M. Primrose, Lieut. Hon. Percy E. Herbert, Lieut. Deniss, Ensign F. Green-Wilkinson, and Mr. William Wallace. Captain Johnson Ford, a great favourite in the regiment, had promised to steer us, but he did not turn up, and we regarded his absence as most providential, as we should have had some difficulty in stowing away the long legs of a six-foot-four man. Disappointed of our cox, we tried to get one of the boatmen on the beach to undertake the duty, but they said it was a silly job, and refused to have anything to do with it. At last, however, we persuaded a nice old sailor to steer us to Calais, and, with everyone's good wishes, we made a start.

I should mention that we were all dressed as a crew alike. Our blue jackets, checked shirts, flannel trousers, and thin shoes (so as not to hurt the boat), all came from Mr. Buckmaster, the then famous military tailor. I think it used to be said that there was nothing that he could not provide you with—clothing, horses, harness, a house, and, if need be, a wife.

We started in great spirits. It was a lovely day, and the sea as smooth as possible; nothing could have been pleasanter than our first two hours' pull, rowing quietly at seven miles an hour, so, if all went well, we should

reach Calais (which is only twenty-three miles) at about 1.30 or 2 o'clock. Our intention was to dine at the *table d'hôte* and pull back afterwards.

Of course we had a good deal of fun in the boat, everyone trying to talk his best French, and I remember Deniss, who was our bow-oar, told us a story of an Englishman and a Frenchman sitting together drinking wine. The Frenchman exclaimed "Bon vin ce-ci," when the Englishman, wishing to express "Ah, I believe you," replied "Ah, je vous crois." We decided that the first opportunity we got at Calais we would wink at Deniss and he was to bring this out.

When we got nearly out of sight of the white cliffs of Old Albion, the weather changed rather suddenly; the sun disappeared, and clouds and rain took its place; the sea became rough, and we could see breakers ahead. We were now about half-way across, and the huge waves began to make the boat most uncomfortable. Pulling in such a sea was, we found, no easy matter, and some of us missed the waves altogether and fell croppers backwards, causing a good deal of merriment. Then two of the crew became sick, and I am afraid got little sympathy from the others; in fact, the unkind remark was made "Then *be* sick"—and they *were;* they soon recovered however.

The boatman, after looking up at the sky, exclaimed suddenly, "Gentlemen, the wind has changed, and we must change our course; I would not steer you into Calais, no, not for 50*l.*; but if you will pull on steady I will take you into Boulogne safe enough. If you miss Boulogne, you will go down to Dungeness." This did not sound very cheery, rather like going down to a *certain place* we thought. In the meantime it began to blow harder than ever, and the waves increased in size, becoming most unpleasantly big for our light boat.

Now commenced a succession of swamps; two waves broke high up close to us, and dropped straight into the boat, half filling it, and giving us a thorough ducking. Luckily we had some small tin cans, so two oars kept her head straight while the others bailed out. No sooner had we got the water out than the same thing happened again, and each time the bulk of water was enough to turn the boat over or send it to the bottom; but, fortunately for us, she was really a good one, and as buoyant as a cork, and it seemed to us as if nothing could upset her. We had one stroke of luck, in that we never shipped a second sea before the first one had been bailed out, otherwise I do not think we should have stood much chance. Things were not very bright, but we kept up our spirits, and Deniss was never so delighted as when the water came over him, all the time singing a Swiss air and talking French.

Our boatman was a capital old fellow, a big man with a very red face, ever afterwards known to us as "Old Boulogny." He thought nothing of the waves breaking over him, and kept his tongue going without ceasing. "Bless you," he remarked when matters were looking their worst, "I've been alone in a tub at sea in the waves, when I had to bail out with one hand and pull with the other."

For hours we never saw a steamer or a boat of any kind, but when the mist and rain cleared a little we descried in the distance Boulogne, and the Boulogne and Deal steamer coming out of the harbour. The height of the waves must have prevented the steamer from seeing our little boat, and when near Boulogne an English yacht came right down upon us, and so close was she that we had to shift our oars. Altogether we had had quite enough to astonish us landsmen for one day, as, in spite of pulling hard, the rain and wind made

it very cold, and our jackets were lying in the water at the bottom of the boat.

At last we pulled into Boulogne harbour, where we found a great many French and English people collected, all under the impression that we had performed this feat for a bet. Captain Duff (late 10th Hussars, a great character, and well-known as "Billy Duff") was standing on the pier when we landed, and received us with the remark, "I've been telling these brutes of Frenchmen that this is the way Englishmen come over to France." He was a fine tall handsome man, and he warned us that the *gendarmes* would bother us, and so they did. They demanded our *papiers de vaisseau*, and wanted to know who our grandfathers and grandmothers were, etc., but we soon got rid of them by explaining that the boat which they saw was our only *vaisseau*. Amongst the crowd stood a jolly old John Bull, with a daughter on each arm, looking rather amused at our miserably wet condition; after a bit he came up to us and said, "We understand that you are British officers; I shall be most happy to lend you clothes, and if the funds are low only apply to me." This was really very touching and kind of him, and reminded me that I only had a sovereign in my pocket, and none of us had much more, never expecting to have to stay the night abroad. Wet and cold as we were, there was still a joke left in us, as was apparent when Percy Herbert's straw-hat blew off while we were standing on the beach; away he ran after it, and one of the crew, to everyone's amusement, shouted out "Prenez le froidement," *i.e.*, take it coolly.

We were seven hours-and-a-half getting to Boulogne, instead of four hours, as we expected, to Calais, and we were delighted to be on our legs again on shore. We soon got tired of standing about in the cold on the beach, and so made a move towards the town. We

had to walk some distance to get to the Hotel des Bains, Rue de l'Écu, and as I had been there before, I recollected that we should have to pass the French Guard and Guard-House, and was rather afraid that those of my companions who had not previously seen French soldiers, with their large red plaited trousers and gaiters, and their hands in their pockets, might be *too* much amused; all went well, however, and we reached the hotel without any mishaps. We were so wretchedly cold that the first thing that we did was to jump into warm baths and hand over all our clothes to the waiter. It suddenly struck us that we had nothing to put on when we came out, so we had to jump out of the water, ring the bell, jump in again, and then in our best French asked the waiter what was to be done. The *blanchisseuse* had taken away all our shirts, trousers, and stockings, and our jackets and shoes were drying in the kitchen; but the *garçon* was most accommodating, and said he would bring us some shirts, trousers, and stockings. The shirts had embroidered fronts, and the white trousers had large plaits, and did not fit very well our different figures, still it was a blessing to get *something* to put on. There were also three pairs of yellow slippers, and three pairs of dark brown, as well as a frock-coat, but the latter smelt so of bad tobacco that nobody would have it.

Before dinner I was asked, as the junior, to call and see Captain Duff, who was at our hotel, and ask him to dine with us. I was received by Mrs. Duff, who was sitting in a chair with eight or ten dogs round her; she begged me to say how sorry Captain Duff was not to be able to dine with us, as he was engaged.

We dined in our shirt-sleeves, and were much amused at the two French waiters bringing in the dinner and everything on a tray high up above their shoulders, with the

hand turned over. It looked very well, and when we got back to Dover Castle we tried to explain to Dick Drew, our mess-waiter, how it was done; he tried it, and broke all the plates and glasses that he was carrying; he was one of the best of mess-waiters, and was a long time with the regiment, and very much liked by everyone.

Towards the end of our Boulogne dinner, Captain Cholmondeley, our senior officer, put his glass in his eye, and solemnly and seriously told us that as there was no steamer to Dover, we must return *that night* to Folkestone. Major Fraser, he said, and the officers at Dover would be very anxious about us, for they knew of our departure, and the steamer from Calais on her arrival at Dover would not be able to give any account of us. Accordingly, I was sent to ask the proprietor of the hotel if it was possible to get our clothes back from the *blanchisseuse* in time for the evening steamer. "Quite impossible to get anything home until ten o'clock the next morning," was the reply to my enquiries. I must confess that everyone heard the news with satisfaction, as it meant that we had to spend the night in Boulogne. The wearers of the yellow slippers were obliged to stay in the hotel, but those who had been lucky enough to have secured the brown ones were able to stroll about a little.

Before the night was out we became aware that we had been indulging in a good many luxuries, and that we had not got enough money with us to defray all expenses back to the regiment; so we decided that Herbert, the Depôt Adjutant, and Primrose, the Depôt Paymaster, should try next day to raise some money at a bank.

At ten o'clock on the following morning our clothes came back from the wash, and we were all as smart as

possible. The English Consul, having seen the news of our arrival in the local papers, paid us a visit, took us to see all the sights of the town, and was most civil. Herbert and Primrose went to an English bank to endeavour to draw a cheque on poor long-suffering Cox & Co. At first the banker demurred, saying that there were some curious characters about Boulogne, but he finally produced the money with the exclamation, "*You* are English and so am *I*." We did not forget him, and on our return to England we sent him a hamper of game. In writing to thank us he addressed the envelope, "To the Officers of the 43rd Light Infantry that pulled over to Boulogne."

The sea-water had rather played havoc with the ribbons of our straw-hats, so, seeing an important-looking shop, we thought we would buy some new ones. We were served by two or three nice-looking young women, and Deniss was told off to air his French. He began with "Ah, je vous crois——" when he was suddenly cut short by the young woman interposing, "You need not waste your bad French on us, sir, for we are all *English* here." Poor Deniss was much disappointed, and not a little annoyed.

After paying our bill and bidding adieu to the landlord, the landlady, and the *garçon* who lent us the white trousers and the shirts, we went on board the Folkestone steamer and had our boat put on deck. The captain did not quite like it, but we told him that it was our only luggage. Just as we were starting, amidst the noise occasioned by the blowing of whistles and the letting off of steam inseparable from the departure of a steamer, came a voice from the pier, "43rd ahoy!" "Aye, aye!" shouted back Primrose, and then a little middle-aged man ran forward and shrieked, "I am Major M'Adam!" "Oh!" returned we. The Major

yelled some other remark, and somebody answered, "No!" All further communication with the gallant officer was, however, cut off by the departure of the steamer.

On reaching Folkestone we at once hired a carriage and drove over to Dover, leaving our little gig behind. We found that Major Fraser and the officers had enquired of the Calais steamers, and being able to get no news of us, had almost given us up as lost. It was said that Major Fraser had already laid in a stock of black-edged paper and envelopes to write to our relations.

That night Cholmondeley and Herbert were engaged to dine with Lord Fitzroy Somerset, who had been at one time in the regiment, and, as bad luck would have it, the Commandant of Dover was one of the guests. Cholmondeley and Herbert were in plain clothes, the Commandant in uniform; this was bad enough, but it soon became evident that the Commandant had heard the rumour of our being lost before he came to dinner, and Lord Fitzroy Somerset, knowing all about our little adventure, kept asking Herbert in a loud voice how his blisters were. The unfortunate Herbert, being well aware that it was contrary to orders to leave England without permission, felt far from comfortable, and at last, driven into a corner by his host, answered, "We went out for a pull, sir, and a storm came on, so we had to make for the nearest coast for safety, and that was *France*."

The morning after our return we were on parade under Major Fraser on the heights, and when the men were standing easy in quarter column, a little man rode slowly up on a cob, and said, "Well, here you are, my old friends of the 43rd; the last time I saw you was in the Peninsula, and you didn't look as clean as you

do now! I called out to some of your officers on the steamer at Boulogne yesterday, but they couldn't hear me. I am staying with the Duke of Wellington at Deal, and he sends me to market nearly every day, sacré pomme-de-terre!" The men were much amused at his remarks, and we at once recognised in him our little major of the Boulogne pier. We found out afterwards that he was a most distinguished officer.

Our invasion of France gave quite a French tone to the conversation at mess for a long time, and one night, Charles Lindsay asked for the *finis* of the rolly-poly pudding. Rolly-poly in future was entered in the *menu* as "Le Finis."

So ended our adventure—as it turned out, a most amusing and happy one, but we afterwards heard that the Duke was not at all pleased at our disregard of orders, and, but for the intercession of Lord Fitzroy Somerset, we might have come in for a reprimand.

The little gig gave us many a good row, and we finally sold her to someone in Kingston harbour, when the regiment was quartered in Ireland.

LIEUT.-COLONEL JAMES FORLONG, K.H.,

43RD LIGHT INFANTRY.

THE KAFFIR WAR, 1851–3.

From Sergeant Offord's Journal.[1]

On the 15th September 1851, at 4 a.m., the old postmaster made his appearance through a hole in the barrack wall, with the "route" for us to proceed to Cork for embarkation for the Cape of Good Hope. Strange countries I longed for to see, and I was glad to hear of this route. We left Clonmell on the 18th September, marched to Clohein same day, and were billeted there that night. Next day marched to Fermoy, and the day after being Sunday, we had a holiday and church parade. Monday, we marched to Cork, but I was lucky enough to ride that day. There was a sergeant, corporal and two men to go forward and take over the Barracks in Cork, and I was for that duty. This was the first time for me in Cork. There was a regiment stationed in Cork, and their behaviour to us could not be exceeded; they filled beds, drew all sheets and blankets for the whole regiment; and more than that, they took a company, each of theirs did, gave them bread and cheese and beer and behaved well to us during our stay.

The six service companies were told off and inspected by General Turner on the 26th September in the Barrack Square; he gave us great praise for the fine and soldier-like appearance of the regiment previous to embarkation. After the inspection was over, we marched past in slow and quick time in open column, and he dismissed the

[1] George Offord served in the 43rd from 1846 to 1858, and died during the Indian Mutiny Campaign, He kept a diary from the day he joined until his death, and we give that portion which relates to the Kaffir War in his own words.—*Ed.*

regiment. All the N.C. officers and men wearing G.C. badges were then fell in, and he said he never saw a finer lot of N.C. officers and privates in a regiment before, and that the Colonel ought to be proud of such a lot under his command.

The 43rd regiment of Light Infantry left Cork Barracks on the 9th and 10th October 1851, to embark on board H.M.S. *Vulcan*, then lying in the Cove of Cork. She came from Portsmouth to Cork, and had on board some drafts of the 12th Royal Lancers and 12th Regiment of Foot for the Cape. But before leaving Cork, we must look at orders published the 8th October.

No. 1. His Excellency the Lieutenant-General Commanding in Ireland is pleased to approve of Lieut.-Colonel Forlong, K.H., being relieved from the command of the 43rd Light Infantry. The command will be assumed by Major Skipwith from to-morrow inclusive, and all reports, etc., will be made to him accordingly.

No. 2. Lieut.-Colonel Forlong, being about to retire from the service, cannot allow the 43rd Light Infantry, in which he has served so many years of his life, and has had the honour of commanding for 12 years, to leave this country for foreign service without bidding them farewell. He regrets that it will not be his lot to command the regiment at the Cape of Good Hope, where there appears in that country a prospect of active service in the field. He assures the officers, N.C.O.'s and men of the regiment that he will ever feel the deepest interest in all that concerns them, and he begs to offer them, each and all, his best and most sincere wishes for their prosperity and welfare.

All the heavy baggage was put on board on the 9th, 100 rank-and-file, six sergeants and six corporals with it, and the whole embarked on the 10th. This was a fresh scene for me, and I thought it was a curious place for a regiment to be stowed away into, but we soon made room for men and women. They were coaling her and taking in water all the time we were embarking. We got our sea-kits served out to us at the Cove, viz:—two blue shirts, soap, tin-plate, pot, white smock, neck-tie, needles, thread, cotton, thimble, house-wife, and sea-kit

bag. We got everything on board all right, ready for sailing.

An accident happened before we left the Cove. A sergeant came to see the regiment after we had embarked, on the evening of the 11th. It was very dark, and he fell down the hatchway of the ship and broke his collar-bone, and we were obliged to send him ashore the next morning to join the Depôt. We set the steam on and steamed out of the Cove at 2 p.m. on Sunday, and lost sight of and bade farewell to the shores of old Ireland, and a farewell for ever for some poor fellows, I am afraid.[1]

It was very rough crossing the Bay of Biscay, and we began to feel the heat about the 19th or 20th. One of the sailors was sentenced to 36 lashes for disobedience of orders, but he begged off and only got 18 lashes. We skimmed over the water beautiful, and on the morning of the 21st we saw land. It proved to be one of the Madeira Islands; then we passed Teneriffe (where Nelson lost his arm) and the Canary Islands. We saw a shark on the 29th October, and on the 30th our regimental Sergeant-Major's wife died. On the 31st, at 2 p.m., her body was committed to the deep, and the shark still kept around the ship, as if not satisfied. On the 1st November one of our bugler's wives died (Mrs Parrot was her name). Next morning a sailor caught the shark with a piece of salt pork, four pounds weight, and took him on deck and cut him into pieces. Both the women died in child-birth. The weather was very hot indeed, and no wind was out, so we could not sail or steam, as the stokers could not work at the fires for the heat.

At 4 o'clock on the afternoon of the 4th November we sighted Sierra Leone, and the captain had to put in

[1] It was so for Offord himself.—*Ed.*

there for fresh supplies of coal and water, so at 12 o'clock at night we dropped anchor in the harbour, and began to take in coal and water as soon as it was daylight. The blacks came along naked in their canoes, and it was a queer sight for us to see for the first time. This is a fine place for fruits of all kinds; oranges sixpence a hundred. The sailors bought 13 monkeys and several parrots from the blacks. We weighed anchor on the 8th and crossed the line on the 12th; the weather was very hot, and sometimes we sailed and sometimes we steamed. One time we got 100 miles out of our course. I thought them stokers a set of humbugs as they only steamed when they liked. We next saw land on the morning of the 9th December, and we soon cast anchor in Simon's Bay—as fine a little bay as ever the sun shone on. Here we learnt of the death of Colonel Fordyce, 74th, and of the general success of the Kaffirs, which made us long to get at them. Our Colonel went on shore, and proceeded by land to Cape Town, to receive further instructions for the movement of the regiment up the country. We weighed anchor again on the 12th, and continued near to land all the rest of the voyage. We landed the draft of the 12th Foot at Port Elizabeth, as their regiment was not in the divisions in the field. At Simon's Bay we sent our dress caps on shore (with the baggage and the women and children) and we got peaks put on our forage-caps for bush fighting.

On the 16th December we put into Buffalo Bay, and landed one company and the pioneers that afternoon. It is a dangerous place to land troops as the surf runs very high, but we happened to come at the right time for smooth weather, and there were surf boats for landing us. I landed on the morning of the 17th and found East London (for that was the name of the place) in a very wild-looking country. We pitched our camp on a

plain close to the village and we were glad to get at the fresh water, as it was some time since we had had any of it to bathe in. Next morning we had bathing parade for the whole regiment, and I thought those curious-looking Kaffir people—naked with the exception of a blanket around their shoulders, and that very careless—as fine a built people as ever I have seen, and a warlike looking tribe. Kaffirs are great people for ornaments, brass rings around their wrists, and small sea-shells like beads around their necks. Those Hottentots have a nasty down-looking countenance on them, and are under-sized—scarcely any over five feet. There were plenty of waggons down at the landing-place for our baggage. They are drawn by 12 bullocks, and some waggons have white waggoners, but most are blacks, with a whip 24 feet long and the handle 20 feet. We got our articles for the field served out to us; one blanket, canteen, haversack, and our mess-tin to be used as a pot to cook our coffee and rice in. We had green coffee, sugar, salt, rice, tobacco, soap, biscuit, served out to us for patroling, from the commissariat. This we got served out to us every three days; the beef we drove with us, and as soon as our camp was pitched, the bullocks were shot and served out, $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. each man and $\frac{3}{4}$ lbs of biscuit, which is the allowance in the field. We thought the coffee was curious stuff to serve out, but some of the 6th Regiment stationed at Buffalo told us the way to use it, which was to dry it upon the fire and pound it between two stones.

The morning before we left Buffalo, I washed my clothes, and, as the sun was warm, I took the shirt off my back and washed that. The sun was nice and warm to my back, and I shall remember it too, for next day the skin came off my shoulders, which was a caution to me for the future. Several men lost the

skin off their noses and any place where the sun could come at them.

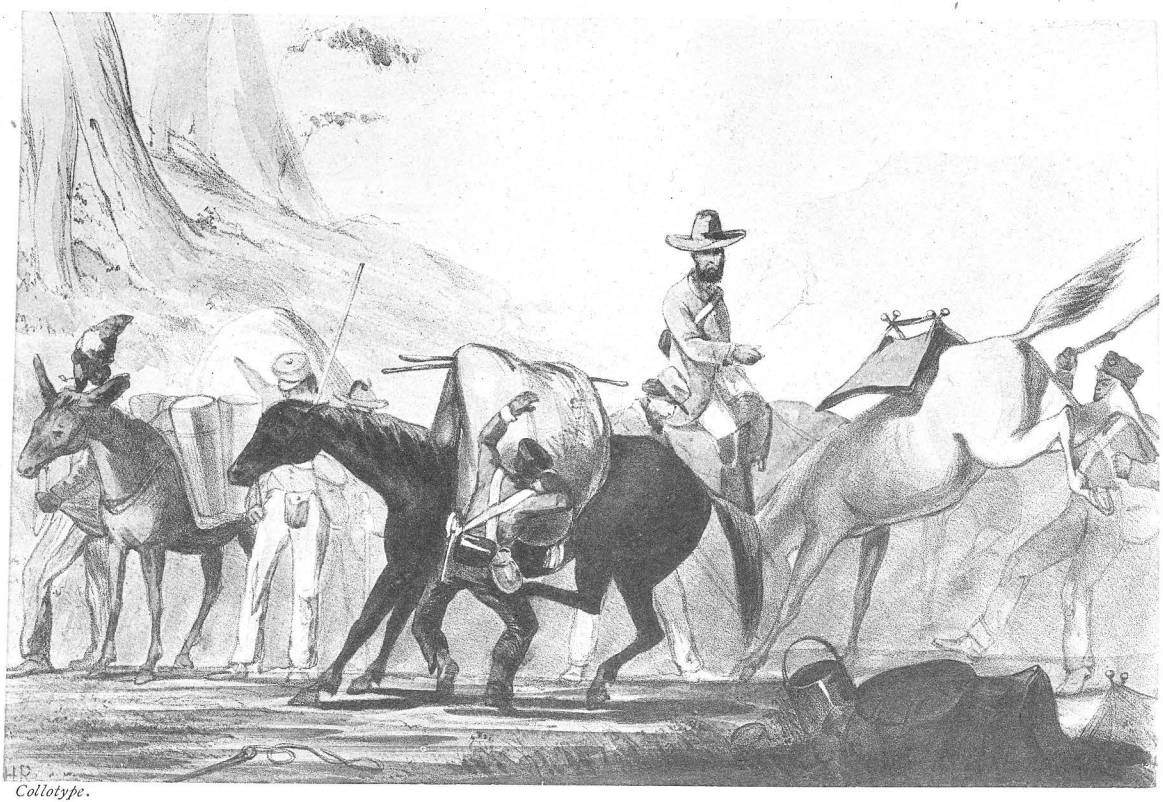
18*th December*.—We struck tents and marched at 1 p.m. We saw plenty of Kaffirs on our way up country. I did not know at this time that they were a civilized tribe, but still I thought that they could not be an enemy, as they sold milk to us, which was very acceptable. We encamped for the night on a plain near a small fort; it came on very wet, and I was on Quarter Guard. We had orders to watch those black rascals, as they were not to be trusted. We had three prisoners that we marched from East London—a corporal and two privates. The corporal got reduced, and the others got 25 lashes each.

19*th December*.—Marched at 10 a.m. for Fort Pato, which is called after the chief of the tribe down in this part, from Buffalo to King William's Town. At this place I managed to buy a bottle of wine, which was very good after a day's hard marching. We carried a blanket and a great-coat on this march until we arrived at our destination. There were some of the 6th Regiment at this fort.

20*th December*.—As we had a long march in front of us, we started 2 a.m., marched to Fort Murray, and encamped on the banks of the river Buffalo; the bullock was shot and dressed, and we soon had our camp kettles boiling, and made ourselves as happy as we could under canvas. At this place I got some wine.

21*st December*.—Marched to King William's Town, which was the destination of our division, the light one, consisting of the 43rd, 60th Rifles, and 12th Lancers. As soon as we were in and tents pitched, the 60th brought us wine and bread and cheese, which was very acceptable as the day was wet and chilly.

22*nd to* 29*th December*.—We had several parades in patrol order to practise bush-fighting, not knowing that



Collotype.

Captain Dawson Greene.

KAFFIR WAR, 1851-52. OFFICERS' PACK HORSES IN PATROL ORDER.

(*From a Sketch by* Lieut. H. Robinson, 43*rd Light Infantry.*)

we should soon have plenty of practice in reality. We always paraded at daybreak, as the sun was too hot at 10 o'clock in the morning. At this time there was a strong patrol out, over the Kei River, taking cattle. It consisted of the 60th, 73rd, and some of the 12th Lancers, under General Somerset, with the troops of his Division, the 2nd Queen's, 12th Foot, 74th and 91st.

30*th December*.—Our regiment furnished an escort with provisions for Forts White and Cox, garrisoned by the 45th Regiment. We sent three companies with this patrol, 80 strong each; the escort was 500 strong, and was made up by parties from the Royal Sappers and Miners, Royal Artillery, 2nd Queen's, 60th, and Montagu's Horse. We marched at daybreak, and halted for breakfast at the Green River. On the way there we had to gather wood to cook our breakfast, as there was none near the river, so each man had his bundle of wood on his shoulders. We halted here three hours to let the cattle graze on the beautiful green plains on each side of the river, then the "inspan" sounded, and we marched on to Fort White. This was all strange ground, and we had to pass through a place called Debe Neck, a stronghold for our enemy. We saw five or six make their appearance from the mouth of the bush, on the side of a hill, too far off for a shot; they only looked at our strength, then retired into the bush again. We flung out front and rear guards, and flank patrols passing through the Debe Neck. As we went along we gathered wood enough to cook with at Fort White, and each man got half a pint of wine when we got in. We bivouacked for the night close to the Fort.

31*st December*.—We gave them their provisions at Fort White, and then, leaving our blankets and a few sickly men behind, we marched for Fort Cox. It was a fine morning and we passed through some beautiful

valleys. My company formed the rear guard through this bush. Fort Cox is a small fort on a hill or rock, with a river on three sides of it, and close to it is the stronghold of the Kaffirs. The fort was garrisoned by part of the 45th, and we were welcomed by them, as it is not every day that there is a convoy of waggons, and their provisions were near spent and they could not go to the next town to buy. I managed to get breakfast with a sergeant of the 45th, who had formerly been in the 43rd. They soon unloaded the wagons, and we started back again. My company was left flank patrol, and it was not long before we saw Kaffirs beginning to sally out from the kloofs and strongholds on the opposite side of the river. They had been in the habit of attacking the waggons on this road, and they always attack the rear and not the advance guard, but they took good care on this occasion not to come within range, although we were eager to have a shot at them. As we passed through these glens, I thought it a paradise of a country, and a shame that it should be inhabited by such a blood-thirsty race. We picked up wood on our way back to Fort White, as we knew we had to stop there all night; it was not a long march, only 14 miles there and back. We could see the Kaffirs' fires all round at night, when we were in bivouac outside the fort. We made tents out of our blankets, three together, and bayonets for pegs.

1*st January*, 1852.—Marched away with the empty waggons at daybreak for King William's Town. Soon after coming through the Debe Neck, a Kaffir made his appearance from the bush to the right, and fired a shot at random at us, and several were fired by us, but none took effect, as he was too far off. But he fell down and made us believe he was hit, though he soon got up again and made his way into the bush. We got to King William's Town at 2 p.m.

12*th January*.—A patrol consisting of 200 of the 43rd and 270 men of other corps (12th Lancers, Cape Mounted Rifles, Montagu's Horse, 60th Rifles, Native levies) which had been ordered out to escort cattle from the Kei River and to line the river bank, while the division, under General Somerset, crossed with 30,000 head of cattle taken from the Kaffirs, returned successful. Some of the cattle were left at King William's Town to be sold and the money given to the soldiers, and General Somerset took the rest on to Graham's Town. It was a fine sight to see all that cattle.

13*th January*.—Another patrol went out at 1 p.m., to assist General Somerset with his 5,000 head of cattle through the valley of the Keiskamma and Kussans drift, where numerous herds of Kaffirs were expected to exist. General Somerset's division left at daybreak, with quite sufficient force to protect them through the bush against any opposition that they might meet with, but the General thought otherwise, and sent back and ordered us to follow him on the road to Fort White. We followed his track, until we came to the Green River, where we halted and took dinner, as it was getting late and we had not seen the division. We did not stop long, and before we got through the Debe Neck it was dark, and some of the men were moon-blind and their comrades had to lead them. We reached the fort at 8 p.m. and found the division in camp on the other side of the river.

14*th January*.—Marched at 2 a.m. and followed the division over the drift and saw no Kaffirs, so Somerset sent us back. We took breakfast at Keiskamma River, as we had no time to take any at Fort White; it was a very hot day. In the morning, before we reached the drift, the old Commissariat belonging to Somerset's division went to sleep on his horse, which took him into the bush. Four Kaffirs caught him and stripped him; two

were for killing him, but the other two would not stand it, so they let him go, taking his horse and saddle from him. Reached Fort White in good time and stopped the night there.

15*th January*.—Before we left Fort White, an old Kaffir came in with the old Commissariat's saddle. He brought a flag of truce, and he had his wife with him, and he told us all about it. Our cavalry took some cattle the day we came into Fort White, 145 head of cattle, eight horses and 50 goats, which they drove into the fort, and we had some of the beef for supper, and that was good and fat. The cavalry under cover of the bush cut off the retreat of the cattle, shot three Kaffirs, and took several assegais, but got no injury from the enemy. The old Commissariat's horse was recovered.

16*th January*.—We reached King William's Town. We had to pass by the Governor's quarters and he came out to welcome us home, and said as we had been so successful in taking cattle we should go again. He told us he knew the old 43rd well, and said he knew we were the same. He was as good as his word, and orders were given for divisions to go out and cut corn belonging to Kaffirs; and the Kei party came in on the 18th January, which was Sunday.

27*th January*.—The divisions went out for corn-cutting, ours was under command of Lieut.-Colonel Eyre, 73rd, and consisted of 43rd and 73rd, 100 men. We took each man three days' rations in our haversacks and 18 days' field rations in the waggons that accompanied us. After two days' marching among the wild mountains we commenced cutting corn, but saw no Kaffirs worth speaking of. Here I took sick with dysentery and fever and was very bad. My brother only went three days further before he took sick, but at the time I did not know of it, as I was out of my mind and knew not

where I was or anything. But my brother attended me before he went sick, as well as any brother could. He was soon obliged to come into hospital with me, and hospital is a queer place in war time, sometimes flooded with water and other times burning with the sun.

We shifted camp after five or six days, when my brother was ordered to King William's Town, as the waggons were to go in for provisions and were to take in all sick. I was well enough to stay behind, but I never did much patroling. My brother did not last long, poor fellow; he died on the 16th February 1852. I lost a good brother and comrade. The waggons returned to us with provisions to Keiskamma's Hoek, where we had moved. This was a standing camp, and parties went out for three days at a time, cutting corn for 20 miles around and burning huts. We began to run short of provisions, as the waggons were attacked at Bailey's Grave coming out to us. Our head doctor got shot through the forehead, while dressing a man's wound by candle light. We had two men wounded; 73rd, two killed and two wounded. We got our rations safe after all, and the poor doctor was buried in the Hoek with the men that lost their lives in that action.

25*th February*.—We left the Hoek for King William's Town after a long and tiresome patrol. Halted for the night at a small stream below Bailey's Grave.

26*th February*.—Moved on to Fort Stokes.

27*th February*.—Our division separated, part under Colonel Eyre, and the 43rd under Colonel Skipwith, going over the hills above and below the Murray's Krantz. At night a dreadful storm came on, and the troops could not cross the kloof between the Krantz and Fort Stokes, so they had to spend the night on the wet ground without a blanket. The thunder and lightning

was wonderful, and the echoes among the valleys and hills were fine. One of our officers lost his gun, and another broke his leg in crossing the river to Fort Stokes.

28*th February.*—We got on the road again and were soon in King William's Town, where we were welcomed home by Sir H. Smith, our old Governor, and he told us we looked as fresh as when we first started. We had been 34 days out this time.

I was obliged to remain on the sick list for some time after this, and so was kept from going out with the patrol of the 5th March. They had some hard marching and some smart skirmishes with the Kaffirs and Totties; Lieutenant Wrottesley was shot on the 14th March, and Private Lewis on Easter Sunday.

9*th April.*—Sir H. Smith was relieved by Governor Cathcart. He left in the middle of the night, and the troops turned out to bid the old fellow good-bye.

28*th April.*—I left King William's Town with a party of men who had come in to get the new Minie rifle, and went to the Hook, but we did not stop there long, as it was turned into a permanent post with a fort. I found that the men has made huts for themselves to live in, out of sticks and grass, as the tents were uncomfortable.

9*th May.*—My company and two others came into King William's Town.

14*th May.*—Escort to waggons with tools to the working parties at the new posts.

22*nd May.*—Escorted provisions to Bailey's Grave for Eyre's division.

6*th June.*—We went on patrol with the 60th Rifles, 100 Fingoes, 100 Cape Mounted Rifles, and 300 12th Lancers, under command of General Yorke.

7*th June.*—Marched to Tomachea Flats.

8*th June*.—A long day's march, but we saw no Kaffirs or cattle, and bivouacked in a place called Embzunu Flats.

9*th June*.—We met the Governor and his escort, and marched to Equbeecha Station, which had been a home for settlers, but the blood-thirsty Kaffirs had killed them at the first break out of the war.

10*th June*.—Marched 32 miles to King William's Town, where we remained doing escorts and hard duty for some days.

15*th June*.—Four companies joined Colonel Eyre's division at the Hoek.

19*th June*.—A patrol from King William's Town, under Major-General Yorke, and the troops at the Hoek made a combined movement on Murray's Krantz, and on the next day, which was Sunday, the 43rd and 73rd came in contact with about 600 Hottentots, though most of the 73rd were late, having been led astray in the dark; the division from King William's Town was late also. The 43rd Light Infantry was led on by Colonel Eyre, and he cheered them on to glory, putting the enemy to flight over the Krantz. Several were killed, and some were taken prisoner and hanged on the nearest trees. We had three wounded in that action. We were allowed to plunder, and some of the men got some valuable things. We also found here several Minie rifles that had been taken from the Royal Sappers and Miners at Konop post. The officers with the 43rd party were Captain P. E. Herbert, Captain Green, and Lieutenant Booth, and when we come back on the 26th the Governor thanked us all for our gallantry, and said he would bring the officers to the notice of the Commander-in-Chief.

5*th July*.—The 43rd left King William's Town for the Hoek, where they stopped, to build the post, for several months. During this time we were sometimes sent on escort duty with provisions, &c.

15*th October*.—Colonel Skipwith took out three companies to the top of the mountain over the Fuller's Hoek, to look for Kaffirs. We were out four days, and the last day, the colonel said anyone who liked might take his rifle and ammunition, and go shooting in the kloof. About 20 of us went, and we had some good hunts after deer, but we saw no cattle nor Kaffirs, and soon got lost, some of us not getting back to the bivouac before dark. Next day we joined Colonel Eyre, and got six days rations. Captain Primrose's company was made up to 70 rank and file, and he was given command of 30 Cape Mounted Rifles as well.

19*th October*.—Marched to a high mountain called Mount Thomas, which was always half-covered with a cloud, so that when at the bottom we could not see the top of the hill, and when at the top we could not see the bottom. Our company was allowed three bullocks for rations for the six days, but the hill was so steep and high that one of the bullocks went mad before he reached the top, so we had to shoot him, and had to do with the two bullocks, which was not much among a hundred men for six days. From this mountain we had to watch a pass through which some Totties were expected, but we only saw three the whole time we were there. We fired at them, but to no effect.

26*th October*.—We left Mount Thomas in the morning, and glad were we to get out of the clouds once more, and to get some rations.

6*th November*.—My company, made up to 100 strong under command of Major Phillips, left the Hoek to march to Fort Hare to join the 73rd and 2nd or Queen's. The band played us down to the drift with *Auld Lang Syne* and *Protestant Boys*, then returned to take care of the post, while we went off for six weeks march up north into the Orange River Sovereignty. Old Moshesh,

a great Kaffir chief, had been fined by Sir H. Smith, but refused to pay, so we had to go and make him. Camped for the night at Bailey's Grave.

7*th November*.—Marched to Fort White, where the 12th Lancers joined us; then on to Fort Hare, and joined the 73rd and 2nd. We halted here for a few days, and the bottle passed merrily around.

11*th November*.—Struck tents and marched to Lushington Valley; many of the waggons did not come in till next morning.

12*th November*.—Breakfast at Eland post, occupied by 74th Highlanders, then marched to the foot of a very high hill. 73rd and 2nd encamped on the top, and we and the 12th at the foot.

13*th November*.—Marched to the top of the hill, which we reached just as the sun made its appearance. The 74th and a company of the Rifle Brigade joined us from Graham's Town. Halted for the night at Croon River, where we had to make fires of cow-dung as there was no wood. From this place we marched on for several days into the Dutchman's country.

21*st November*.—Reached Burghersdorp, and formed line of encampment above the town.

25*th November*.—Governor Cathcart joined us, and we were told off into brigades; 1st Brigade, 2nd Queen's and 74th Highlanders; 2nd Brigade, 43rd and 73rd, and one company Rifle Brigade, under command of Major Pinkney, as Colonel Eyre was in command of the whole force; Cavalry Brigade, three troops 12th Lancers and three troops Cape Mounted Rifles.

31*st November*.—Marched to the Orange River.

1*st December*.—We crossed the river in the morning; as it was too deep to carry our arms and accoutrements over, they were carried for us on the pontoon, and we waded over with our trousers off.

2*nd December.*—Reached the Caledon River, and halted there a week.

8*th December.*—We were now told to consider ourselves in an enemy's country. Marched this day to Fingofontein. Some of the officers kept two hours ahead of the division, and had fine shooting, until a few of them went too far and got lost for the night.

10*th December.*—Orders were issued that no officer was to quit the ranks to shoot, and the Governor gave orders that, if any soldier was found pulling down old kraals belonging to Kaffirs, they would be hanged on the spot.

13*th December.*—Reached Platzburgh.

14*th December.*—A chief came in to see the Governor, and then Chief Moshesh came in for a talk. Every soldier was looking at this old chap, as he was the man we were to fight with. He made some arrangement with the Governor to pay the fine in three days, and the Governor told him if he did not pay he would march his troops in and take it from him.

17*th December.*—Old Moshesh drove in 4,550 head of cattle, but said he could not pay any more.

18*th December.*—Shifted camp to the Caledon River, one day's march from Moshesh's stronghold. The chief came again to the Governor and begged he would not attack him, but the Governor told him straight that if all the fine was not paid by the night of the 19th, he would march into his country on the morning of the 20th.

20*th December.*—The old fool did not send any more cattle, so we started off early and crossed the river. The cavalry was under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Napier, Cape Mounted Rifles, and marched by a different route to us. Brigadier-General Eyre took the 73rd, one company of the 43rd (Captain Herbert's), and the

company of the Rifle Brigade, in another direction. They had to mount a steep rock called the Berea, from which the Kaffirs fired the first shot, and it killed a grenadier of the 73rd. We left the 73rd making their way up this hill on our left, and we soon saw them hotly engaged. We then went on with the Governor and the big guns to a plain below the hill where the Chief's kraal stood. We halted for breakfast at a small stream, and we could hear them hot at it, and we could see that the hill where Eyre was fighting was covered with Kaffirs and cattle. The cattle were in the soldiers way for fighting.

After breakfast we moved off, and in half an hour we saw a troop or two of Kaffirs on a plain, and the cavalry went out to cover us, while the guns were ordered to the front. We saw 29 or 30 mounted Kaffirs on our left, in a small kloof leading off the Berea, and two shells were flung at them, when we saw them no more. Shortly after this, we heard the 43rd Regimental Call sound, and Captain Herbert made his appearance from the rocks. He had been obliged to retire with his three sections, for one section was with the pack-horses. He joined our brigade, and we marched on until we came in sight of a very strong force of Kaffirs, all mounted. The guns were ordered to the front again, and they fired a shot or two, and killed a few of the enemy. We marched on to a small drift, where a sharp storm came on, and here we halted for Captain Herbert's company to have some breakfast. It was well that we halted, for if we had not, the Kaffirs would have got in rear of us, and between us and the hill that Eyre was on.

We halted here for an hour or an hour and a half, and while the storm was raging, a flock of sheep ran down to us for shelter, but we slaughtered them all, and began to cut up the mutton. I and my mess-mate got

a whole one to ourselves, and while we were flaying it, the Fall-in sounded, but we stuck to it and carried it with us. The Kaffirs were now collecting in thousands round us, but no signs of Eyre's division coming to our assistance, so we extended into skirmishing order, and we thought we were going to be eaten up. We gave up all hopes of ever seeing again the camp we had left in the morning. I and my mess-mate still kept on flaying the sheep until we had got the hind parts of it flayed, and then we took a hind quarter each in our haversacks; but I had scarcely put it away when the Kaffirs were within 60 yards of our line. The Captain of my company said, "Take it cool, my boys, as you did in Phœnix Park; you see how you stand, for run away you cannot, if you try." At this time the Kaffirs were all round us, and we made up our minds to sell our lives dear to them.

As the night drew on, the Kaffirs came thicker and thicker, as if they were determined to beat us, but, lucky for us, they fired high, and the shots whizzed over our heads thick as dust. The Governor came out in front of the line and cheered us on, and told us to take good aim and not to waste our ammunition, as we should want it. The shots soon made him go to the rear, and we were glad he went, for we wanted him to take us out of the field, as he had brought us in. The cattle that Colonel Eyre had taken were stowed away in some old kraals on the small hill which the Governor intended to hold for the night. We fired and retired, as the enemy still came on, and then we got into some small kraals which we held until the Governor had arranged a position for the night, where we all intended to die rather than be beaten. At last we were ordered to retire to the new position, and as soon as we left a kraal, the Kaffirs would be on our heels, and this was kept up for a long while, the enemy within 30 yards of us, and firing

on us in the dark. Three men were wounded close by my side as we ran out of one kraal to another. I had just got over the wall of a kraal, when I saw a Kaffir just at my heels, he was running to capture a wounded horse that was standing eight or ten yards off. This horse belonged to the Governor's Aide-de-Camp, and he and his horse were both wounded that day. The Kaffir thought he would have the horse, but I saw he had a good cheek and so I thought I would stop him, but as I was going to fire he got behind the horse. I marked the spot where he stood, and I aimed at the horse, and the ball must have gone right through, for it fell dead, and the Kaffir ran off.

Now the Kaffirs ceased firing, and we thought that they were going to give up for the night, for we had had plenty ourselves, and as soon as we saw them give over we did the same. They looked as if they were collecting together, and we began pulling down old huts to make a fire, but we soon found we were wrong in thinking that they had done, for it was only to get orders to make a desperate charge. They came on in force, full speed, up to us on three sides. On our left was the Berea, a steep rock, and a valley was between us and the rock. The Kaffirs were collected in a hollow ready to come on, but that sharp-eyed Colonel Eyre soon saw what they were up to, and he ordered two shells to be fired into the thickest part of them. They were canister, and they cooled the enemy properly. There was shouts and moans, and the Kaffirs cleared off. The two canisters had killed 500. After the firing ceased, we lit our fires, and held our old position. Colonel Eyre came round and told us that we should have to stop there till daylight, and if 5000 Kaffirs came we must not leave it. We laid down with our blankets on our backs, just as we had been fighting, and I and my mess-mate cooked

our mutton over the cow-dung fire, and ate it half raw. Then we smoked our pipes, and talked over the day's work and the coming one, which, we thought, was to be harder still. Colonel Eyre visited us, and he found one of his own regiment with his blanket unfolded and wrapped round him, so he kicked him up and called him no soldier but a shoemaker. Then he came to us, and gave us some soft soap, saying we were the boys for the Kaffirs, and that we would not let them in; he could trust to us, he said, but some of *his* d—d fellows were asleep.

Our old Major came and sat down at my fire, and had some chat, and asked if I had any water, but it was no use, I had none; but, as he was a good old chap, I told him where he could get some if he would go with me. The brook was in possession of the Kaffirs, but I knew of a large hollow stone, 20 yards in front of our line, which held two or three gallons of water from the rain that had fallen in the morning, so we stole down to it, though we were in danger of being fired on by our own men. When we came back, we had some more chat; he is a fatherly old chap, and he said we were in a curious predicament at present, so I told him we would do our best, and never give in until death. We smoked most of the night, and as there was a corn-field handy, we ate as much corn as we liked, but we had to eat it dry, as there was no water to boil it. The Kaffirs' fires burned brightly all night, and in the morning we almost dreaded to turn our eyes that way, expecting to see thousands of the enemy, but when we looked, the plain was quite clear. We fell in, and formed a sort of hollow square with the guns in the centre, and flank patrols and front and rear guards, in which order we marched to camp at the Caledon River. The only officer that was killed was the Hon. H. Annesley,

Collotype.

Capt. H. J. P. Booth. Lieut. H. Robinson.

KAFFIR WAR, 1851-52. A CONVOY OF WAGGONS.

(*From a Sketch by* LIEUT. H. ROBINSON, *43rd Light Infantry.*)

but there were four of five of our men wounded. We had not reached camp ten minutes when a flag of truce came in, and the Kaffirs asked for peace, which the Governor gave them, but we did not like it, as we wanted some satisfaction for our comrades that had fallen. Still it was the policy of the British to give them peace.

24*th December*.—The camp broke up, and we marched towards home.

29*th December*.—Reached the Caledon River, where we halted for a day.

1*st January*, 1853.—Arrived at the Orange River. We took five days crossing the river as the water was high, and we had to tow the waggons over on a floating bridge while a pontoon bridge was made for the troops. Several of our men deserted coming down the country.

6*th January*.—Left the Orange River.

8*th January*.—Reached Burghersdorp, and then we marched on through the Amatolas and reached our destination on the 22nd January. This was the Hoek, where we remained until the 5th February, when we were relieved by the 6th regiment and the 60th Rifles, and went in to King William's Town. We had the barracks that the 6th had been in, and we gave detachments down on the Buffalo Line (Captain Green's Company and Captain Bruere's Company).

6*th June*.—The company I belonged to was for detachment, and I left King William's Town with a party under Lieutenant Girardot for Buffalo Mouth, where we arrived on the 8th June. At this place most of the soldiers are employed in landing supplies from the surf boats. We relieved Lieut. Booth and his party.

9*th October*.—I was made full corporal. In orders this day, but to count from 25th July last.

26*th November*.—We had received orders early this month to prepare for embarkation for the East Indies,

and to be relieved by the 60th Rifles. The detachments on the line were relieved by the 45th regiment, and we got the route for East London. This day the steamer *Baracouta* arrived in East London quite unexpectedly to take us to Table Bay.

27*th November*.—We embarked on the *Baracouta*.

28*th November*.—Weighed anchor, and steamed off at 4 p.m., and bade farewell to that cursed hole Kaffirland.

1*st December*.—Dropped anchor in Table Bay, where the regiment was divided, the right wing being transferred to the *Hougoumont*, and the left wing (under Captain Primrose) to the *Havering*, for conveyance to Madras.

A SERGEANT'S LETTER, 1854.

THE following letter from Orderly-room Sergeant W. Macfeat, 43rd Light Infantry, written to a comrade at home, gives a certain amount of news about the Regiment:—

Fort St. George, Madras,
22nd November, 1854.

DEAR WALSH,

YOU will think that I have forgotten you; it is so long since I wrote. Poor Jacob could not get on at all at Bangalore, he first fell out with the Adjutant there (Mr. Wilmot [1]) and left the Orderly-room; as he did so against the wishes of Captain Primrose,[2] who commands there, as a matter of course it was *in for him*. He was confined for being drunk on canteen duty, tried and reduced. Marriage is now all the rage in the 43rd among the Sergeants; they are all going in for it.

Lieut. Hon. W. H. Herbert [3] went home by last mail to join the 46th Regiment; since gazetted to it he has gained three steps in the list of Lieutenants. Lieut.-Colonel Skipwith,[4] as senior officer, commands the troops in Fort St. George, and Lieut.-Colonel Talbot [5] commands the regiment. He is a sharp old chap; I rather like him. Mr. Monck [6] is in very low spirits at present, which I think has been caused by the death of his brother, Captain Hon. W. Monck, 7th Fusiliers, killed in action at the Alma.

Our little theatre is doing great things; the people flock in from town and fill the house in such manner that sometimes there is barely standing

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[1] Now Colonel Sir Henry Wilmot, Bart., V.C., C.B.

[2] Vide *Chronicle* 1893.

[3] Ensign 43rd, 1852; Lieut. 46th, 1854; Captain, 1855; exchanged to 69th, 1856; to 84th, 1858. Served in the Crimea, medal with clasps and Turkish medal. Now Major-General, retired.

[4] Henry Skipwith, Ensign 43rd, 1834; Lieut.-Colonel 43rd, 1851; was one of those who crossed the Portage of the Madawaska; commanded the Regiment in the Kaffir War (1851-3); Colonel, 1854; retired 1856; since deceased.

[5] George Talbot, Ensign 43rd, 1826; Lieut.-Colonel 43rd, 1856; served with the expedition to Portugal 1828; A.D.C. to Governor-General of Canada 1840, afterwards military secretary; military secretary to three Commanders-in-Chief at Madras 1851-6; Major-General, Madras, 1857-61; retired 1862; since deceased.

[6] Now Lieut.-General Hon. R. Monck.

room. Some of the men play very well indeed if they would only keep sober. Last Friday night they were all *high*, and completely spoiled our play. We have got up a Dancing Club amongst the Sergeants—meet to-night for the first time ; I do not know how we shall get on. There is dissension sowing amongst us by some of those d——d Volunteer Sergeants.[1] The Regiment is not nearly so comfortable as when you left.

McGuire, of the Band, walked out of an upstair window last night and fractured one of his thighs ; he was lucky not to have fallen on his head as the window is quite eighteen feet from the ground.

Yours truly,

W. MACFEAT.

[1] *i.e.*, Sergeants who joined the 43rd as volunteers from other Corps.

THE ANNEXATION OF OUDE.[1]

With the 52nd in 1856.

We had fully expected to remain at Meerut the usual term of three years, and were therefore much astonished when, on the 6th January 1856, we received the route for Lucknow, at which place we were ordered to join the field force then collecting for the annexation of Oude.

This large country was the only province in the North-West still under native rule. From it the greater number of our best sepoys were obtained, and they generally returned and lived on their pensions there when their term of service was at an end.

Sir James Outram was the British Resident at Lucknow, and had under his command three regiments of native infantry; but Oude, Lucknow included, was entirely under the rule of the king, who, with his favourites and courtiers, passed his time in writing poetry, fiddling, and debauchery. Everything went by favour, and nothing could be obtained without heavy bribes.

In consequence the whole country was in a state of anarchy; murder and robbery were every-day occurrences. The villages were all fortified, and each petty chieftain had his armed retainers, whose numbers were regulated by the state of his finances, which again depended on the success or otherwise of the forays which he made on his neighbours.

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[1] From *Reminiscences of School and Army Life*, by Major J. A. Bayley, late 52nd Light Infantry.

When the king was in want of money, which was continually happening, he sent out a force from Lucknow to collect his taxes, that is to say, to rob everyone who was too weak to resist. This party seldom got very far before they were met by a much superior one, hastily collected by the chiefs in the immediate neighbourhood, who were only too ready to lay aside their private feuds, and band together to resist the tax-gatherer. A fight more or less serious then took place, when more chiefs continually arriving to reinforce their brethren, the king's troops returned to Lucknow, leaving their wounded to be despatched in the usual Asiatic manner, by decapitation or crimping, and carrying back with them whatever treasure they had been able to lay hands on. "Badmashes," or bad characters, on our side of the water, who were "wanted" by the authorities, had only to cross the river to find themselves in safety, and were joyfully received as recruits by the bands of robbers which overran the country.

Such was the state of affairs in Oude in 1855, when, finding that the king and his ministers paid no attention to advice or remonstrance, Lord Dalhousie determined to depose him, and to annex the country.

A force of some 10,000 men was ordered to assemble at Cawnpore, about three miles from the frontier, and about fifty from Lucknow. With the exception of some artillery and ourselves, it was composed of natives, who at that time were supposed to be entirely devoted to the Company's rule. Little did the authorities think that "the Mutiny" was then *en train*, which it undoubtedly was, for we afterwards learnt that when a few miles from Lucknow the sepoys of our force had sent in to the king requesting him not to sign the treaty of abdication, but to raise the "green flag," and attack the Europeans in Lucknow, while they would cut us up,

and the entire native army in Bengal would everywhere fall upon the Europeans, and afterwards march to join him.

On the 31st January the field force crossed the river and arrived at Lucknow, outside of which it halted on the eleventh day. Though fighting was not expected, we marched with a certain amount of military precaution, and all tents, baggage, etc., followed the column.

We remained a few days outside the town, when the treaty having been signed, and the townspeople disarmed, we marched to the Chukkur Koti, or Old King's Racecourse, where we encamped. Everything there was perfectly quiet, and, curiously enough, the annual race-meeting was being held at the station, three miles off, to which we went, and there I saw the Nana Sahib, who had a handsome tent on the ground.

After a short time we joined the main body of the field force on the new racecourse, where we remained until, on the 20th March, we went into quarters in a large building in the town, which had, up to that time, been used as stables for the king's horses. We were told that for fourteen years the building had not been cleaned, and to make it fit for European soldiers to live in during the hot weather was an Augean task, which, unfortunately for the regiment, there was no Hercules on the spot to perform.

To survey the newly-annexed territory, to drain, cleanse, and map Lucknow, to build bridges, make roads, etc., one captain of Madras Native Infantry, attached to the Engineer Department, was sent with the field force, and he was expected to do all this with the assistance of such native underlings as could be got, which, when done, it was found necessary to appoint a major and six other officers of engineers to look after and repair.

With all these varied duties, the proper superintendence of which would have required his presence in fifty places at once, Captain Anderson was perforce continually in the saddle; riding his horses to death; planning, inspecting, and giving orders here, there, and everywhere, the carrying out of which had to be left to the native subordinates and contractors, who scamped their work whenever they could; and of this neglect on the part of the proper authorities, our unfortunate men, the least serviceable of whom had cost the Government 100*l.* to land in India, were the victims.

The stables were ordered to be thoroughly cleansed, the floor to be removed to a depth of five feet, and a fresh one to be formed of clean earth; but taking advantage of Anderson's enforced absence from the works, the native contractor removed only the surface, and then, having placed a thin coating of earth over the accumulated filth below, he made all neat and tidy, and the place was reported fit for the troops.

The result was that after a short time the men lost their health, and at last "endemic cholera" made its appearance among them. From this disease we lost before long fifty men; although when the cause was discovered, the regiment was at once moved into camp, first to the Dilkoosha Park, and afterwards to the plain in front of the Alumbagh. The change of air and scene soon put an end to the cholera; but the men were so much affected and shaken by the pestilential air of the stables, that General Penny, who inspected us about this time, said, "Every man looks as if he was going to die to-morrow!"

There was no case of cholera among the officers, who lived away from the men, nor among the natives in the adjoining bazaar.

A survey and map of Lucknow being urgently re-

quired, and Anderson being otherwise engaged, Moorsom,[1] a Lieutenant of the 52nd, was told off for the duty, which he succeeded in performing most satisfactorily, with the assistance of a few natives, and with no other instrument than a chain and a small pocket sextant. The intimate acquaintance which he made with the by-ways of the city during the survey was of great service the year after, when he was by it enabled to lead General Havelock's column through side streets to the Residency, by which means the barricades and loop-holed houses in the main streets were turned, and the loss on our side rendered comparatively small. The cold weather at Lucknow was delightful, as the climate there is much cooler than at Cawnpore. The men recovered their strength, and we had plenty of cricket and rackets. On the river we found two pretty good four-oared boats, in which some of us, with the chaplain, Mr. Polehampton, an old Etonian, used to row. There were plenty of good fellows among the regiments at the station, which was about three miles off, and there was also a very fair cricket ground there, on which we played several matches every week during the cold weather.

Our mess-house was a fine building, standing about half a mile from the king's stables, and as there were several good rooms in it, which were not required for the purposes of the mess, some half-a-dozen of the officers occupied them, the rest having quarters allotted them in a large palace, called, I think, the Furreed-Buksh, on the bank of the Goomti. This palace was surrounded by houses occupied by rich natives, the female portions of whose establishments were in the habit of frequenting the flat roofs of the houses when

[1] W. R. Moorsom, killed at Lucknow March 11th, 1858. For full particulars of his services and death, *vide 52nd Records*, p. 361, and pp. 401-407.—*Ed.*

the sun was down, and it was nearly dark, the air then being cooler, and the high surrounding walls preventing their seeing or being seen by the passers-by outside. From the windows of the lofty palace, however, their movements were perfectly visible, and it was soon evident that they did not take offence at their young neighbours watching them, for they returned their salutes, and beckoned to them. After this telegraphing had gone on for some time, two subalterns agreed that they would try to pay their fair friends a visit. It was a very rash undertaking; for though there was a continuous line of communication, it lay along the top of very high walls, and over the top of a narrow and still higher gateway, and, of course, if they had been discovered and caught in the attempt, their lives would have been taken at once; however, I suppose this formed no part of their plans, and most probably never entered their heads. They made their way in safety on to the flat roof, and waited for the ladies; but the first who made her appearance took them for robbers and shrieked, on which the whole place was quickly filled with armed men, carrying torches. Considering the distance, and the bad places they had to cross in their hasty retreat, it was wonderful that they managed to escape, which they did, and so effectually outran their pursuers, that the latter never even found out that they were the sahibs from the neighbouring palace, who they thought could not have climbed over walls so expeditiously. It was just as well the affair terminated as it did, for had they been well received on their first visit, they would, of course, have returned frequently, and some fine night a trap would have been laid for them, into which they would have fallen, and been heard of no more.

When first quartered in the town, the streets being

generally very narrow, we were inconvenienced when riding through them by the number of elephants which we met, to which our horses had a most decided objection. On a soft sandy road an elephant moves along at the rate of five or six miles an hour without making the slightest noise, and as it was a matter of perfect indifference to their mahouts whether foot-passengers or horsemen were run down or not, we occasionally, particularly at night, found ourselves close under the bows of a first-rate of this description, when it was as difficult to steer clear of him as to stick to our frightened horses afterwards. The principal amusement of the king, his court, and the rich natives, before the annexation, had been, witnessing from a safe position, the fights of wild animals, of which, at the time of our arrival, the town was full. Crosse, Moorsom, and I, went out for our usual Sunday afternoon's walk, passed through a deserted Serai, in the middle of which, under a few trees, were three wooden cases, each only just large enough to hold the tiger which was in it. They made a pretty row when they saw us, and we did not stay with them long. A little further on, wishing to ask our way, I looked into the open door of a large house, and was immediately greeted by a loud snort and a stamp close to me. It was quite dark inside, and nothing was visible; but an old native came out quickly, and told us not to go in, as the place was full of fighting antelopes belonging to the ex-king, and that they were unaccustomed to white faces, which made them mad. In fact, while he was speaking, we could hear the snorts and stamps continually repeated. He was seemingly in a state of great distress, as since the annexation the allowances for keeping up the establishment and feeding the animals had been stopped, and he was afraid that his charges would starve.

One morning when riding into the town I was met by three rhinoceroses, driven along by half-a-dozen horsemen armed with long spears; and in the bazaar just outside the men's quarters, a very large tiger used to lie all day on a common bedstead. He was a very fine animal, and his coat was much longer than that of any other that I have ever seen. He seemed perfectly tame, and the bazaar people passed backwards and forwards close to him. His attendant, an old white-bearded native, generally sat by him on the side of the bed, and scratched him with a comb.

Before long, however, the elephants, fighting beasts, etc., disappeared, and their owners went with them. The great crowd of courtiers, eunuchs, native princes, etc., found that, after the annexation, Lucknow was no longer the place for them. Their occupation was gone, and so were their emoluments. Some of them even sold their jewels; and rows of pearls, which may have been very valuable, but were certainly very discoloured, were brought to our mess-house and offered for sale.

The ex-king's armoury also was put up to public auction, which lasted many days. In it were many guns by the best London makers, but the locks of all had been removed. Swords were put up in thousands, and went for small sums. I got a native expert to pick out a good one, which I bought for fourteen rupees, and also a curious long-handled dagger, which he said was a most handy weapon. "You wear it in your waist-cloth in front," said he, "and play unconsciously with the handle when in conversation with anyone, and in this way you can, in a moment, plunge it into his stomach when he least expects it." I lost both these purchases when our baggage was plundered at the commencement of the Mutiny.

In the ex-king's army were several regiments partly officered by Europeans. A card, bearing the name of Lieutenant ——, Oude Irregulars, having been left on our mess, Lieutenant —— was invited to dine, and accordingly, at dinner time, an enormous man, wearing a long beard, and old enough to have been the father of most of us, made his appearance. He played a good knife and fork, and faced his liquor like a man; but in the evening we were rather at a loss to know what to propose for his amusement. None of us were whist players, but some one at last suggested a rubber, in which he joined. Our usual points were four annas (or sixpence), and eight on the rub; but to these he objected, saying that he did not care to play for less than gold mohur (1*l.* 12*s.*) points, and four on the rub. At last eight annas and a rupee were agreed to, and play commenced. He consumed cheroots like a furnace, and his thirst seemed unquenchable by brandy and soda-water; but luck went against him, and when at a late hour accounts were squared, he was found to be a loser of sixty points; on hearing which, to the astonishment of everybody, he burst into a flood of tears, and, refusing to be comforted, was carried off in his dhooly, sobbing convulsively. He paid up the next morning, but we never saw him again.

I bought about this time a horse, which was said to be an Arab, but certainly did not in any way resemble one. He was warranted to me as sound, but incurably vicious, and it was necessary when on his back to carry a short tommy, like an office ruler, which, applied forcibly between his ears when he was in a worse temper than usual, was the only thing he would take notice of. His price was 5*l.*

Riding home from the racket court one evening, he suddenly turned his head, and caught my left leg, just

above the ankle, in his mouth, pulled it straight in front of him, and shook it as a dog does a rat. I clung on, and gave him the light racket, which I had in my hand, between his ears as heavily as I could, and after receiving about a dozen blows, he released my leg, and I rode him home. It caused no pain at the moment, though I was badly torn and bruised, and his tusk had made a hole more than an inch deep; but that night I suffered much, and often regretted that I could not get off my bed and go down and shoot him. I was on the sick list for six weeks, and a few days after the accident I sold him for 5*l*., still warranted incurably vicious, to an officer at the station, who put him between the shafts of a buggy, and got his work out of him. I heard afterwards that he had long been noted for the skill with which he pulled his riders off by the leg, and then knelt on and worried them.

Shortly after the annexation of Oude, three regiments of Irregular Cavalry were raised there, and the adjutant of one, named Barbor, of the 11th Native Infantry, messed with us, and was a great favourite. I was often in his room, and frequently witnessed his reception of new recruits. They were mostly young Mussulmen of the higher class, whose outwardly refined manners I could not help noticing. They were ushered into his presence by a sergeant, and presented the hilts of their swords to Barbor, who touched them and bowed, and they then retired. They turned out rank mutineers in 1857, when, with a detachment of the 48th Native Infantry, they cut up Barbor, Fletcher Hayes, Fayrer, Farquharson, and several other officers. Barbor, who was a good horseman and well-mounted, might have got away; but I was afterwards told that, enraged at the conduct of his men, he turned and rode into the midst of them, and after shooting several with his revolver, was cut to pieces.

In Lucknow there was a large building, by name, I think, Imambara, which a certain Moolvie received yearly a large sum of money to look after and keep in order. As far as I could judge from a personal inspection, a great part of the money must have been spent in buying chandeliers, with which, of all colours, the place was so crowded, that they actually touched each other.

What was left after the purchase of these he devoted to photography, which he practised *en amateur*, and anyone who sent notice that he was coming to be photographed, always found him at his post. I cannot say that he was very successful; but his camera was in the open air, in a court surrounded by white houses, and the glare was unbearable, and made the effort to keep our eyes open very painful. He failed several times to get a likeness of Moorsom, but at last succeeded very well by trying a dodge which I invented for the occasion, and which, I think, might be profitably made use of in this country, where photographers keep you in position, staring at an object until you are nearly blind, and then tell you to keep steady, as they are going to begin. I said to Moorsom, "When you are properly placed, and are being focussed, keep your eyes shut until I begin to speak to you, and then look at me as if I were the colonel giving you an order." I explained this to the Moolvie, who performed his part satisfactorily, and the result was a very good likeness. On the receipt of mine, my relatives in England wrote to say that if it in the slightest degree resembled me, I must have changed very much since I went to India.

We were at one time encamped near the Martinière College, and in the high trees in front of us a number of lungoors, or monkeys of very great size, appeared,

A captain of the 52nd, who had bought a large rifle at the sale of the ex-king's armoury, resolved to try it on the bodies of these unfortunates. After a shot or two he brought down a female, with a monkey in arms clinging to her. The mother fell on her back, and the little one was unhurt; but the shock of the fall threw it to a little distance, when it immediately seized hold of a fallen branch lying on the ground, which an old major, who was looking on, at once picked up and carried to his tent, with the little monkey still clinging to it. But the bereaved widower had no idea of losing wife and child at one shot, so he came down the tree like lightning, and gave chase to the major, whose tent was next to mine. Thinking that shooting monkeys was not fair sport, I had taken no part in it; but when I saw the old male close on the heels of the major, I caught up my revolver, which was lying loaded on the table in my tent, and faced him, when he stopped and stood up on his hind legs. He was fully as tall as I, and looked so powerful and savage, that I fired a shot, not exactly at him, but close to him, on which he returned to his tree, and shortly afterwards they all decamped. The little one got on well for some months, and grew considerably; but one morning he was found dead outside the mess-house, having been poisoned, probably, by something which he had picked up and eaten.

During the hot months many men cannot sleep unless the punkahs over their beds are kept constantly in motion; and to ensure this duty being efficiently performed, it is necessary to keep three punkah coolies, who relieve each other at intervals. Our paymaster, or "Backshish Sahib," as he was called by the natives, was very particular about his punkah, and we used to have great fun with him in consequence. The coolie is

not stationed in the sleeping-room, but in the verandah outside, the rope passing through a hole in the wall, and as he not unfrequently goes to sleep himself, it has been found expedient to make him sit on the top of a short ladder, so that if the sahib is awakened by the punkah stopping, he is able, by a smart jerk at the rope inside, to pull the coolie down from his perch on to the ground, which rouses him for awhile. Now and then one of us would quietly dislodge him, and pulling properly at first, by degrees come to a standstill, holding the rope between finger and thumb. "Backshish Sahib," more familiarly "Boxey," was soon awake, and audibly vowing vengeance on the unfortunate coolie, who stood by tremblingly awaiting the catastrophe, which was not long in coming; for the rope was cautiously tightened from the inside, and at last, with a great jerk, pulled altogether through the wall into the room, from which a moment after a dull thud was heard, announcing that the unresisted exertion had caused the paymaster to roll off his bed on to the floor. The coolie then bolted out of the house, and we fell on our beds and snored, until the injured "Boxey" made his appearance in light muslin apparel, and a furious rage, brandishing a hunting-whip, and calling for his punkahwala. The noise he made of course awoke us, and we went out and condoled with him. Before "fishing for a bite," as this was called, we had to promise the coolie that if he was dismissed by his master, we would take him into our service.

One day six or seven swarms of bees appeared hanging from the architecture of the mess-house. They were very large, each measuring at the top eighteen inches in width and four feet in length. I pointed them out to a brother sub., a wild Irishman, who at once began to pelt them with stones. I made for the

door of the house, and as I reached it a shout from the Irishman, and a darkening of the air accompanied by a loud buzzing, informed me that a stone had taken effect. I got inside and closed the door, the author of the mischief running in just in time to escape the consequences; but, for a long while, the yells of the native servants encamped outside showed that the bees were busy among them, and we learnt afterwards that most of them had been badly stung.

As a proof of how a dream, which seems to the sleeper to last a long time, in reality passes through his brain in a moment, I will relate one of which I was the cause. Cowan, our surgeon, and I occupied the two rooms on the top of the mess-house, which before our arrival had been uninhabited for some time except by pigeons, which we at once set to work to get rid of, keeping our guns always loaded, and in readiness near the entrance.

On going into my room one morning after early breakfast, a pigeon flew out, which I killed, and then lay down to sleep. In a few minutes Cowan's servant brought me a note, in which he curtly hoped that I had had a good morning's sport, but requested that if in future I wanted to shoot at that early hour, I would send and give him notice. As he was evidently put out, I merely sent him my "Salaam," and went to sleep. At breakfast, having recovered his good temper, he explained the reason of his writing.

Some days previously, Mr. Jackson, the Chief Commissioner in Oude, when replying to some application which Cowan had made to him respecting the hospital accommodation for the men, had used expressions which the doctor had not forgotten or forgiven; and on hearing my shot just outside his door, he immediately dreamt that he had called the Chief Commissioner out,

and that when facing each other, pistol in hand, the Chief Commissioner had fired before the word was given, which enraged him so that he awoke with a start; and finding that he had only been dreaming, and that the Chief Commissioner was not to be got at, he at once emptied the vial of his wrath upon the disturber of his rest.

REVIEW.

Mr. Wilberforce's Mutiny Story.[1]

Under the heading of "Mutiny Myths," the *United Service Magazine* of January 1895, noticed a book which professes to contain a true account of the doings of the 52nd Light Infantry during the Indian Mutiny. The magazine article in question, as well as many newspapers, thoroughly exposed the character of the book, but newspapers and magazines are soon lost sight of, while the book remains on the shelf, and may be taken down and read when no one is left to contradict it. It is therefore more as a duty to a future generation, than for any other reason, that we propose dealing with the story at some length, otherwise young 52nd soldiers might feel a sense of shame or doubt should they happen to read the book or hear it quoted.

Extraordinary as it may seem, yet, possibly, owing to the adverse criticism to which it has been subjected, Mr. Wilberforce's book has, in a few months, passed into a third edition. The first and second editions are identical, while the third edition contains a few alterations and footnotes, which, if anything, add to the absurdity of the narrative.

Before proceeding to criticise his work, it may be interesting to mention Mr. Wilberforce's experiences of soldiering. He was gazetted Ensign, 9th Regiment, 15th February 1856; transferred to the 52nd, 1st September 1856, and joined it just before the Indian Mutiny in February 1857, and he left it in February 1862.

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[1] *An Unrecorded Chapter of the Indian Mutiny*; being the personal reminiscences of Reginald G. Wilberforce, late 52nd Light Infantry, compiled from a diary and letters written on the spot. London: John Murray, Albemarle Street; 1894.

Thus his service with the regiment extended over a period of five years. On the strength of this, he has thought fit to give to the world, a quarter of a century or more after the events happened, an *Unrecorded Chapter*, which is supposed to be a description of life with the Movable Column; yet it is not too much to say that no book purporting to be historical, though containing so much that is absurd or absolutely untrue, has ever been published. The *United Service Magazine* thus sums up the situation:

A boy ensign arrives in India in January 1857, that is to say, just before the beginning of the Mutinies. Before he is in a military sense well weaned he is put in command of the most important pickets of one of the most distinguished regiments in Her Majesty's service. Before long he is in command of mixed pickets of his own regiment and of the 60th. He performs prodigies of valour, and becomes manifestly the hero *par excellence* of his own regiment, if not of all the noble band that saved for us our Indian Empire. Oddly enough, until he became his own chronicler, not only had this wonderful "Chapter of the Indian Mutinies" been, as he says, "unrecorded" by any of the historians, but this noble man had left behind him among his brother officers no other fame than that of his being a great talker, a griffin warranted to swallow any cock-and-bull story that was prepared for him by those who are ever ready to feed such a taste, and that of being possessed of a fertile imagination himself such as led him to see and hear what no one else's faculties could distinguish. Yet despite the fact that every incident of his career was believed, by those who served with him, to be intimately known to them, and none of them had suspected him of hiding his light at any time under a bushel, there is scarcely a story told in this book which does not now become known for the first time to the men who were associated with him day by day during those momentous events.

Of the letters home written at the time, it is enough to say that they possess, perhaps in rather an unusual degree, the characteristics which such letters usually have. Camp yarns, the vaguest rumours of events passing at a distance, are naturally enough sent home as the nearest approach to truth that is at the moment obtainable. A wise man corrects these afterwards by checking them by historical records, which, after much investigation of the best evidence, have established the truth. Few men would venture to publish without such a check the scribblings of idle hours in a camp. Mr. Wilberforce appears to think that anything that

he wrote at the time has become so valuable that he cannot do better than give it to the world, though it is hopelessly in conflict with other thoroughly established facts, often with the known conditions of the enlistment of soldiers at the time, and with the Articles of War then enforced.

Fortunately all the captains and nearly all the subalterns who were present with the 52nd during the Mutiny are alive, and prepared to bear witness to the long list of inaccuracies contained in Mr. Wilberforce's book. In going carefully through the three editions, we have availed ourselves of the assistance of these officers; and our readers can rest assured that we have sifted everything to the bottom. The following tabulated list[1] gives the more glaring inaccuracies in the work, all of which may be considered to be pure inventions of the author:

Page.	Subject.	Remarks.
Preface	Mess Rules.	As to hon. members, officers detached from their regiments and quartered with or near the 52nd, were invariably made hon. members of the mess.
14, 15 -	Mr. W. with Patrol of 9th Light Cavalry.	The cavalry patrol accompanied the Captain of the Week, whose duty it was to patrol to the right flank and right rear, towards the city. Captain Crosse was the only officer on whom this duty fell.
27 -	Multani Horse.	Did not come out of personal devotion to Nicholson. They were irregular cavalry, receiving Government pay, and were not with the Movable Column at this period.
28 -	Nicholson's black-bearded attendant at Mess with cocked revolver.	No attendant. A myth.
38, 39 -	33rd and 35th Native Infantry.	They were disarmed at Philour, but the 33rd half-an-hour after the 35th. Nicholson did not leave the spot where the 52nd were drawn up until after the arms had been laid down.
41 -	Few courts-martial held by Nicholson.	There was a standing drum-head court-martial.
43 -	Nicholson abandoned practice of blowing from guns.	He did not. *Vide* Major Bayley's "Reminiscences."

[1] The pages referred to are those of the 3rd Edition; in 1st and 2nd Editions *vide* one or two pages earlier.

Page.	Subject.	Remarks.
43 -	Nine sepoys blown away at once	Not true.
45 -	Dost Mahomed's emissary challenged by a young officer.	Pure invention.
49, 50 -	Drinking and talking with Affghans.	No officer of the 52nd knew their language. No Affghan officers drank or smoked in the 52nd mess tent, and it is believed that no Affghan officers were present with the column.
50 -	Umritzar Fort Guard surprised.	Pure invention.
57 -	Bourchier's Troop of nine guns	Bourchier had three guns and Dawes six.
58 -	Khaki clothing.	This was introduced before the outbreak of the mutiny. *Vide* "52nd Records."
60 -	Combat between Nicholson's body-guard and Light Cavalry.	Pure invention.
61 -	Nicholson's single combat.	Pure invention.
62 -	The 52nd opening out, etc.	Not true.
67 -	Multani Horse.	They were not with the Column, Nicholson in his despatch regretted the want of Cavalry. They were engaged with the mutineers at Jhelum, on 7th July 1857.
68 -	Mess plate falling into the river.	Never occurred.
69, 70 -	Burial of 52nd soldier.	The soldier's name was Cuthbert, and Mr. W. did not bury him; nor could he have been present, if, as he asserts, he was on duty that day.
71 -	The Colonel orders the 52nd to march off at 3 a.m. in pitch darkness, and gives the word *Shoulder-arms*. He falls off his pony, etc.	The whole story is ridiculous and untrue. In the third edition Mr. W. has altered *Shoulder* into *Present*. As a matter of fact, at the word, *Move off*, the companies did so with trailed arms.
72–76 -	The fight on the island.	This account is untrue. General Nicholson did not speak to Mr. W., and Mr. W. was not first at the capture of the gun. *Vide* Bugler Johnson's narrative.
84 -	Song with chorus, "Confound our Officers."	Pure invention. *Vide* Bugler Johnson's narrative.
87 -	Scouring the country in search of antelope.	Perfectly ridiculous. Arriving in camp after a long hot night march, no one was likely to go out after antelope under a Punjaub summer sun.
88, 89 -	Adventure in search of bullocks.	Equally absurd. Two ensigns, ignorant of the language, sent to do the work of the Quartermaster-General's Department.
90–92 -	Nicholson hanging mess cooks.	Pure invention.
98, 99 -	The ladies in the ekkas.	Pure invention.
119–127	Mr. W. receives Mrs. Leeson at Subzi Mundi picket.	Pure invention.
127–132	Half the Subzi Mundi picket down with cholera. The Captain takes opium. Mr. W. left in charge, deserts his post, spends the day and dines with a brother sub. at another picket. Attack on picket.	An outrageous fabrication.

Page.	Subject.	Remarks.
141 -	Peacock shooting when on picket.	Absurd and untrue.
147 -	A shell thrown into a brother officer's tent.	Absurd and untrue.
149, 150	Alarm during Church Service.	Untrue. Captain Synge and Lieut. Hon. G. H. Windsor-Clive were present.
152 -	Mutineers' Order Book, dated Palace, Sept. 13th, 5 p.m.	Untrue.
156 -	Double allowance of rum served out before the assault.	Mr. T. Knott, then Quartermaster of the 52nd, distinctly states in writing that only one allowance was served out. The double allowance was invented by Sir John Kaye.
156 -	The Major clubbing his regiment.	This did not occur, but Major Vigors, who joined in the days of the old flint-lock, did give the order, "With ball cartridge, prime and load," to the great amusement of the men.
158 -	The 60th passing the 52nd.	They may have done so in fours, but not in skirmishing order. The road had high walls on either side.
159 -	Mr. W. and Salkeld being schoolfellows, etc.	Salkeld was two years at Addiscombe before getting his commission, and his commission was dated 9th June 1848, at which time Mr. W. was ten years old. Mr. W. did not walk with Salkeld towards the glacis; he was with the supports, and Colonel Crosse, who commanded them, and Major Bayley, who was with the stormers just in rear of the explosion party, can swear that he did not; moreover, the troops moved at the double.
161 -	Mr. W. speaking to Major Bayley.	This the Major denies. Bugler Hidden, of Major Bayley's Company (F), ran up and offered to assist him. Mr. W. did not.
162 -	Entering the Cashmere Gate.	Captain Synge was third man in, and was immediately followed by Colonel Campbell. No one remembers Mr. W. being in the first 50.
165 -	Attacking a sepoy.	This incident was never spoken of at the time.
169 -	Officers shaking hands. Cavalry charging. Mr. W. on rear-guard. Miraculous escape.	None of these incidents ever occurred. Colonel Synge writes: "There was no rear-guard. The regiment simply faced to the right about, and marched out as it had marched in. The lane was so narrow that nothing else could be done." This is corroborated by Colonel Clive and by Captain Stopford.
173 -	The "good peg" administered to Sir Archdale Wilson.	His brother officers present deny this.
175, 176	Mr. W.'s feats in the city.	Never mentioned at the time.
180–184	Peter Duignan.	This man was frequently tried for habitual drunkenness, but never sentenced to be flogged for it, as that crime was not punishable by flogging. He was

Page.	Subject.	Remarks.
		flogged once only, and then for drunkenness on the line of march from Philour to Jullundur in 1858. The whole story of the deserting and malingering is denied by Colonel Crosse who commanded the man's company, and by Captain Stopford, the adjutant at the time. *Vide* Bugler Johnson's narrative.
184–186	Mr. W. apparently in command of a strong force of 52nd, 60th, and Bengal Artillery.	He was then junior ensign of the 52nd, and at no time in command of a picket.
188–190	Mr. W. storms houses; women therein, etc.	Captain Synge, in a letter dated *Magazine, Delhi, 19th Sept.* 1857, wrote: "In one place, which I was sent to occupy, breaking into all sorts of holes and corners, more like a rabbit warren than anything else, and drawing a couple of Pandies, we stumbled on a small Kothi, in which there could not have been less than 30 women and children, who all commenced howling. I told them not to be afraid, no one would injure them, and then packed them all off to the General's quarters at Skinner's House, near the church."
192 -	Death of Phillips of the 60th.	Mr. W. was not present when Phillips was shot. Lieut. Julian of the 52nd was with him, and was speaking to him, at the moment that he fell, close to him.
196 -	The Ghoorkha taking off the sepoy's head.	This took place on 23rd June, and was an old camp story when the 52nd arrived before Delhi.
198 -	The picket Mr. W. had *command* of.	Footnote in third edition: "This picket consisted of 50 men of the 60th Rifles *with their own officer*, and 50 men of the 52nd." Mr. W. was junior ensign.
201 -	"A native brought me a verbal order to rejoin the regiment, with the men who were with me."	The absurdity of this requires no comment.
204 -	An officer of the Bengal Artillery allows Mr. W. to try his hand with a mortar.	Ridiculous.
205 -	Mr. W. deserts his post and enters the Palace with the 60th.	Was never in command of a picket; 52nd furnished no pickets at that time.
211 -	"Nicholson held no official command."	He was in command of the 1st Brigade.
214 -	Nicholson and the Sikh gunners.	Absurd.
217 -	Nicholson's funeral; act of insubordination by an old soldier of the 52nd.	In the first and second edition Colonel Campbell is said to have been in command of the 52nd; but Colonel Campbell having been erroneously stated in a newspaper to have been that day

Page.	Subject.	Remarks.
		wounded and in camp, in the third edition Colonel Dennis' name is substituted for that of Colonel Campbell. As to the story, it is an invention. Since then a letter from Colonel Synge has been found, dated *22nd Sept.* 1857, *Magazine, Delhi*, in which he wrote: "Colonel Campbell has again come down, and taken command." On the morning of the 23rd Sept. it was not known that Nicholson was to be buried on the 24th, and the officers present on parade declare that nothing of the sort occurred.
221–223	Multani Horse.	The whole story is untrue. They were irregular cavalry, receiving pay from Government. They continued to serve after Nicholson's death, and were present at the battle of Narnul, 16th Nov. 1857 (*vide* Malleson's "History of the Mutiny").
228–230	52nd officer and the Medical Board.	It is quite true that, shortly after the assault, a subaltern of the 52nd was temporarily incapacitated by sunstroke, but he certainly was not at the Magazine. Major Bayley states that the subaltern in question was in bed in camp, unable to move, and with wet bandages on his head. Major Bayley visited him at the time Mr. W. represents him as arriving at the Magazine, He was sent up to Simla, and afterwards invalided home.

This long list of inaccuracies is sufficient to prove the unreliable character of Mr. Wilberforce's statements. The author's plan is apparently to relate all the incidents which he can remember, and put himself forward as the principal actor in them. Take, for instance, the account of Mrs. Leeson's escape from Delhi and her arrival, on the 19th August, at the Subzi Mundi picket. Mr. Wilberforce was not on picket on that day, and he has evidently appropriated Major Bayley's description of what took place.[1]

With regard to this subject, the following is extracted

[1] *Vide* "43rd & 52nd Light Infantry Chronicle, 1894," page 146.

from a letter from Colonel Crosse, published in the *Guardian* of the 3rd July, 1895 :

In the first and second editions, Mr. Wilberforce states that he received Mrs. Leeson at the Subzi Mundi picket on the 19th August. I called his attention to the fact that he was not on picket on the 19th August. He then shifted his ground, and, on the 8th December 1894, wrote to me: "You were quite right; I was not on picket there on August 19th; I was on the 17th and on the 21st, so the 19th is a misprint."

The *Army and Navy Gazette*, of 22nd December 1894, published a letter from Major Bayley, who was in command of the Subzi Mundi picket on August 19th, in which he gave a full account of the arrival there of Mrs. Leeson; and stated that Mr. Wilberforce was not present.

In the third edition Mr. Wilberforce persists in his statement that he received Mrs. Leeson, but on the 21st, the 19th being a misprint.

The one question therefore is, on what day did she arrive? If on the 21st, she would have been received by Captain Synge. The sole evidence of her arrival on the 21st is Mr. Wilberforce with his diary and letters.

On the other side, Captain (now Colonel) Synge, in a letter from *Camp, Delhi, August 19th*, wrote: "Just now a little excitement was caused by the arrival in camp of a dhooley, escorted by a corporal, in which was seated a woman looking something like a European, but dressed in very dirty native clothes. She had come, in company with a native man, out of the city, and given herself up to Bayley at the Subzi Mundi. She was the wife of a man called Leeson, etc., etc." Major Bayley's evidence as to the date is given above. Lieutenant (now Captain) Atkinson, who was on picket with him, writes: "Of course I remember Mrs. Leeson coming in"; and, in a letter, dated *20th August*, and now in Major Bayley's possession, Major (now General) Sir Charles Reid, G.C.B., commanding the main picket, wrote to the latter: "My dear Sir, I am given to understand that Mrs. Leeson, who came into camp yesterday, passed your picket; in fact, was sent into camp by you." Lastly, it appears from a note in the third edition, that Lady Canning's letter, quoted in *Two Noble Lives*, gave August 19th as the date of Mrs. Leeson's escape, and arrival in camp.

Can further evidence be required to satisfy any reasonable person that the whole of Mr. Wilberforce's narrative, covering seven pages, is an audacious fabrication?

In a book recently published, "With H.M.'s 9th Lancers in the Indian Mutiny," it appears that

Major Anson, H.M.'s 9th Lancers, wrote on the 20th August that Mrs. Leeson had escaped from Delhi, and arrived in camp.

Although we have already devoted more space than we had originally intended to this unpleasant subject, yet we cannot refrain from publishing a statement which has been forwarded to us by an old 52nd soldier,[1] who served throughout the Delhi operations as Orderly Bugler to the officers commanding the Movable Column.

STATEMENT BY MICHAEL JOHNSON, LATE BUGLER 52ND LIGHT INFANTRY.[2]

HAVING carefully read Mr. R. Wilberforce's book, *An Unrecorded Chapter of the Indian Mutiny*, and as one who was present on every occasion with the regiment, from its landing in India, October 1853, until after its return to England 1865, I am inclined to think that either advancing years must have clouded the author's faculties, or his utter contempt for the ordinary soldier's discernment regarding military matters has led him into the paths that diverge from the truth, when he hazarded many of the assertions made in his book.

If it were not for the respect which I bear for the author as formerly a 52nd officer, I would not hesitate calling most of his assertions by an unparliamentary name, for surely numbers of the so-called facts related in the book are culled out of the luxuriant jungle of his imagination, and they are so well and apparently truthfully told, that I fancy the "Baron" will have to look to his laurels if he thinks of holding his own against our famous ensign, who, according to his own account, commanded advance pickets, and mixed pickets of the 60th rifles and our own regiment, etc. Now to put Mr. Wilberforce straight on those commanding affairs at once, I tell him, without any disrespect to his rank whatever, that he was merely tolerated by the men, for was it likely old hands could have much confidence in an ensign of six months' service with the regiment?

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[1] Mr. Michael Johnson, of Meath School, Blackrock, co. Dublin.

[2] This statement was originally drawn up and addressed to "Major General Sir S. J. Blane; Colonels Synge, Crosse, Clive; Major Bayley; Captains Stopford, Henley, Julian, Atkinson, and Dr. Innes, as an appeal to them to vindicate the truth *versus* Mr. R. Wilberforce's book, *An Unrecorded Chapter of the Indian Mutiny*.

When read between the lines, some of those extracts from his most remarkable diary of the time, seem to me to cast aspersions on the discipline of the regiment.

I am of opinion that, although mine be only a voice from the ranks, it ought to be granted that I have a much stronger claim to speak for the 52nd Light Infantry than Mr. Wilberforce, as, one way or another, I am connected with the regiment close on a century. My late father joined the corps in January 1799, and served in it all through the Peninsular War (Captain Hill's company) including Corunna (wounded), storming of Badajoz, etc., and finally Waterloo (wounded). Medal and seven bars for Peninsula, and medal for Waterloo. My elder brother joined the regiment in 1845 ; myself in 1853, and my younger brother in 1856. At the present time, or very recently, I have or had two nephews serving in the 52nd, so I think, under those circumstances, as an humble survivor, I have a just right to say what I know regarding the false statements given in the "book" concerning individuals in particular who have passed away.

It is not my province to either qualify or deny any statement made by the author concerning the officers, who, if I mistake not, are as well able to guard their own honour as they were that of the regiment during those stormy times ; but I may take the liberty of saying that no body of gentlemen in the British Army were more justly respected or willingly obeyed by their men than were the officers of the 52nd Light Infantry. I go further, and solemnly declare that the regard and esteem in which our officers were held by their men could not be surpassed, if equalled, by any regiment in the service.

The discipline was strictly maintained during my period of service in the corps, but it was of a nature that did not in any manner estrange the soldier from his officer.

During my time in the regiment there never, to my knowledge, happened a case where a man so far forgot himself as to make a disrespectful reply to an officer, much more disobey an order from him, even under the most trying circumstances, which must have arisen during the stirring times of the Mutiny, although it is perfectly well understood that discipline in time of war somewhat relaxes in the Indian, as it does in every other army in the world.

When we witnessed with what manly fortitude the officers marched along beside us and shared our hardships, although we were well aware that some of them could hardly bear the physical strain, can it be wondered at our keeping green in our memories the names of those officers, whom I have taken the liberty of mentioning at the beginning of this letter, all of whom were known to us in pre-mutiny times, and I am happy to say, are still, I believe, in the land of the living.

Officers and their men were so closely attached to each other during those troublous times, that one might nearly venture to call this close attachment "comradeship"; still, the discipline of the 52nd was maintained intact, and I have not the slightest hesitation in saying that if any or all of those officers whom I have mentioned were appealed to, they would verify my statement.

Having said so much about the discipline, I think I may now take a random shot at the "book." It bristles with so many mythical yarns that I am at a loss to know which to attack first. I do not intend following them in the order in which they are written.

At page 14[1] the author states: "In order to protect us when we were on duty, we were furnished with a guard of the 9th Bengal Cavalry to ride round with us at night, when we visited the guards, etc."

This is certainly the first instance of a subaltern officer I ever heard of being furnished with a cavalry escort to visit regimental guards, and is a pure invention on the part of Mr. Wilberforce, as is also the thrilling story of his ride.

The fact is, a picket of the 9th Bengal Light Cavalry came down to our lines every night to patrol the vicinity of the station with the captain of the day.

Page 36: The account of the disarming of the 35th and 33rd Bengal Native Infantry is totally at variance with the facts, as they were planned and carried out. (I may here mention that I was the General's field bugler with the Punjaub Movable Column, first with Sir Neville Chamberlain, and after with Brigadier General Nicholson, until we arrived in camp before Delhi.)

The affair stands thus: I certainly do remember the General speaking to Colonels Campbell and Dennis on the road that morning, but I was not able to catch hold of what was said, for Colonel Dennis turned round and ordered me to fall back towards the column till I was wanted. I thought, by the mysterious movements of the Brigadier and some of his staff, that there was something unusual the matter.

The feat (*i.e.*, disarming) was so well timed that the 52nd reached Aria Tuckee camp ground about half-an-hour before the 35th, and was drawn up in line on the right hand side of the road facing it; the right towards Philour Fort, on the banks of the river Sutlej, with the light field guns at intervals between the line. The regiment was ordered to load with ball cartridge, and the artillery guns to be loaded with grape and port fires lighted.

Shortly after, in marched the 35th, quite jauntily, their band playing a familiar old quick march that we had ourselves ("Sweet Alice Ben

[1] 1st Edition.

Bolt"). They were ordered off the road to their left, and formed quarter distance column on the march; finally, when near the centre of our line, they were wheeled to the right, thus facing our line on the opposite side of the road. General Nicholson spoke to their Colonel, who at once returned to the regiment and ordered the corps to take off their belts and pile their arms. The Sikhs belonging to the regiment were fell out, and by them the arms and accoutrements were carted down to Philour Fort in hackeries, which were in waiting. In the meantime, the 35th pitched their camp, but somewhat further to the rear from the road than usual.

When the carts containing their arms, etc., were well on the road to the fort, General Nicholson passed the word to Colonel Campbell that some of his men might fall to the rear and pitch their tents.

In about half an hour or so the 33rd Native Infantry came in from Hoshiarpoor; they marched into position exactly as did the 35th, and almost on the same ground; they went through the same ordeal as their chums of the 35th; they spoke very loudly, and protested strongly against being disarmed. They were most certainly very nicely trapped, and they did not forget telling us so the same evening.

Thus ended this disarming business, which Mr. Wilberforce would lead people to believe was a spontaneous affair, and not thought out or planned beforehand at all.

At page 66, the author states "that one of our poor fellows shot himself," etc.

The man here referred to accidentally lost his life thus: On the 16th July, 1857 (not the 15th as given in the book), after returning from an engagement on an island in the Ravee, an officer gave his revolver to Private William Cuthbert (D, or Captain Crosse's company), to take home. During the day, Cuthbert, who was sitting down in the corner of the tent at the time, handed the revolver to Bat. Ryan to look at; while he (Ryan) was examining it, the weapon went off accidentally and shot Cuthbert dead.

Those two men were regimental tailors, and strong comrades for years. Indeed, poor Ryan never did much good in the corps after the deplorable occurrence, for he seemed ever after to take the affair very much to heart.

William Cuthbert had a sister married to R. McChesney, a sergeant of F (Captain Bayley's) company and drill instructor; he is not long dead. He was on the Militia staff of the Chatsworth Rifles.

If any of his friends or relations should ever read the "Unrecorded Chapter, etc.," I wonder what they will think of the new version.

The author goes on to tell in a most pathetic manner how he read the burial service on the 15th, etc., over the man who was as much in

evidence that day as himself. I should like to know, even at this distance of time, if Captain Crosse, the captain of the company at the time, handed this duty over to the ensign to perform, for, if so, I am inclined to think he must have been suffering from mental aberration, for he was an officer who never delegated his duties to his subordinate, whether they were distasteful or otherwise; this, I am able to say, was one of the causes of that officers' well-merited popularity in the 52nd regiment. It was well-known how grieved he was over the matter.

At page 211 our ensign gives particulars of an imaginary case of insubordination, on the part of an old soldier, to our gallant Colonel. He likewise says, "It was the sole instance of insubordination I ever saw in the regiment." I call this one of the most audacious falsehoods among the many in the "book." If such a circumstance ever took place, why does he not give this remarkable old soldier's name as freely as he has given others in his book?—For the simple reason that it is a fabrication, which I can show him at once. He says this old soldier was in the regiment before Colonel Campbell, whose commission as ensign was dated the 13th March 1835. No such man existed in the ranks of the 52nd in 1857. I give a few names of the oldest soldiers in the regiment in the year 1857.

S. Murphy, Ensign, 2nd November 1855, joined 52nd, 1834, from R.H.M. School, Dublin.

No. 902, William Crawley, Bugler, joined 52nd, 1836, from Duke of York School, London.

No. 904, William Carleton, Band, joined 52nd, 1836, from Duke of York School, London.

No. 945, Bugler Robert Hawthorn, V.C., joined 52nd, 1837, from Monaghan.

No. 957, Musician Dempsey, Band, joined 52nd, 1837, from Belturbet.

Every one of those men had four years' boy's service. The band and buglers always had the oldest soldiers in the regiment on account of their boys' service.

He goes on to say, in foot-note "2," page 211, trying to bolster up this lower-deck yarn, "When parade is dismissed, any soldier may speak to the Colonel, but in doing so he must be attended by a non-commissioned officer."

I always understood that if a man wished to speak to his commanding officer, he first had to acquaint his company-sergeant, who took him before the Captain of his company. If the Captain was satisfied with the nature of the case—complaint or otherwise—he (the Captain) would

then bring the man before the Colonel, and not the non-commissioned officer.

Now, what has our ensign to say about this "sole case of insubordination"?

The author tells more than one story about General Nicholson, which is purely imaginary, such as the hanging of the cooks, the General telling him the tiger story, etc.

I yield second to no man, be he officer or otherwise, in admiration for General Nicholson. A few days after his burial, in company with Bugler R. Hawthorn, V.C., and several others, I visited his grave. There were a number of men (principally Sikhs) and a few officers there at the time, in fact, it very much resembled a funeral. I feel thoroughly convinced that there are few men who knew him but will agree with me when I say that the gallant Nicholson died as he had lived—a martyr to duty.

I think I had reason to know him equally as well, perhaps, as Mr. Wilberforce, as I was present with him, every day and night, from the day he took over command of the Delhi Movable Column, till our arrival in camp.

There are several story-tellers who occasionally overshoot the mark, and I think our ensign would take a first class certificate at open competition in that class; for instance, take the tiger story at page 69. From the time we landed on the island in the Ravee, on the 16th July, until the defenders of the gun were disposed of, General Nicholson never spoke one word to our ensign, Mr. W., much less did he tell him the tiger story. (If I were not quite as old in years as our ensign, I was certainly an older soldier, and I reckon I had eyes and ears too as well as our ensign, and I was well able to use both). After the General had a short conversation with Colonel Campbell, he made his way through the long grass over towards the right, a little to the rear, close alongside of Captain Crosse, until the rush was made for the gun. Whether the General spoke to that officer or not during the advance I cannot say; but I can solemnly testify on oath that the General did not turn to his left and go down and talk to Mr. Wilberforce. Such an occurrence could not have taken place without my knowledge, as I suppose every soldier is aware that I could not be many yards from the General, in the field especially.

A bugler to our left rear sounded the "fire," when the General turned and asked me, "What was that"? I said, "It must be one of our buglers that sounded." He sent word to Colonel Campbell at once, that none were to sound but his own bugler (which was myself).

In less than ten minutes from this time D Company and Captain Crosse had the gun. I remember the brigadier then pointing out some

pandies, down under the bank, but whether it was *he* who called out at the time to look out for those mud-larks, or some of the officers, I am uncertain. When they were bandaging up Jim Fair's head, who got a nasty cut at the gun (he was made corporal on Captain Crosse's recommendation for his conduct on this occasion), the Brigadier was told the man's name by an officer—I am not certain who the officer was. Now I cannot find where the tiger story will fit in; perhaps it might have been told him the previous day, when he finished reading the burial service over the man that was not yet dead.

At page 81: Revolutionary song, etc. How a gentleman, who was once a British officer, can so far forget himself as to write such rubbish, is indeed hard for me to understand. No such *song* was ever heard in the regiment, much more sung on the march. If Mr. W. will take the trouble to write and ask Mr. Embury, the bandmaster, and A. White, the bugle-major at the time, and both now alive, he will find that *I* am the individual who wrote the music and accompaniments to all the road songs, as we used to term them.

At page 226, he says the bugle band did not play at mess for two years, etc. This is wrong also; we played at mess in our turn at Jullunder, early in 1858. Let him ask those two men I have named, and they will tell him the same.

At page 174: An account of Peter Duignan's desertion, etc. (the man's name was not Dignum), which, if it were true, would no doubt be humourous reading; but when the writer deliberately states what is false, the humour falls very flat indeed.

This man never deserted; it is also stated he was a malingerer, and was repeatedly flogged for habitual drunkenness! This last statement shows how utterly ignorant our "ensign" is of the Queen's Regulations for the Army, as no soldier, no matter how often convicted of that crime, could be sentenced to corporal punishment by any Military Court whatever. I also contradict the statement of his being a malingerer, and I fancy my contradiction could be endorsed by the captain of his company, now Lieut.-Colonel Crosse, of whom I may add that no officer knew his men better.

Peter Duignan was only flogged once in the regiment, and that once was in Jullunder, in the beginning of 1858, for being drunk on the line of march returning off detachment to join head-quarters from Philour Fort. No man living has a better right to know the manner in which the punishment was inflicted on parade that morning than myself.[1] I wonder at the author writing such outrageous falsehoods as to say the punishments were inflicted by a right and a left-handed man; such a

[1] Bugler Johnson inflicted the punishment.—*Ed.*

thing never was permitted in the 52nd during my time; this is another of his lower-deck yarns. P. Duignan joined the regiment in 1843, or 1844, at which time his father was postmaster at Longford. Peter was fairly educated—as education existed in the ranks before the days of School Boards and certificates—and no doubt would have gained promotion, but for the one drawback. I am not prepared to say that poor Peter joined the 52nd to play the rôle of John the Baptist to Sir Wilfrid Lawson, if so, I must admit he was a failure in that particular line, for, like a good many more of us in India, he felt the want of a strong Local Veto Bill.

As poor Duignan's remains lie mouldering in the churchyard near the Royal Marine Artillery Barracks, Portsmouth, verging on 30 years, the least we might expect from the author is the charity of his silence, if only out of consideration for those of his relatives who may still inhabit this vale of tears. I would take the liberty to remind him of the proverb, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*

At page 18, he says, "There was not a man under five years' service." If he had said that there were 300 who had not five years' service, he would have been much nearer the mark. My own regimental number was 2734, and before the mutiny, the regiment began re-numbering, when the numbers reached 3000. I had not five years' service in the regiment until January 1858, so any person can see at a glance that this is another of his reckless statements.

At page 131, he tells a story about a priest: Well, as to his visiting the men in the camp hospital, and afterwards dining in our officers' mess, I am not in a position to contradict the statement; but as to the latter part of the story, *i.e.*, the general subscription business, I flatly contradict it. In doing so, I can answer for between 50 and 60 men and boys of the band and buglers, as no such subscription could take place without our knowledge.

I may conclude by saying that, of all the books I have ever read, none so thoroughly disappointed me as this, for, when it was advertised previous to publication, I naturally thought it would be a valuable addition to the growing literature of the Indian Mutiny; but I think it were far better for the sacred name of truth that the "Unrecorded Chapter of the Indian Mutiny," by R. G. Wilberforce, Esquire, remained still unrecorded.

MICHAEL JOHNSON,
Late Bugler, 52nd Light Infantry.

Meath School,
Blackrock, co. Dublin.

September, 1895.

The "Historical Record" of the 52nd was published immediately after the Mutiny, and Major Bayley's Reminiscences were printed more than 20 years ago; a perusal of these two books together with Mr. Wilberforce's production will enable anyone desiring fuller information to judge for himself where fact ends and fiction begins.

In conclusion, we give another extract from the *United Service Magazine*:

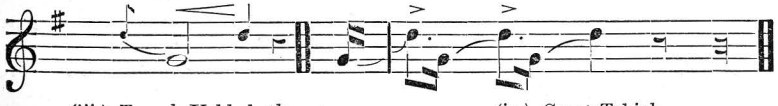
There remains a curious psychological problem as to the genesis of this book. Everyone is familiar with the fact that George IV. believed himself to have led the charge of the Life Guards at Waterloo. Ultimately his conviction on the subject had become so fixed that he was not ashamed, at least after dinner, to say to the Great Duke, who, by the way, both despised and disliked him: "Did I not, Arthur?" "I have heard your Royal Highness say so before," was the well-known rejoinder. The officers of the 52nd are by no means disposed to put their views of this book in that form. "We did not even hear you say this when you were in the regiment," is their reply. Nevertheless they believe that nearly all of it has about as close a connection with history as George IV.'s imaginary charge at Waterloo. Apparently the writer has gone on telling to appreciative audiences camp gossip, of which at each stage he has become more and more prominently himself the hero, until by repetition he has come thoroughly to believe in his own stories.

NOTES ON SOME MILITARY CALLS.

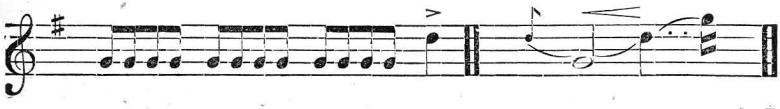
By Captain C. R. Day.

The use of musical instruments, as a means of conveying orders for military purposes, seems to date from very remote times. Probably they were first employed only as an incentive to the courage or the warlike feelings of those who heard them—or possibly to instil terror into the hearts of the enemy. But as time elapsed certain instruments, or even sounds, came to be employed during special movements, or before particular phases of the fight; and so their use gradually began to be construed by the hearers as an equivalent for *vivâ voce* orders. In remote times, it is probable that the Jews made a similar use of trumpets and horns. Jewish historians have handed down the traditional names of these instruments, and the Rabbis even at the present day cause the *shophar*, a curved ram's horn trumpet, to sound certain traditional Calls in the Synagogue. The *shophar* is the trumpet mentioned in various parts of the Old Testament, and is to be distinguished, as a means of conveying signals, from the *khatsotsrah*, which was a straight trumpet used for ceremonial purposes, and called also *keren*. It is somewhat unfortunate that these words should both have been translated alike by "trumpet" in our version of the Bible. As some of the traditional *shophar* calls may be of interest, I give them as now sounded.

(i.) Tekiah. (ii.) Teruah Shebarim.



(iii.) Teruah Yebbaboth. (iv.) Great Tekiah.

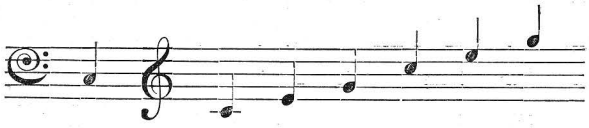


That the Greek and Roman armies made use of Calls is very certain, not only for military but even for naval purposes. Xenophon, the historian, describes how the attack was sounded thus on board the Athenian fleet: the same writer mentions the use of the trumpet during the retreat of the Ten Thousand under Clearchus, which as a military achievement, would be considered wonderful even at the present day. That regular Calls conveying commands, each distinct and easily to be recognised by the hearers, were employed, appears also to be certain; there are even stories of how an enemy was deceived by the device of a wrong Call having been sounded. Foremost amongst these is the account of how Pericles, the General commanding the Athenian forces at the siege of some seaport town, caused a few trumpeters to sound the attack from a wrong quarter. The besieged believing then that a surprise was imminent, hurriedly made a sortie from another gate, and thus allowed Pericles to take possession with ease. A somewhat similar story is told of Alcibiades.

It is, however, in the Roman army that the use of military Calls really developed. In the time of Julius Cæsar, which we may assume to be the period at which the Roman army was at its best, there were three instruments commonly employed: they were the *lituus*, the *tuba* and the *buccina* or *cornu*. Of these the former was in use in the mounted services, the two latter in the infantry: the *tuba*, or straight trumpet, being for ceremonial purposes, while the *buccina* or *cornu* was employed for manœuvring.

The cavalry trumpet—the *lituus*—varied in length, ranging from 2 feet 6 inches to as much as 4 feet 6 inches. In form it was straight as far as the bell, which was turned upwards, somewhat like the bowl of a tobacco pipe in fact. The *tuba* was perfectly straight, and the

buccina or *cornu*, which was curved, tapered very gradually and had a long conical bore. When in use the *buccina* encircled the player's body, the bell resting on his shoulder; a modern circular bass is held in a somewhat similar manner. It is probable that the *cornu*, as it name implies, was first made from a cow s horn, the form being subsequently copied in metal, and altered from time to time until it took the shape described. Various specimens of these instruments in good preservation have been discovered, and from their construction were all evidently well capable of sounding Calls. The compass of the *buccina* was—



most, if not all, of which sounds could be produced with ease. The mouthpieces were carefully made and resembled those of the modern trumpet, the cup was shallow, the rim flattish, and the orifice small: the mouthpieces were usually of metal and not detachable.

Sometimes the *buccina* was strengthened by a stay from the spring of the bell to a point below the mouthpiece. There are two *cornus* now in the British Museum, and, in 1890, at the Royal Military Exhibition, there was to be seen a replica of a larger one found near Naples. From military writers under the Roman Empire we learn that each regiment had its complement of trumpeters, and some of the Calls in common use are described. The historian Polybius (B.C. 204), who, though a Greek, held a cavalry command in the Roman service, informs us that the Reveillé was sounded, also that there was a Call for Guard-mounting. Probably the employment of Calls for manœuvring troops in the field was considerably extended during the centuries

following, for Pollux, writing in the 2nd century of our era, mentions that the trumpet was either straight or curved, and that it was invented by the Tyrrhenians, and was made with a bone mouthpiece. There was also an officer[1] called *buccinator principalis* whose duties were probably somewhat similar to those of our Bugle-Major. Pollox speaks also of Calls for the halt, the advance, and retire, also for encouraging the troops during the fight, and of a special sound for ceremonial or during sacrifices. Vegetius, who wrote a work entitled *An Epitome of Military Institutions* in the time of the Emperor Valentinian, about 390 A.D., gives more detailed accounts of the same nature. We learn that there were then Calls for the attack, or advance, for the halt, and for the retire. The *classicum* was another Call, only sounded when the General was present, or at some high ceremonial parade, or when a soldier was publicly punished. Other Calls were doubtless employed, the uses of which are only hinted at. That the Roman trumpeters sounded their Calls with a peculiar style of their own—just as buglers of English regiments do at the present time—is also certain. Livy tells us how Hannibal the Carthagenian commander, tried to get possession of the town of Tarentum by sending one of his trumpeters to deceive the Roman troops by sounding a Roman Call, but as the style in which this Call was sounded was different, the Roman troops knew immediately that it was not sounded by one of their own trumpeters, and were consequently not deceived by it.

It is somewhat curious to note that the drum does not seem to have been used in the Roman armies for signalling purposes, but only as an adjunct either to in-

[1] On a Latin deed of the sale of a slave A.D. 166, *vide Archæologia*, vol. LIV. p. 435.

crease the noise of battle, or for ceremonial purposes. The use of drums was adopted after Eastern conquests and during the decadence of the Roman Empire.

Passing to more modern times, perhaps the earliest evidence of the use of the trumpet in action is in the 13th century, when the French charge was sounded at the battle of Bouvignes in 1215. From about this time trumpet-calls appear to have been used pretty generally throughout Europe. The earliest Calls in notation which we know of, are contained in Jannequin's *La Bataille*, published at Antwerp in 1545, and Père Mersenne, who wrote in 1635 (*Harmonie Universelle*, Paris), also gives some most interesting Calls in notation. These Calls are of course those in use at the time in the French cavalry. Mersenne gives eleven in all, one of which, the *Charge*, I quote below. The Call is not barred in the original, and I have simply transposed it—

But the drum as well was evidently used in the French service, for the Seigneur de Courbouson, writing in 1610 (*La Milice Françoise*), advocates the use of a drum by each company, and remarks that the French drumming is superior to any other. The use of the drum for signalling purposes appears to have been originally adopted in Italy, for Machiavelli in his *Art of War* (written for Lorenzo de Medici in 1521) states very definitely that the drum was used to make the orders of the officer commanding known to the troops. Probably other European nations adopted this use of the drum from the Italians.

It is probable that in England also the drum was used in the infantry, and the trumpet in the cavalry; for in the *Rules and Ordynances for the Warre*, published for

the French Campaign of 1544, we find some references to trumpet-calls :—

After the watche shall be set, unto the tyme it be discharged in the mornynge, no manner of man make any shouting or blowing of hornes or whisteling or great noyse but if it be trumpettes by a special Commaundement. , . . . Every horseman at the fyrst blaste of the trumpette shall sadle or cause to be sadled his horse, at the seconde to brydell, at the third to leape on his horse backe, to wait on the King or his lorde or Capitayne.

In *A complete System of Camp Discipline* (2nd edition, London, 1757) mention is made of a regulation for garrison duty in 1694, in which certain Calls, *i.e.* Reveillé, Assembly, &c., are beaten by the drummers, and there is a list of the meanings of different drum signals in 1748, then disused. In the many military works published during the 16th century we find either descriptions of, or allusions to, various Calls in use. In Markham's *Five Decades of Epistles of Warre* (London, 1622), the Drum Calls are thus described :—

First in the morning the discharge or breaking up of the *watch*, then a preparation or summons to make them repair to their columns ; then a *beating away* before they begin to march ; then a *march* according to the nature and custom of the country (for in divers countries they have divers marches) then a *charge*, then a *retrait*, then a *troupe*, and lastly a *bataillion* or battery, besides other sounds.

Speaking of trumpet calls, the same writer says :—

The first point of warre is *Butte sella*, clap on your saddles ; *Mounte Cavallo*, mount on horse back ; *Tacquet*, march ; *Carga Carga*, an alarme to charge ; *a la Standardo*, a retrait or retire to your columns ; *Auquet*, to the watch or a discharge for the watch, besides other points as Proclamation, Calls, Summons, all which are most necessary for every souldier both to know and obey.

Elton, who wrote in 1650 (*Complete Body of the Art Military*), goes a little more into detail, and thus describes the duties of a private soldier :—

He must inform himself of all the several beats of the drum, as first of a *Call*, second a *troup*, third a *march*, fourth a *preparative*, fifth a

battle or *charge*, sixth a *retreat*, and also of the *Revally* and the *Tattoo*. By the first he is summoned to hear present proclamation, or else commanded to repair to his colours. Upon the beat of the second he is to advance his armes, and to close in rank and file to the distance of order, and to troup along unto such places and services as he shall be commanded unto. Upon the hearing of the third he is presently to shoulder his armes and to take his distance of six foot in rank, or three foot in file; upon the fourth he is to close both in rank and file unto the fighting distance which is called order, and to press on himself for skirmish. Upon the beat of the next, he is undauntedly to move forward, steping in good order into the place of his fellow souldier that shall hapen to fall down dead before him. Upon the beat of the last he must orderly fall back either for reliefe, or advantage of ground, or other polliticall endes whereby he may draw the enemy into a snare. The first of the remaining two gives warning in the morning for some of the sentinells to fall off, or to be taken in; the latter is used in the night to give notice unto the souldiers or others for then repairing to their severall guards, watches, and lodgings.

During the last century considerable changes were made in the English army owing to foreign influence and association with foreign allies, and there are several orders dating from the times of the Georges, relative to the duties of drummers. By an order of George II. in 1743, "all horse and dragoon grand guards are to sound trumpets and beat drums, at marching from the parade and relieving." When Light Companies were first formed in infantry regiments, they, in common with the rest of the army, used drums, and it was not until about 1790 that they adopted the bugle, the first official mention of which occurs in the *Rules and Regulations for the Formations, Field Exercise, and Movements of His Majesty's Forces*, June 1792.

The bugle in its original form was curved, and in shape exactly like that in the regimental badge. This curved horn, made in metal, was doubtless in general use as early as the 13th century. There are specimens of horns of this date in the possession of the Corporation of Dover and Canterbury; they were called Burgmote

horns and were used for municipal ceremonies. Similar horns were used for military purposes. The "horn" in course of time for portability came to be constructed with a bend like the trumpet, and the bugle with one turn was the eventual result. The bugle in this form remained in use until about 1840, when one with two turns, known as Captain Bridge's bugle, made its appearance and was, after the Crimean war, definitely adopted. The earliest bugles were in C, and the B♭ instruments were not adopted until comparatively recently.

Probably when the bugle was first used for military purposes, each regiment had its own separate Calls, which were arranged according to the fancy of the commanding officer. These Calls were probably borrowed from Continental armies and modified to suit the requirements of our own service.

The first official collection of trumpet and bugle sounds was issued in December 1798, and by an order dated November 1804, these sounds were adopted throughout the army. Unfortunately, I have not been able to procure a copy of this collection of bugle sounds, but a work, now very scarce, entitled *The Bugle Horn Major's Companion*, published in 1815, gives the regulation signals with barrack, field, and other useful sounds for the "movements of light infantry and rifle regiments."

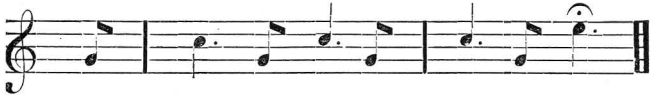
A comparison of this work (and of subsequent English collections of bugle sounds) with Calls used in the army of Piedmont early this century, leads one to suppose that most of our Calls were taken from the Italians, whose light infantry or *Bersaglieri* have from time immemorial been famous. *The Bugle Horn Major's Companion* gives a good many Calls, such as the *Rouse*, *Reveille*, *Dress*, *Assembly*, *Drill*, *Officer's Call*, *Serjeant's Call*, *Bugler's Call*, *Setting of the Watch*, *2nd Post*, &c., which are identical with those now in use.

The Call still used in our 1st Battalion for *Left markers* is found (being called *Form Company*), also the Calls for *Advance*, *Flank*, and *Rear Guards*. The *Form Chain* (our *Chain Order*) is thus given :—

The Reinforce now used by us is almost identical with the *Detach Skirmishers;* and the *Extend*, *Incline*, *Advance*, *Retire*, *Close*, *Quick*, and *Double*, are as now used. Each company had a separate Call, but these consisted of but single or at most two notes.

On the *Detach Skirmishers* being sounded the party ordered for that service marches out the specified number of paces, and forms in skirmish order. On the *Skirmishers may Engage* being sounded by the commanding officer's bugler, the bugler with the skirmishers then sounds to commence firing, if necessary. The same to be observed in the formation of the Chain.

The *Skirmishers may Engage* was :—



To fire in extended order on the spot. So soon as the fire has sounded, the rear rank men take a side step of 10 inches to the right, and both ranks fire alternately in this position, commencing with the front rank, each making ready when he hears the ramrods of the rank which has fired, working.

From the detail given, when the *Incline* was sounded, the men apparently made a whole turn, instead of a half turn, as is now the case. The modern *Wheel* was called *Right Shoulder Forward*, and there was a useful Call, now disused, for *Forward* :—

At the signal to commence fire, immediately followed by the signal to retreat, the front rank fires, goes to the right about, marches in double

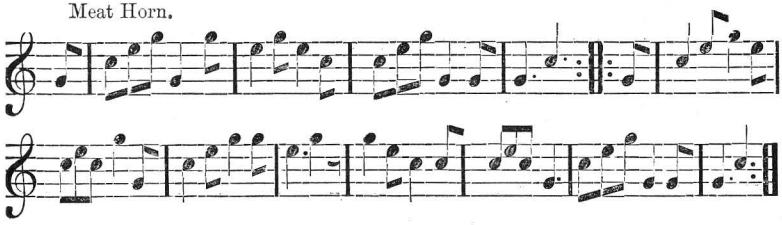
time 24 paces to the rear of the rear rank, fronts and loads: the rear rank hearing the ramrods of the front rank working, makes ready, fires, then faces to the right about, marches in double time 24 paces, and the rear of the front rank parts and loads, in this manner both ranks retire supporting each other.

There were also Calls *Interrogative, Negative, Affirmative*, also Calls for signalling as to what the enemy consisted of, their movements, and even formation. By such means a sort of conversation could be carried on by means of buglers.

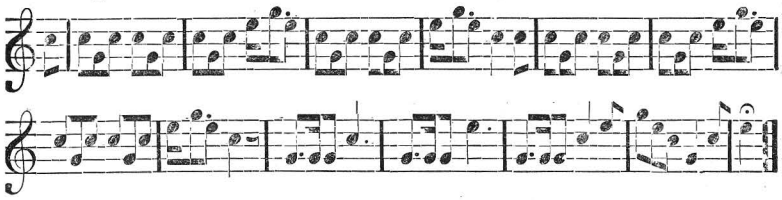
The Bread, Meat, and Vegetable horns (the word *horn* was used, as at the present day) were different from those now employed; they were:—

Bread Horn.

Meat Horn.



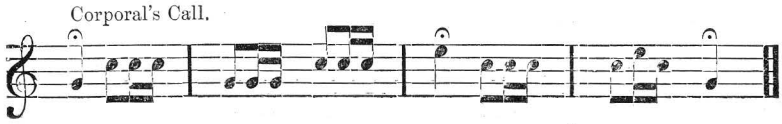
Vegetable Horn.



The *Fatigue* horn was nearly identical with that now used.

The *Corporal's Call* was:—

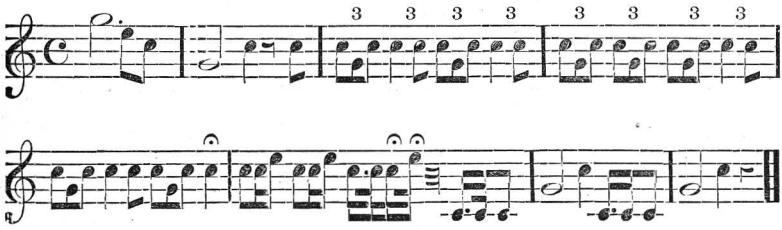
Corporal's Call.



There was apparently no 1*st Dinner* horn, but the 2*nd Dinner* horn was that now used.

The following was the *Officers' Dinner* Call for the whole army :—

and the *Sergeant's Dinner* Call was what is now used generally in the army as the second *Officers' Mess* Call. The 43rd, 52nd, and the Rifle Brigade have, however, a distinctive second *Officers' Mess* Call, *viz.*, the old Light Division Call, used throughout the Peninsular War :—



Curiously enough there is no mention of *Retreat:* neither is any Call of this name found in the official *Infantry Bugle Sounds*, published January, 1860. But in the Trumpet and Bugle Sounds for Mounted Services of January, 1870, the *Retreat* to be sounded on the bugle appears in the form we are accustomed to hear daily. It would be interesting therefore to learn when the practice of sounding retreat with the bugle became officially recognised: it certainly was sounded by drums and fifes, early last century, and in the *Rules and Articles, &c.*, of George I. in 1718, we find "every soldier shall repair to his quarters at the beating or sounding retreat." It is very probable that our present *Retreat* was adopted from Germany, for the identical Call was used in 1821 in the Hanoverian

service. And as the Kings of England, for nearly a century, were also Electors or Kings of Hanover, it is not surprising that other Hanoverian Calls were identical or nearly so with our own. A similar resemblance cannot be traced in those of Prussia, Austria, or Bavaria; and still less in those of France or Belgium.

Again, sounding *Tattoo* appears to be a very old custom, for in Count Mansfield's *Directions of Warre*, published in 1624, mention is made as to how the drummers must "at night beat Tapto before the patrole goe about."

To trace the subject further, however, is beyond the scope of this sketch, the length of which must have already wearied my readers' patience, and those who wish to pursue the subject should refer to such books as Kastner's *Manual de Musique Militaire*, Paris, 1848, as well as to those works to which mention has already been made.

EXTRACTS FROM AN AFRICAN DIARY.

By Major A. B. Thruston.

Before compiling, by request of the editor, these excerpts from the diary of his travels which occupied and amused him for nearly two years, the conscientious writer must not conceal that they are mostly only from a diary *that should have been*, and that although he was well aware that the keeping of a diary is a most delicate point of honour among travellers (especially among those in Africa, who have hitherto never failed in that respect, so that in the event of their being ignorantly mistaken for missionaries by the natives, and of their being hungrily eaten by them, documentary evidence might none the less survive to prove that they were not engaged in the necessarily unpopular profession of improving negro morals), and relying on the dictum that while conversation improved the understanding, solitude was the school of genius, he had hoped that that same inevitable solitude before him would give birth to an hitherto unsuspected literary genius. Still, after a short and illusive gestation, he was reluctantly convinced that his genius was as Queen Mary's baby; and so, recognising the fallibility of human aspirations, he gladly availed himself of the occasion of inaugurating a new era in African travel by not keeping a diary at all.

But this era was not a long-lived one, for the force of official circumstances imposed upon him the necessity of an official diary, and it has been by referring to it that he is enabled, with much diffidence, to offer the following to the favour and candour of the reader:

August 5th, 1893.—About seven o'clock in the evening, while fishing for trout, and while trying to think that I

enjoyed a quiet country life, I received a telegram from the War Office ordering me to leave for Uganda next Friday. To-morrow is Sunday, the next day is Bank Holiday; this leaves me three whole days to make preparations, buy kit, etc.

August 7th.—Started by the night train for London. It being Bank Holiday the train was crowded; many of the people were drunk, and all noisy. At one of the stations where I had to wait there was an impromptu dance to the dreary strains of a melancholy player on a cornet, and I was glad I was bound for a less civilized country.

August 8th, 9th and *10th.*—Busy running about shops and buying kit. Experience afterwards taught me that I had bought everything I did not require, and nothing that I did.

August 11th.—We started on our journey *via* Brindisi.

August 30th.—Zanzibar loomed grey in the morning twilight; then with the rising sun was seen a fairy spectacle of an enchanted island, a graceful outline of palms and mangoes, and the rosy morn behind it.

September 2nd.—We drove out to be presented to the Sultan at one of his country villas. On arrival at the villa we were confronted with the Royal Body Guard, whose appearance was more curious than militarily smart; however, they presented arms to an English word of command, and the band loudly struck up "God Save the Queen" as the Consul-General passed. Then we entered the house and mounted a narrow staircase, standing at the head of which was an Arab gentleman clad in white drawers and a short brocaded gown, and on his head was a white skull-cap, and on his naked feet a pair of handsome sandals. He shook hands with each of his guests, and then conducted them to the verandah,

and it was not till then that it dawned upon me that he was the Sultan Seyyid Hamad. He is a short man, rather stout, about thirty-five years of age, with a bushy black beard and no moustache. Like all Arabs his manners and carriage were extremely dignified. His costume has been mentioned; few European monarchs, I think, thus attired, would have appeared to so much advantage. Indeed, he is one of the few "kings who are fit to be seen."

September 4th.—Sailed for Mombasa.

September 6th.—We were towed up the beautiful harbour to the end of the creek—about six miles. There we pitched our camp while the leader of our caravan was completing his arrangements.

September 10th.—All our porters are now engaged. I read Professor Drummond's description of them: "The fugitives from Justice of every tribe, the scum of every slave gang . . . the despair and the necessity of the traveller . . . for wickedness, ugliness, laziness, squalidness, and stupidness, unsurpassed in any continent in the world." Professor Drummond is a man usually overflowing with cheap sentimentality, so there must be some truth in such a scathing indictment.

The country around is well wooded and park-like rolling land, and the air fine, dry, and bracing, compared to that of Zanzibar.

September 11th.—I rode into a mission village called Rabai to post our letters. On entering the village near the mission station, a picture was seen that might have well illustrated a chapter of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—black men with straw hats and dirty white trousers leaning against door posts, with their hands in their pockets; black maidens wearing cotton handkerchiefs on their heads, and black petticoats concealing their shapely legs, and black bodices their virgin hills; and

little children running to Sunday-school with satchels filled with Sawahili books of devotion.

How have trousers and petticoats become to be regarded as emblems of Christianity ?

September 14th.—The country has become more arid. The tropical coast vegetation has given place to mimosa scrub, and the water is scarce and filthy.

September 16th.—We have crossed the waterless plain and are camping on the side of a mountain in which there is a natural reservoir, which happens to be full, otherwise we should have been compelled to go on another twelve miles to reach water, making the waterless march in all forty-seven miles.

The country is very sparsely inhabited, the scanty population living only on the hills, where there are a few patches of cultivation.

Looking down from the hills there lay at our feet, as it were, a dreary sea of mimosa scrub, brown and monotonous as far as the eye could reach, out of which rose as island peaks here and there a stony mountain.

September 22nd.—We have reached the Tsavo river—a rapid stream of snow water from Kilimanjaro. Its banks are lined with a fringe of Doom palms and other superb and gracious tropical vegetation.

Here the game country begins, and lions, elephant, oryx, water-buck, and such-like come to drink.

This stream is the boundary of the Teita country. The Wa-Teita are of a rich brown colour (something like that of a good cigar), graceful and slight of figure, with comparatively delicate and regular features; they wear next to no clothes but only ornaments. Besides their appearance nothing can be said of them for their good; they are sulky and beast-like.

We stayed in the house of the officer of the East African Company, an elderly "mission boy." His name

was William Marsden (missionaries have a pretty taste in nomenclature). He was a man of affable manners, and skilful in the use of the knife and fork, and dressed in tight white trousers, a helmet, and elastic boots, and might easily have been mistaken for the chief figure in the advertisements of Brooks' soap.

He is a type of the highest product of civilization and Christianity, and he does credit to both; but what he has gained in spiritual light and parlour manners has been at the expense of picturesqueness and simplicity, and the wearing of a cork helmet would seem to indicate that the development of his brain has caused a corresponding thinness of his cranium.

September 26th.—We are now in Ukamba at the seat of an industrial mission at a place called Kibwezi. It is not very successful, and they are compelled to carry free education to such a pitch that children are paid to go to school.

The Wa-Kamba are a large and rapidly increasing nation. Their religion is fetish worship in part, but on the main they are materialistic atheists. Their morals are said to be good, and intrigue and seduction are rare. They are polygamous, and each man marries as many wives as he can afford to buy at about fifty goats per woman. They practice both circumcision and excision. How this originated is not known, but it is probably done for some notion of fetish. In common with most of the East African tribes, they do not bury their dead, but place them out in the forest to be eaten by hyænas. In appearance they are similar to the Wa-Teita. They wear no clothing except an occasional goat skin, but numerous beads and brass and iron ornaments; but in these parts the less there is of clothing the more there is of morality, and perhaps the same rule applies all the world over, and possibly to manners as well as morals.

We are now 3,000 feet above the sea, and the nature of the country is much improved. The water supply is better, and the vegetation less monotonous.

The temperature is about 90° F. at noon, but the air is dry and bracing.

September 29th.—Game of all sorts is much more numerous, and we have seen large herds of zebra and harte-beeste.

October 2nd.—We are now 4,000 feet above the sea, and the country is extremely pleasing. It is well timbered, well watered, and comparatively thickly populated, and the hills and wooded valley give it a very picturesque appearance.

October 7th.—We have entered the Athi Plains—a broad grassy savannah extending as far as the eye can reach. These plains abound in game and afford a sight probably unrivalled in the whole world. Looking around us from a distance of a hundred yards, and stretching away into the horizon, we see scattered in vast profusion many species of antelope, large and small, harte-beeste, various kinds of buck, herds of zebra and of gnu, frequent rhinoceroses and ostriches, traces of elephants, lions, and leopards, and occasionally lions themselves sleeping on a rocky mound or stalking through the grass. Not long since buffalo and eland abounded, but now they are very scarce, having mostly died of an epidemic of anthrax.

To a lover of nature, the sight presented by these plains is a continual delight, and a delight I think somewhat enhanced by the absence of any desire to slay or to disturb the harmony of the scene.

October 9th.—Looking ahead, the country for miles is swarming with gnu; the grass is cropped short, and there must be literally tens of thousands of them. As we came up a portion of the herd stampeded, and with a thunder-

ing noise they charged past us at a distance of about fifty yards in a column of about fifty abreast.

To give some idea as to their numbers, that portion of the herd took over half-an-hour to pass.

A fine view was obtained of Kilimanjaro, 100 miles away.

October 10*th*.—We reached Kikuyu, where the East African Company has a station. It is a lovely district, 7,000 feet high, with an European climate; in fact, at this time of the year the daily maximum and minimum is 75° F. and 50° F. The sun, of course, is powerful when it shines, but on a cloudy day one might think oneself in England.

The forest has been greatly cut down, but the tracts which remain are of magnificent timber and of great natural beauty.

October 15*th*.—After a rest of four days spent in collecting food for the twenty-two foodless days in front of us, we again resumed our march.

The East African Company's officers had not succeeded in gaining the confidence of the Wa-Kikuyu, and the fort was in a semi state of siege; so the caravan had to keep well closed up, as any stragglers would probably have fallen into the hands of the unfriendly natives.

October 16*th*.—We descended 1,000 feet from the Kikuyu Plateau into the "meridional drift." This is a large volcanic valley about thirty miles broad and a hundred long, in which there is a series of lakes. The soil is poor and covered with grass, and game is therefore abundant.

Our journey will be along this valley for the next six days.

October 17*th*.—Our daily routine varies very little, and is usually as follows:—

At 4.30 a.m. the first drum is beaten, and the porters

strike their tents. The traveller gets out of his bed, if he has one (mine had long since been broken and thrown away), and without even an apology for a wash (I speak for my fellow travellers as well as for myself) gets into his clothes and ties up his kit.

At 5 a.m. the second drum is beaten, the porters strike and pack up the travellers' tents, who themselves swallow tea and milkless porridge. Such a performance at such an hour would be impossible in England, but in Africa there is no difficulty about it.

At 5.15 a.m. the last drum is beaten and the head of the caravan moves off, and by 5.30 a.m. the camp is deserted by men and the hyænas have a look in.

The rate of marching is about two-and-a-half miles per hour, and as the marches average about twelve-and-a-half miles each, the camping-ground is reached between ten and eleven o'clock.

There is invariably a heavy dew on the grass until about nine o'clock, so one is thoroughly soaked up to the waist.

Half-an-hour or so is spent after arrival in pitching tents and untying kits, during which the "cook-boys" (every servant is a "boy" irrespective of his age, as in India) prepare tea.

The tea is followed by a wipe down, wash, and a rest, and about 12.30 luncheon and more tea is ready.

The afternoon is spent in doing nothing till about 4.30, when the inevitable and necessary tea is again prepared, after which the party disperses; some go shooting, others for a walk, or they amuse themselves as best they can.

Six in the evening is the hour for the hot tub, after which (I speak only for myself) the traveller puts on his night garments and great coat, and at seven o'clock is dinner, consisting of goat, sweet potatoes, unleavened millet "chapatties," and, of course, the indispensable tea.

At these high altitudes it is too cold to sit out of doors after sunset, so at about half-past eight every one goes to bed.

October 24th.—We leave the valley and begin to ascend the Masu or western plateau. Its sides are covered with forest, some of it real Stanley's "Darkest Africa" forest, but the glades, brooks, and vegetation are very pleasing. Tracts of elephants are very numerous.

October 30th.—We are now 9,000 feet above the sea, and the country is one of rolling downs with occasional patches of forest and bamboo. The sun is hot, but the wind biting, and the poor naked porters suffer greatly. The nights are very cold, and though I sleep in my clothes and military great coat, I am none too warm.

November 5th.—We have descended to an altitude of 4,500 feet, and are now entering Kavirondo, and to-morrow we shall again be in a land of food and people.

The country through which we have marched the last twenty-two days was recently occupied by many nomad clans of lawless Masai—a pastoral people and owners of large herds of cattle, donkeys, and goats; but an epidemic has killed all their cattle, so more than half of the people died of starvation, others have migrated, and small-pox has nearly finished off the rest.

The few who remain, having no cattle and being too lazy to cultivate the ground, live by exploiting the cultivation of their neighbours.

November 7th.—Kavirondo is a rolling country with a fertile soil and comparatively dense population. In former times it must have been really so, for the few patches of grand forest which survive must be the remnant of one that covered the whole country, and which has been cut down to make room for cultivation, but now fire-wood is so scarce that it has to be bought.

The Wa-Kavirondo are the most primitive race we have met. They are physically fine—both men and women being tall and well-proportioned. They are absolutely innocent of all clothing or ornament; not a rag, string, bracelet, or bead is to be seen; old and young, matrons and maids, they walk about in the state in which they were born.

They have, or pretend to have, great curiosity as to the nature of the white man, and they appeared rather hurt at our refusing to constitute ourselves into a raree-show. Former travellers, I believe, have condescended to pull off their boots to show that they really have toes, to let the black man hear the ticking of their watches, to light cigarettes with a burning-glass, and in other ignominious ways to demonstrate their own supernatural superiority.

But though it is humiliating, I believe that it is true, that the indigenous African correlates a white skin with leprosy or some other loathsome disease, and so far from regarding us with envy and admiration, do so with disgust and fear. Indeed, the generic term in Africa for a white man is not "homo sapiens," but "mazungo," which means "a wonderful and horrible thing." From an æsthetic point of view they are probably right, and a white skin is a misfortune. Imagine our walking down Piccadilly in Wa-Kavirondo costume.

November 10th.—At last we have reached the long expected Victoria Nyanza. The first sight of it was somewhat disappointing. I had hoped that after breasting the last hill, we should have come upon a scene of grandeur—a broad expanse of blue sea stretching away till lost in the misty horizon—but instead of that we saw a narrow gulf with a number of islands at its mouth, and these masked the open sea. The shores are well wooded low hills; the lie of the

land is pretty, and the vegetation of the usual tropical character.

At first the vegetation pleases by reason of its novelty and its immense luxuriance, but after awhile it begins to pall, perhaps from the monotony of its colour. In England the woods are of many and varied greens, but in Africa only of different shades of one green, and that dark and dull.

Here our land journey of 710 miles ends, and we shall finish the remaining 120 by water.

November 11th.—The canoes came round in the morning. They are made of wooden boards stitched together, and are propelled by twenty paddles, the men sitting two abreast, and when they like they can go about six miles an hour, but they never go more than twenty miles a day.

The crew are Wa-Soga, the inhabitants of the country bordering the north-east corner of the lake. They are extremely repulsive in appearance and in smell; profuse also in perspiration, but songful and merry.

I am sandwiched in between two of them; one is a leper, and the other is troubled by *pediculi* (I have had them myself and know them well). The amenities of the journey are further heightened by the strength of the sun and its refraction from the water which is almost overpowering.

Islands shut out the view to sea the whole way, but they and the gulfs and bays, though deficient of anything approaching to grandeur, have a certain beauty.

November 13th.—At the outlet of the Nile from the lake we arrive at the first of the English stations. This is the spot where Bishop Hannington was murdered by Lubwa, the local chieftain, who was acting on the orders of Mwango, the King of Uganda.

Lubwa came to pay his respects; he is a tall dignified old man, and he made me a present of some coffee.

November 17*th*.—We arrive at Kampala. This is the name of the hill on which our fort (formerly the head-quarters of the East African Company) is built. It is one of the three hills which are grandiloquently termed the capital by the missionaries; the other two being Mengo, where the present King Mwanga lives, and Rubaga, where his predecessor died and is buried. Maps use these three names indiscriminately in describing the chief place in Uganda.

The "capital" is not a town at all, but only a very densely populated district, and can only be described as being a capital in that it is the residence of the king, and that the chiefs of the provinces have their, as it were, town houses there in order to attend the court and school. The amusements of the Rubaga season consist chiefly in learning to read and write, going to church, touting for old clothes, quarrelling with their neighbours, gossip, intrigue, and drinking.

November 18*th*.—Walked to Entebbi, the new seat of the British Government. It is twenty-one miles from Kampala, and was selected by Sir G. Portal as being a salubrious hill overlooking the lake, and from its distance from Mengo as being a suitable station for the bulk of the troops to be stationed.

The arrival at Entebbi brought my journey to an end, and as afterwards I was fully occupied in my military duties, to which travel necessarily became only incidental, I will now for the most part omit to give excerpts from my diary, and will confine myself to a few remarks on the country and its people.

As for Uganda, it is in the shape of a half-moon, and it borders the north shore of Lake Victoria. It is about ten thousand square miles in area, and has a much diminished and unevenly distributed population of about four hundred thousand. The greater part of the country

is composed of low hills, on their tops coarse grass, on their slopes banana plantations and small gardens of sweet potatoes, sesame, and indian corn (where the land has gone out of cultivation there is tall elephant grass), and in the valleys almost stagnant papyrus swamps.

The jungle is thin and shadeless, except in the valleys, where some of the timber is immense. A feature of the swampy lands is the wild date-palm (*phœnix paludosa*), which is much used by the Waganda for building purposes.

The soil is very fertile, and nearly every vegetable and cereal can flourish. Small quantities of wheat and rice and coffee, which last is indigenous, are grown for sale to British officials, and to chiefs who think it *chic* to affect European tastes, but the mass of the population prefer bananas, and eat next to nothing else.

The people are handsome and well mannered, extremely clever and imitative, cheerful and engaging, but they are a lazy good-for-nothing lot, and, of course, cruel and quarrelsome.

Internecine warfare and missionary enterprise have reduced the population to a quarter of their original numbers. In troublous times among all African tribes the population always decreases, not so much on account of an abnormal death-rate, as from the natural decrease caused by the absence of increase, for then the women refuse to bear children, and surely and safely effect their purpose by merely eating the seeds of the *papye* fruit. In Uganda the low birth-rate may be assisted by the unbridled licentiousness of the women.

The system of government is feudal. There is a king and a minister, and the country is divided into provinces, over each of which there is a chief (English missionaries carry their aristocratic predilections so far as to call them earls), not necessarily hereditary, but appointed

for life by the king. Under these chiefs are lesser chiefs, and "so on *ad infinitum*." There is a class of peasant proprietors, but the remainder of the native population are serfs. There are also a large number of slaves captured in raids from neighbouring tribes.

The Court has a somewhat complicated system of precedence and etiquette, and there are various high officials in constant attendance. They bear high sounding titles, but, like the Byzantine sebastocrators and protocrators, having no regular functions, their lives are useless, and their authority precarious. One of them is the "Lord High Keeper of the Navel Cord," but grand as it is, it is a misnomer as regards the present holder of the dignity, as his predecessor had been disgraced and dismissed from office for losing his precious charge.

Mwanga, the king, is as disreputable a character as one could possibly conceive. Of his more scandalous conduct I will not speak, but quite recently, after the manner of Elagabalus, he used to perform nameless orgies at his levees, to the envy and admiration of his Court.

Though still under thirty, he is not expected to live long, and will be succeeded by his nephew Ramadan, a little Muslim boy about twelve years old. His death would be very desirable, as Ramadan is being brought up under the eye of the Commissioner, and being a Muslim, will have an impartial contempt for both the so-called Protestant and Catholic parties, and his own co-religionists are not sufficiently numerous to disturb the equilibrium.

Unyoro is the country lying between Uganda and the Albert Nyanza, and is bounded on the north and south by the Nile and Semliki Valley. This formed the military district of which I was in charge. The general

features of the country are similar to those of Uganda, but it is less hilly, and owing to that and a somewhat greater rainfall the land is more fertile.

The system of government is not unlike that of Uganda, but more crude. Such civilization as there is has come from half-caste and rascally Arab slave-traders, so, unlike as in Uganda where missionary enterprise, though it has, perhaps, through the sectarian jealousy of the teachers, most scandalously failed to prevent bloodshed and civil war, has nevertheless taught the leaders of the people the virtues of mercy and justice, and has weaned them from their rude and debasing superstition, in Unyoro, arbitrary and bloody despotism, philosophical contempt for the life of others, and wicked and murderous rites of witchcraft are still supreme. The country at present is little better than a pandemonium, and with the small force at present at our disposal, and the impossibility of increasing it owing to the difficulties of transport and supply from the coast, its pacification and regeneration must be slow; but it is to be hoped that there is a good time coming.

The climate is very unhealthy, and twenty-five per cent. of the troops were invariably on the sick list.

European colonization of these countries is out of the question. Their only hope lies in either the introduction in great numbers of native colonists from India who will be industrious and thrifty, which the indigenous population never will nor can be under present conditions; or else the extinction of the elephant. Uganda notables have acquired a high standard of comfort and a love of European goods and luxuries. To buy these, at present, they have only to send out to kill an elephant or two, whereas were there no elephants to kill, they would be compelled to cultivate some acres of marketable produce; but even in such a case, owing to the inevitable weaken-

ing of their feudal system which will result from our administration, it is doubtful whether they could command sufficient labour for the purpose.

India is, I believe, as over populated as these countries are certainly under populated. A season of scarcity in India, with an efficient emigration office at Bombay, and the completion of the Uganda railway, would, I think, be a benefit to both our dependencies.

The scenery of Uganda, except in the immediate vicinity of Lake Victoria, is extremely confined and monotonous. Unyoro is less so, while the Albert Nyanza, especially on its western shore, is incomparable in beauty of contour and of colour (so rare in Africa), in luxuriance of vegetation, loftiness of scenery, and variety and magnificence of its cloud effects; but leaving the lake and following the Nile the charm is soon lost, and the river flows through a grassy and rolling country, sparsely wooded, poor of soil, devoid of cultivation, and scanty of population; in truth, Wadelai, the farthest point I reached, is the most unattractive of the many unattractive places whither the force of circumstances has compelled me.

The inhabitants of the mountainous western shore, and as far down as Wadelai, are a negroid race—the Lurs. They are barbarous and primitive, and as wild as hares, but light-hearted withal and amiable.

May 3rd, 1894.—We are on the march across the horn of land between the White and the Victoria Niles. Seven giraffes trot down to see who we are, and standing within a hundred yards of us, crane their necks and superciliously examine us. After satisfying their curiosity they trot away again.

December 28th.—Kabarega sent an emissary to ask for peace. I gave him three months' truce pending negotiations. My work is now ended.

January 8th, 1895.—Left Unyoro for Uganda homeward bound.

January 22nd.—I leave Entebbi.

February 28th.—I reached Kikuyu to-day. With light loads and their noses towards the stable, the porters march well, and we average seventeen miles a day.

This district is now quite peaceful. A colony of about a thousand Masai has been planted here, and their mere presence is sufficient to keep the Wa-Kikuyu in order. They live by the complaisance of their wives towards passing caravans.

March 19th.—I reach Mombasa.

April 27th.—In England again. "There is no place like home," and I intend to stay there.

Inveni portum : spes et fortuna valete :
Sat me ludistis : ludite nunc alios.[1]

You won't catch me going to Africa again.

April 28th.—The advantages of residence in England are perhaps somewhat over-rated. The climate is vile; the natives are "yahoos," dirty in their persons, rude in their manners; their restrictions are tedious, and their conventionalities artificial and insufferable, and their costume uncomfortable and inartistic. I have written to the Foreign Office to say that should my services ever be again required in Africa, I should be much honoured in placing them at its disposal.

In the above I have endeavoured only to give some slight impressions of the countries and peoples that I saw, and as far as possible to avoid any personal experiences; but I am unwilling to omit all reference to

[1] Epitaph on Petrarch's tomb.

the soldiers whom I was fortunate enough to command. They were negroid Soudanese—troops who had served under Baker and Gordon, and who had remained in the country after Emin Pasha's abdication of his duties. Possibly they are not heroes, but heroes are not required; but in endurance, subordination, patience and cheerfulness, they are a model to be imitated and admired by every army in the world. They would march twenty miles a day or more through long tangled grass reaching over their heads, through swamps and jungle, and at the end go foraging sometimes for miles to fetch food. Crime and punishment were almost unknown; during the fifteen months I commanded the regiment, I only filled three sides of the sheet of paper I kept as a defaulters' book. They worked at parade, at agriculture, or at house-building, from sunrise to sunset with only an hour's rest, and that cheerfully and well for their monthly pay of four shillings' worth of white calico. It is my one ambition to have the pleasure of commanding them again.

Personally I have come out safe and sound, have never had a day's illness, have thoroughly enjoyed the trip, was as happy as a Londoner on a Bank holiday, and have been more than amply rewarded for any wear and tear of shoe-leather or tissue; but not all have been so fortunate. Of my comrades, Dunning and Purkiss are dead; several have been invalided, and Forster, my friend and colleague in Unyoro, in bad health, with small emoluments or hope of official advancement, is now doing good work and cheerfully risking his life in performing his duty for the love of it.

But they have not worked in vain; to them are addressed the magnificent words of Carlyle—the words of one of the glories of the world: "My friends, all speech, rumour, is short-lived, foolish, and untrue. Genuine

work alone; what you do faithfully, that is ETERNAL. Let fame and the rest of it go prating."

Eyes do regard you
In Eternity's stillness;
Here is all fullness,
Ye brave, to reward you,
Work and despair not.—*Goethe.*

Notes by the Editor.

THE foregoing pages, containing as they do an account of a residence of nearly two years in a new country, fail to convey to the reader an adequate idea of the nature of the service on which Major Thruston was employed. The reason is obvious—Major Thruston in a Regimental publication could not well be his own trumpeter. That he has hidden his light under a bushel is vouched for by the fact that, since his return to England, he has received the medal for East Africa and the Order of the Brilliant Star of Zanzibar, and has been promoted to a Brevet-Majority. But if the honours bestowed upon him be not sufficient proof of his good work in Uganda, the following notes culled from the Blue Book[1] on the subject will show that a 43rd Officer has played no mean part in the early history of England's latest African Protectorate.

The first mention of Major (then Captain) Thruston's name occurs in a despatch from Colonel Colvile,[2] dated Kibiro, Albert Nyanza, February 5th, 1894. From it we learn that Captain Thruston and his Soudanese troops,

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[1] *Papers relating to Uganda* (Africa, No. 7, 1895). Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty.

[2] Now Colonel Sir H. E. Colvile, K.C.M.G., C.B., Grenadier Guards.

at the time of the invasion of Unyoro under Colonel Colvile, accompanied Major Owen in an attempt to surprise the chief Kabarega on the 11th January; the surprise failed, and a second attempt was made ten days later. On the 23rd January, near Katulla Island, the little force was attacked by a considerable number of the enemy. Major Owen in his report says:—

> They had managed to creep up unseen in the long grass, and were nearly successful in effecting a surprise. The Askaris rushed at them with commendable dash, Captain Thruston and myself being then on the bank of the river, and, though taken unawares, proved themselves equal to the occasion. So quick were they to retaliate—and it was just as well it was so—that it required the promptest action on the part of the officers to bring them quickly into disciplined formation. This was effected with praiseworthy promptness by Captain Thruston. Matters were in doubt for a few minutes, as the enemy were evidently aware of the advantage they had gained, and were in large numbers. They were beaten back, and once turned they were soon beyond our reach.

Two days later, while Major Owen was away from camp with half a company, Captain Thruston's party was attacked by a large force of the enemy, who were however driven off with the loss of ten of their men killed.

At Kitanwa, on the 5th February, a working party was driven in by Wanyoro to the south of the camp. Captain Thruston and Lieut. Villiers at once supported the working party, and drove off the enemy, inflicting slight loss.

Captain MacDonald's report on the Unyoro Expedition of February 1894, under Colonel Colvile, contains an account of several small skirmishes in which Captain Thruston and his troops played a leading part.

On the departure of Colonel Colvile and the Waganda Contingent from Unyoro, Captain Thruston was left in charge of the country. So, during the spring of 1894, he had his hands full with the Unyoro Field Force, and

we cannot do better than give the Blue Book account of the operations :—

Colonel Colvile to the Consul-General at Zanzibar.

Uganda,
June 6th, 1894.

SIR,

I HAVE the honour to forward a letter from the Officer Commanding in Unyoro, together with an extract from the summary of the diary of the Unyoro Field Force, describing Captain Thruston's brilliant capture of Masaga Mkuru. I consider that Captain Thruston and the officers, non-commissioned officers, and men who took part in the assault deserve the highest credit for their performance, which is rendered the more praiseworthy, under the circumstances described, by the fact that only about a quarter of them are armed with bayonets.

Masaga Mkuru is one of a class of mountains rare in these regions, although common in South Africa, where Majuba and Thaba Bosigo in Basutoland are well-known examples, and has hitherto been considered impregnable. Its capture, therefore, besides freeing the high road to the Albert Lake of troublesome neighbours, will, without doubt, add very considerably to the respect in which our soldiers are held.

I have the honour to be, etc.,
H. E. COLVILE.

Captain Thruston to Colonel Colvile.

Fort Hoima, Unyoro,
May 25th, 1894.

SIR,

I HAVE the honour to inform you that, although the road to Uganda has at all times been safe for small parties of armed men, the approach of the monthly caravan with supplies has proved too great a temptation for the Wanyoro, who were encamped in some numbers at Masaga Mkuru, and that consequently it had met with considerable opposition on the last two occasions.

The successful capture of that stronghold on the 20th instant, and the severe lesson inflicted on the Wanyoro, will, it is hoped, have the effect of removing the only obstacle to the absolute security of the road, and have some influence on the pacification of the country.

There is now a large colony of friendly Wanyoro around Kitanwa, and a few at Kibire. The probable reason for the absence of a similar state of affairs here and at Baranwa, is that these forts are situated in the district inhabited by Kabarega's so-called standing army, who would necessarily be slower to throw off their allegiance.

Kabarega himself is reported to be a fugitive in the Langu country, and his attempt to induce those tribes to assist him against us, has, as was anticipated, been ineffectual.

I have the honour, etc.,
A. B. THRUSTON, Captain,
Commandant in Unyoro.

Extracts from the Summary of the Diary of the Unyoro Field Force.

ON the 20th May, with a view to putting an end to the vexatious interference with caravans from Uganda, Captain Thruston started at daybreak with No. 4 Company and Sheikh Amara's irregulars for Masaga Mkuru. The foot of the mountain was reached at 1 p.m., and was found to be surrounded by a large settlement of semi-permanent houses, while the summit, on which was a large standing camp, was crowned with a mass of Wanyoro, who watched the approach of the force in silence.

Masaga Mkuru is a steep table mount, rising out of the plain to the height of 1,000 feet; its upper slopes are very precipitous, and almost inaccessible, and are ascended by two zig-zag paths.

Sending the irregulars and two sections under cover of the surrounding bush, each to one side of the hill, with instructions to cut off the retreat of the Wanyoro, Captain Thruston with half the company commenced the ascent on the side which one of the paths followed.

After a few minutes the attacking party was greeted with an avalanche of stones, and this was kept up until the summit was carried. These stones were fortunately of soft sandstone, and broke up before the high velocity which they attained made any attempt to avoid them useless.

After about two-thirds of the ascent had been accomplished the Wanyoro began a heavy fire; but their firing, as usual, was high and harmless; but had it not been for the very loose formation adopted the losses from stones must have been very considerable to the assailants; as it was everyone was more or less knocked about, and one man had his arm broken, and two others received internal injuries.

The ascent was necessarily very slow, and took about three-quarters of an hour, and towards the end the men were compelled to climb on their hands and knees; and as the Wanyoro kept under cover of a rough stone parapet, any attempt to dislodge them by fire would have been useless.

When within a few yards of the summit a halt was made to take breath, form a better line, and allow the short-winded to come up; then the bugle sounded the charge, and the men, cheering loudly, advanced with a rush through the spears and stones and reached the top.

The Wanyoro, who had apparently never imagined that the heights could be carried, were completely disorganised by this charge, and over fifty were killed.

The remainder with marvellous activity bounded down the hill-sides, and afterwards suffered some further loss at the hands of the two sections and the irregulars who were waiting for them.

Among the killed was one of Kabarega's sons, who had arrived a few days previously, and Yabaswezi's second in command. Yabaswezi himself was the first to run away, and escaped.

The Wanyoro in standing to meet us, appear to have been actuated by a misplaced confidence in the impregnability of their position, and in the small numbers of their assailants; and although they had ample notice of the approaching attack, they had made no attempt to remove their women, flocks, and household goods.

Masaga Mkuru is doubtless a strong position, and if resolutely defended might be almost impregnable, but in this instance the Wanyoro made no attempt at resistance after once the summit had been carried. In previous wars with the Waganda this position had always been held to be unassailable and had never been attacked.

In this affair the soldiers behaved admirably, and were well led by their company officers.

After a short rest the company returned to Ahmed Ali's camp at Balera, which was reached at 7 p.m.

A. B. THRUSTON, Captain,
Commandant in Unyoro.

Fort Hoima, May 26th, 1894.

During the next few months Captain Thruston was continually on the move with the Unyoro Field Force, and a succession of small skirmishes took place with the enemy. Patrols scoured the whole of the district round Hoima, and Captain Thruston himself visited Wadelai.

The following will give an idea of the work of the Field Force:—

Extracts from the Summary of the Unyoro Field Force Diary.

ON the 18th August Kabarega despatched all his available followers under Majasi, his eldest son, and Ireyta and Rabadungo, and some other chiefs to Mapala, to there concentrate all the other chiefs and followers in the district, and when the mobilization was complete to attack our fort at Hoima.

This force reached the neighbourhood of Mapala on the 22nd, and the mobilization was completed by the 25th, when Yabaswezi from Mizranduro, and contingents from Butema and Balera joined the force.

Our information was very imperfect, and the first sign of the presence of a hostile force in the neighbourhood was the appearance of a crowd of Wanyoro on the top of Mapala Hill to reconnoitre the fort.

In the evening a patrol was sent out, which reported the existence of three large camps near the site of Kabarega's former village.

On the morning of the 27th a party was despatched to watch them, and I made arrangements for a night march, to attack them before dawn on the 28th. However, the party returned at 9 a.m., and reported that the Wanyoro had struck camp and were marching on the fort.

The troops immediately fell in, and leaving half-a-company, the Swahilis, and the sick under Doctor Moffat, I marched out at 9.30 a.m. to meet them with a company-and-a-half and Amara's irregulars and the Waganda Muslim Colony. At a distance of about a mile-and-a-half from the camp the Wanyoro were first encountered, drawn up in line and concealed in the long grass on the ridge in front of the first affluent of the Hoima River.

Behind the ravine was an immense crowd of spearmen, and Majasi, carried on a man's shoulders, with his standard-bearer, and surrounded by his body-guards, was borne up and down the line watching the event affairs would take, while a large crowd on the top of Mapala Hill was similarly engaged.

A heavy fire was at once opened from both sides, but from theirs with little or no effect, at a distance of about 100 yards, and it continued for some time, the Wanyoro making a better stand than would have been expected ; however, they were steadily driven back to the edge of the ravine, which they crossed, and forming up on the other side continued their firing.

Leaving one company on the edge of the ravine to keep the Wanyoro engaged by their firing, I then, making a short *détour*, led the remaining half-company across the ford and attacked them on the flank.

This movement succeeded, and rolled up the Wanyoro, who then split up into large groups and retired into the long grass towards Mapala Hill, and continued slowly to retreat, being hard pressed by the half-company.

The other company then crossed the stream, and moving to the direction in which the Wanyoro were retiring, attempted to cut off their retreat ; this movement, however, was only partially successful, as many of the Wanyoro on perceiving it turned and ran ; but the majority remained

in groups in the grass, and were turned out group by group by volley-firing from the soldiers. Their loss at the time was very considerable, the position of each group being afterwards shown by numbers of killed, varying from ten to thirty in each group; but this did not last long, as the Wanyoro, seeing that the game was up, turned and ran, dividing into two portions, the smaller of which made off in the direction of Balera, and the larger in that of their camp under Nyamira. Here, being pressed by us, they divided again, and one party ran up over Mapala Hill and the other over Nyamira. We followed after them, but on reaching the summits they had all disappeared.

The affair from first to last shot lasted about two hours; our firing, although certainly unsteady, was, considering the nature of the ground and the difficulty of maintaining any sort of control in long grass, where an officer is only visible to his immediate neighbours, not altogether unsatisfactory; 3,000 rounds, or about twenty-five rounds per man, were expended. The Wanyoro killed must have been over 200, and all gun-men, as few, if any, of the spearmen took part in the action. From the statement of a Soudanese deserter, who has given a list of the chiefs engaged, and the number of their gun-men, the Wanyoro force consisted of 750 guns, and this is borne out by the size of their camps, which number over 1,000 huts. Their force was also augmented by contingents of Waganda, Mangamwezi, and Manuyema, and this may account for their over confidence and their taking the initiative in hostilities. The Langus contingent, however, on seeing the fort and the clear ground around it, deserted on the previous day.

Among the captured guns were four rifles, which were identified by the deserter as the property of chiefs who had fallen, and Majasi himself had a narrow escape, being compelled to jump hurriedly from his bearer's shoulders and run into the long grass. His and Treyta's standards were captured.

Our loss was fortunately small; casualties, only eight men wounded, of whom only three are serious cases.

A patrol was sent out to-day to reconnoitre the Mapala district, and have reported that it is quite free from Wanyoro, though they yesterday sent back a party to recover the bodies of chiefs, and to throw those of the remaining killed into the stream.

A. B. THRUSTON, Captain,
Commandant in Unyoro.

Hoima, August 28th, 1894.

Meanwhile, however, the effects of hard work and climate had commenced to tell on Captain Thruston, who, at the end of July, had been forced to apply to be

relieved of his duties. In forwarding the application, Colonel Colvile wrote:—

Captain Thruston is such a remarkably energetic officer, and so devoted to his work that I feel sure he would not have expressed a wish for relief without good reason.

Captain Thruston's duties have been exceptionally arduous, and I have little doubt that the strain is beginning to tell on him. I therefore beg that an officer may be sent to relieve him. He is, however, an officer of great value to this country, and I would suggest that on his arrival at the coast he be asked to return after a period of leave.

In spite of this application force of circumstances compelled Captain Thruston to remain with the Unyoro Field Force until the spring of the present year (1895), the intervening months being spent in incessant patrolling and skirmishes with the enemy.

Expedition to Machudi.

TAKING advantage of the temporary increase in the strength of the troops in Unyoro by the arrival of No. 3 Company, which had come to relieve No. 1 Company, on the 8th November I started with these two companies and No. 4 Company for Machudi, on the Somerset Nile, whither Kabarega had retired after having been driven out of Umruli by Captain Gibb last March. The whole force numbered 237 rifles, and only the sick were left behind.

Making three marches of 23, 20, and 35 miles respectively, I arrived at Machudi at half-past two on the morning of the 11th. The moon was by that time low, and the sky had clouded over and it was nearly dark; but the Wanyoro were fast asleep. For a few minutes we crept silently among the houses, searching for that of Kabarega, with the hope of surrounding it and taking him alive. But soon the watch-dogs began to bark and the cattle to low, and someone came out to see what the matter was; he saw us and fired, and in a minute we were surrounded by a horde of Wanyoro firing wildly in the dark and shrieking to their women to run. But we hustled them through at the double, and in ten minutes all was over.

Kabarega had fled, leaving behind him his cattle, his clothing, his ammunition, his ivory, cloth, and household goods, and the superstitiously venerated insignia of his office.

Shortly afterwards a fire broke out, probably started by our irregulars, and his powder-magazine and ammunition-store exploded; half the large and straggling town was burnt, and probably much valuable pro-

perty was destroyed, but over 300 head of cattle and 2,000 rupees' worth of cloth, and large quantities of shells and beads and all his household goods fell into our hands.

Had it been a bright night there can be but little doubt that we should have taken him alive. He has now, however, crossed the Nile, where it is not unlikely that he will stay permanently, as he had previously expressed his intention of doing so if he were driven out of his country by us.

It afterwards appeared that Ireyta had sent him word of our having reached his district, but Kabarega refused to believe that we should proceed any further, and the quickness of our march prevented his obtaining any later information.

We stayed at Machudi all the next day to give him an opportunity of fighting, if he so wished.

The return journey was necessarily much slower. In three marches we reached Ireyta's village, and, camping in his garden, spent two days in devastating the country. Four more marches brought us to Hoima, which we reached on the 20th.

During the whole of the march back we were much delayed by constant ambushes, formed by small parties of Wanyoro varying from five to fifteen gun-men. In each case we vigorously pursued them, and they never got off without some loss. Our losses caused by them were two irregulars killed and two wounded, and two soldiers severely wounded, and a bullet passed through my left breast coat-pocket and shirt, but luckily only grazed the skin.

At the conclusion of each march raiding parties were sent out to devastate the surrounding country.

The road throughout was extremely bad and much overgrown, and from Masindi onwards the swamps were many and full, and it rained incessantly nearly every day.

The behaviour of the officers and men throughout was all that could be wished, and the cheerful way they underwent great fatigues and considerable hardships is deserving of all praise.

A. B. THRUSTON, Captain.

Hoima, September 23rd, 1894.

Colonel Colvile, in forwarding a copy of the above report to the Consul-General at Zanzibar, says :—

Owing to the state of his health, Captain Thruston will shortly relinquish his command, and should the application for his relief made in my despatch of the 19th August be granted, will, to my great regret, leave for the coast early next year. I, therefore, in reporting this, which is probably the last of the series of brilliant military operations which he has conducted during the term of his command, take the

opportunity of begging that you will be good enough to bring his name to the notice of Her Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, for favourable mention to His Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief.

Even with an efficient military staff, the command of Unyoro would be a difficult and an arduous one, and I cannot lay too much stress on the credit due to Captain Thruston for the energy and ability with which he has conducted it single-handed.

It remains only to quote two letters in order to complete our Blue Book story of Captain Thruston's work in Uganda :—

Foreign Office to Colonel Colvile.

SIR, Foreign Office, April 5th, 1895.

I AM directed by the Earl of Kimberley to inform you with reference to your despatch of the 6th December last, that his Lordship has had much pleasure in bringing to the notice of the Secretary of State for War the value of the services rendered in the Uganda Protectorate by Captain Thruston.

On receiving that officer's application to be relieved of his duties in Uganda, forwarded in your despatch of the 19th August, his Lordship directed you to express to Captain Thruston his regret that he should have felt himself compelled to resign his appointment in Uganda, and to convey to him the thanks of the Secretary of State for his services, the value of which had been duly appreciated.

I am, etc.,
H. PERCY ANDERSON.

Foreign Office to War Office.

SIR, Foreign Office, April 5th, 1895.

I AM directed by the Earl of Kimberley to transmit to you herewith a copy of a despatch received from the Acting Commissioner in Uganda, reporting on a successful attempt on the part of Captain Thruston, commanding in Unyoro, to surprise Kabarega.

Captain Thruston having been obliged to resign his appointment on the Uganda staff owing to ill-health, Lord Kimberley desires to take this opportunity of calling the attention of the Secretary of State to the valuable services which have been rendered to the Protectorate by this officer.

The inclosures in Colonel Colvile's despatch have been forwarded to the Director of Military Intelligence.

I am, etc.,
H. PERCY ANDERSON.

PIGSTICKING AT BAREILLY.

By A. S. Crum.

After Fanshawe's brilliant performance of last year, readers of the "Chronicle" will not be surprised to hear that we have paid a good deal of attention to pig-sticking this "hot weather," and, although no one in the Regiment went so far as to enter for the Kadir Cup (Dodington might have done so, but, as usual, broke his collar-bone), perhaps a short account of the sort of pig-sticking that we have with the Bareilly Tent Club may be of interest. Extracts from the records in the log-book of the Tent Club, though very interesting to members of the Club, would certainly not be so to others, but a short description of an average day's sport will give an idea, at any rate, of this kind of *shikar* to those who have never had an opportunity of enjoying it. To old pig-stickers, however, there will be nothing new or unusual in what I am going to describe.

The Bareilly Tent Club, though not aspiring to the large bags made at Agra, Muttra, Cawnpore, and such places, has, nevertheless, in the last two years, left its previous records far behind. In 1891 and 1892 the total number of boars killed was about 15 each year. In 1893 23 were killed. Last year, owing to the energy and interest displayed by our Hon. Sec., the number was increased to 52, and this year we finished up with a total of 71 boars. These were killed in something under four months, *i.e.*, between the 1st of March and the 24th of June, when we had our last meet. After this the burst of the monsoon puts a stop to this class of sport, and one's spears may be put away until the following

spring, as it is impracticable to ride after pig or to live out in camp during the "rains."

Out of the 71 boars killed this season 48 "first spears" were taken in the Regiment, Fanshawe and Dodington getting nearly 30 between them. Although pig-sticking is generally admitted to be one of the most exciting and fascinating of sports, still, records and descriptions of even the most successful days are apt to bore the reader, unless he himself has taken part in them. Accounts of big-game shooting on the hills or in the jungle are, I think, the next best thing to the actual pursuit of the beasts. Often while reading such descriptions one may almost imagine that one is taking part in the scenes and actions portrayed. With pig-sticking it is different; to the reader, but by no means to the rider, there is a sameness about every pig and a monotony about every run.

At the risk of being considered a bore, I will endeavour to describe an ordinary day with our Tent Club. Leaving Bareilly by train on a blazing hot afternoon, we take three hours to travel less than 30 miles, and at last the train pulls up (for our special benefit) at a road crossing the line between two stations, where we find our ponies waiting for us. Three more miles along this road and across country brings us into camp at Noukhoond, one of the favourite meets. After inspecting our pig-stickers, which are picketed out under the trees at one end of the *bagh*, we have dinner, and before long are asleep, or at any rate are stretched out in the open —the coolest place at this time of year.

The camp is awakened in the early morning by some member of the club more energetic than the rest, who takes care that no one shall lie in bed after about five o'clock. Beaters are being collected from the neighbouring villages, and the ponies are having their morning

feed. The more pig we can kill before the sun's rays become too fierce the better, so we soon swallow our *chota hazari*, and, sending forward our pig-stickers, we climb on to a couple of elephants, and in half-an-hour arrive at the edge of the *jheel*, where the "line" (consisting of 80 or 100 coolies and a few elephants) is waiting for us. Such reedy *jheels* and swamps, with occasional long stretches of high grass extending by the banks of the rivers and streams, are the favourite haunts of pig in this part of the country. Here, happy in the mud and water, they lie up during the day, going out at night to feed on the crops, and returning again at dawn. But we need not wait here, for Ali Yar Khan, the head shikari, reports the line all ready; so, mounting our ponies and getting hold of our spears, we form two parties, two of us going over to the grass on the left of the *jheel*, and two staying on the right. The *jheel* itself is in most places too thick and wet to ride in. Now the signal is given and the "beat" moves forward, the coolies in line and the elephants at intervals a little in rear of them.

Though a likely place to hold a boar, nothing is seen till about halfway up the *jheel*, when a rather sudden recoil among a group of coolies, and a rush back through the grass, followed by shouts, announces that a pig of some kind (or it may be a hog deer) has broken back. Following the waving grass, it is hustled along the *jheel*, which it leaves a couple of hundred yards behind the line, and then for the first time gives us a sight of its ugly self; it proves to be a sow, and is consequently safe. Sometimes in high cover a good deal may be taken out of the ponies by riding after sows before it is possible to determine their sex, still, unless he be a long way off, there is no mistaking an old boar. Hoping for one of the latter, the riders get back to the

line, and the beat is continued. Here the *jheel* begins to narrow, so the coolies are closer together, with the elephants just behind them. Suddenly the welcome voice of a boar fills the air with a loud "whoof!" "whoof!" Thus is the sound usually expressed in writing, and it is generally described as a grunt, but, at a distance, it resembles in reality a deep hoarse bark, short and sharp and very penetrating. This challenge of the old boar when disturbed can be heard a long way off, and to the unfortunate coolie at whose feet he gets up it must be very trying. But these villagers are as a rule very plucky fellows, and often when one of them has been wounded by the boar's tusks, and the latter has retired into cover, the line will not hesitate to go in and beat him out again, though the chances are rather in favour of one of them getting cut, if not ripped up altogether.

The glorious sound brings everyone to attention, the elephants among the rest, and one of them, trumpeting and snorting, spins round with his *mahout*, and thus adds to the general commotion. At the same time two or three coolies are sent flying, and a fine old boar comes rushing across like a steam-engine towards the two riders on the left. Riding clear of him, for he evidently wants to knock over something more important than a coolie, they let him pass. The ponies are longing to be off, but the riders we hope will restrain their impatience, for if they gallop away too quickly on the pig's heels he will certainly wheel round and be back into the *jheel* again. Now he is fifty yards away, and going faster than you think, so there is no need to wait any longer.

The pace at which a boar is capable of going is astonishing to those who are not acquainted with him. On a flat and level *maidan*, give a boar fifty yards start, and your best horse will not overtake him under half-a-

mile, and as the majority of runs take place over ground which is anything but flat or level, in fact, generally varied by such things as nullahs, high grass, melon-beds, thorn-bushes, etc., all of which are in favour of the boar, it may be imagined that he is not speared so very easily.

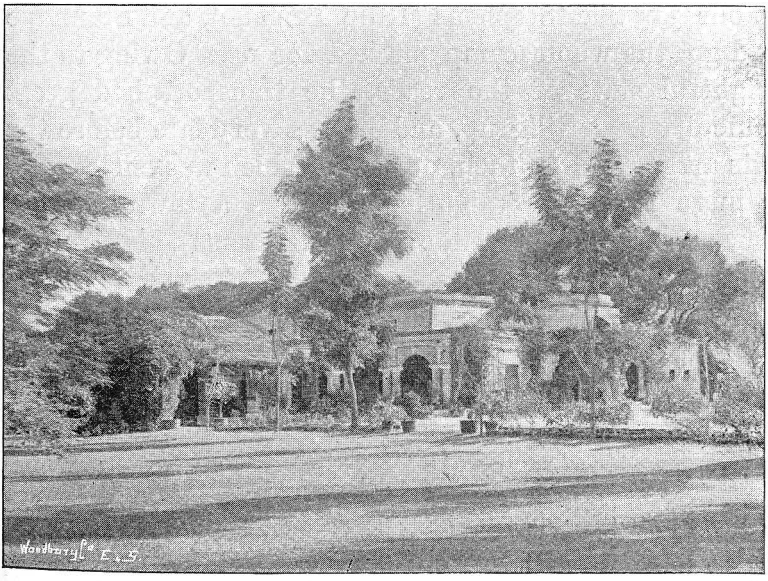
But let us get at our own particular boar. At first he takes his pursuers for some distance across fairly level ground, covered with thick tufts of grass, and with nothing particular to bring the ponies down, which is just as well, for now they must gallop their very best. If a pig is ridden really hard for the first half mile or so his wind gives out, but let him slacken his pace and he will go on for ever. This pig at any rate is being hustled rather more than he likes. If he had time to look round he would see four ponies and four spears not very far from his tail. Somewhere on the left, at no great distance, there is a well-known nullah, both deep and wide, but the pig goes straight ahead through the grass—perhaps his thoughts are bent on the river. All four ponies are going their best, two of them quite near the pig and two about twenty yards behind, and at this juncture the run ends rather abruptly for one of the latter. Putting his foot in a nasty deep hole hidden by grass he comes down on his head, sending his rider on to his face in front of him, but luckily the pony gets off with a scratch or two, and the brim of his sun-hat saves the rider. The bay mare who has been leading for some time, feeling the spurs and knowing what is wanted of her, now puts on a spurt. A yard or two more and her rider must take "first spear." On they go, closer and closer—now is the rider's chance—he reaches out, but the old *soor* is too clever for him. The gleam of the sharp-pointed spear has caught his eye, and seeing that it is time for him to change his tactics, he

"jinks" round sharply to the right, dodging the fatal weapon and throwing his pursuer some lengths to the bad. But the next man is close at hand, and, mounted on a chestnut Arab which he turns almost as sharply as the pig himself, he soon gets alongside, and, in spite of another "jink," reaches out and takes "first spear." A dark red blotch shows where the boar is wounded, as, with an angry look in his eye, he pulls up suddenly into a clumsy jog, then, turning half round, faces his enemy. As he charges the rider gallops his pony away to the left, just managing to get his brave little beast clear of the formidable tusks. Fortunately succour is at hand, and the rider on the bay, coming in with a dash, buries a foot or two of his spear in the boar's side. The plucky brute, now thoroughly enraged, charges everyone who comes near him. The third rider comes up to finish him off, but the boar has no intention of being finished off just yet, so goes straight for the pony's flanks with a surly grunt. Alas! the sportsman misses his aim, and the pig with one side-toss of his head rips the pony in the stifle. Carried on by the impetus of his attack he is met by yet another spear, which goes right through him and is left sticking in his body. Now he stands at bay, with foaming jaws and bloodshot eyes, his bristles all erect, but that last spear has pierced him through and through. Loss of blood, not want of pluck, forces him to give in, and sick and giddy he reels, and staggering falls to die without a groan. He is afterwards measured and found to be a 31-incher—not a very large boar, but about the best size for running and fighting.

After the riders rejoin the line, the rest of the *jheel* is beaten, but nothing is put up except an old sow with half-a-dozen squeakers. Beating the grass towards the camp, the coolies start a boar, which goes straight across the river. Although he gets over without much diffi-

culty it is soon evident that the ponies cannot follow, for the bed of the river is a network of quicksands. A considerable amount of time is lost in looking for a sound crossing, and the pig has saved his bacon—for the time being at any rate.

Camp is reached at noon, no more boars being seen in the morning. Every one is ready for breakfast, and, after two or three very hot hours, ponies and riders are glad to get out again. It is not necessary to describe any more runs. Crossing the river to a favourite stretch of grass we find a lot of pig, affording an excellent afternoon's sport, and we finish up with three more boars. After a much-needed drink (not the first one by any means!) we mount the elephants, and are soon at the Dâk Bungalow, where we have just time to dine before the train arrives. By midnight we are back in Bareilly.



MESS HOUSE, BAREILLY.

THE IRISH MANŒUVRES, 1895.

On Thursday, July 25th, the 43rd started from Ship Street Barracks for Brittas, 16 officers and 503 of other ranks. It rained as though it had never rained before, and we had hardly left the barrack square (where stood certain grinning people who were left behind), before every man was soaked to the skin. Our destination was Brittas, or rather the musketry camp near that place. After going about five miles, we met the rest of the Dublin Brigade, consisting of the North Staffordshire Regiment and Sherwood Foresters, and also our Brigadier, Colonel Howard, A.D.C., of the Rifle Brigade, with his staff. We plodded on through the wet, and eventually reached the camping ground, where we found to our joy that Stephens (Rifle Brigade), and Stanhope had got the whole camp pitched for us. Owing to the frightful state of the roads, the transport had great difficulty in getting up, and it was very late before the kits arrived; even then, our mess, which was enclosed in a huge furniture van (looking like a town hall on wheels, being covered all over with posters!), did not turn up. However, thanks to the Sherwood Foresters, we got something to eat, and some very welcome and exceedingly hot whiskey and water, and this kept us going. The sergeants were in the same plight, and hungry men were as thick as peas in a pod; still everybody was very cheery, and the men sang like birds till "lights out."

Next morning was fairly fine, with only occasional drenching showers, between which we managed to get more or less dry. We went to the range, which was close to the camp, and executed field firing—the results being pronounced satisfactory. The range is covered with

heather and very "grousy"-looking, and it was refreshing to hear an old bird calling now and then. A certain venturesome hare got into serious trouble, as she crossed the range while the firing was going on, and was picked up by one of the North Staffordshire Regiment with a bullet-hole in her head.

On the morning of the 26th we started off early on our long march to the Curragh. It was a nice cool day, in fact a grand one for marching, and the roads were excellent after the first three miles. We had a longish halt half way, and were glad of a glass of beer and some bread and cheese. The men "stuck it" admirably, and at the end of the 24 miles every man was in his section of fours as he had marched out of Brittas Camp. We were treated with the greatest kindness by the troops at the Curragh. Our old friends, the 12th Lancers, sent their band to march us in, and so did the Yorkshire Regiment, whom we knew so well at Portsmouth. On arrival at our camping ground, the 12th band played "The Boys of the Old Brigade" while the men got their kits off, and then all the latter trooped off, and dined by companies with the Yorkshire Regiment. The Loyal North Lancashire supplied hungry and thirsty officers with the best, and an hour after we got in, everyone felt very warm inside and comfortable —at any rate, it was his own fault if he did not. The mess too turned up, and we were at last able to house and feed the staff (all riflemen, bar one) who had elected to live with us, but so far had had to feed themselves.

Up to now all of this day was good, but as the shades of night came on, and the cart carrying the officers' camp kits did not arrive, faces grew longer, and the lightest hearted became a little pensive. To make a long story short, the cart did not arrive at all that night, and we had to lie on the Curragh in what we could beg,

borrow, or steal. The Curragh may be very good "going" as far as riding is concerned, but it is precious hard on ancient hip-bones, and most of us felt a bit sore next day.

This was Sunday, the 28th, and a lovely day. We had church in the morning, and then the men played football and amused themselves, and we also got our things thoroughly dry for the first time since starting. The camp kits turned up in the course of the morning, and George Colvile was heard to thank the driver with some fervour, for his kindness in coming at all.

On Monday, the 29th, the Curragh Brigade started on their march to the manœuvre ground, and kept one day ahead of us until our arrival. We were inspected this day by Lord Ralph Kerr, who commands the Curragh.

Tuesday, the 30th: We marched 18½ miles, to Maryboro' Heath. Before starting, the 12th Lancers provided every officer and man with an excellent breakfast—an immense help before a long march—and their kindness was very deeply appreciated. It wasn't a bad day for marching, and we got in very comfortably; found rather a small camp, but a nice dry one.

Next morning we pushed on to Ralish Camp. This was rather a stuffy day, and we were glad to get there; the dust during the last mile was terrific. The inhabitants of Abbeyleix turned out in force as the brigade passed through their town, and evidently were very unused to the sight of soldiers. The greatest hospitality was shown to all the officers of the brigade by Major Poe this evening.

On the 1st August we left Ralish at 6 a.m., and marched on to Lisdowney, our standing camp for the manœuvres, which we reached about 11.30 a.m. The Buffs had most kindly pitched nearly the whole of our camp for us, and also sent their band and drums to play

the regiment into camp. We soon shook down, and found the camp an excellent one. We were at the top of the sloping ground on which the camp was pitched, and consequently, in spite of all the rain, we kept wonderfully dry. We had marched roughly 85½ miles since leaving Dublin, in five marches, and not a man left the ranks on the way, which showed that all were fit.

We soon found that we had not marched to Lisdowney to sit on our tails, for next morning we went out to fight the "marching-in action," which the authorities had considerately postponed from the previous day.

The battalions in our camp were the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment, the Buffs, the North Staffordshire Regiment, the Sherwood Foresters, and ourselves.

In Glashare camp, about four miles away: 2nd East Yorkshire Regiment, 1st Lancashire Fusiliers, 2nd Hampshire Regiment, 1st Royal Munster Fusiliers, and 1st P.W.O. Yorshire Regiment. We had a squadron 12th Lancers, and the 11th and 76th Field Batteries in our camp also, while Glashare (called the "Western Force," as opposed to ours, which was the "Eastern Force") had a squadron 10th Hussars, and O and B batteries, Royal Horse Artillery. Both forces had some Sappers, Ordnance Store Corps detachment, Medical Staff Corps, and last, but not least, Army Service Corps, who did a tremendous amount of hard work. Battalions were all supposed to be 510 strong, with 16 officers.

The above will explain roughly how the forces stood.

For manœuvre purposes two brigades were formed, each of four battalions, one brigade from each "Force." The other two battalions formed the "Detached Brigade." Cavalry and artillery were attached to either side, as required from day to day.

The Field Days were either "Brigade," *i.e.*, operations *between* the two brigades, (the detached force being

made use of as circumstances directed), or "Divisional," when the whole of the troops acted in combination; a small portion being used as a skeleton enemy. In the following account of the field days, I mean to be very brief, and merely to give enough detail to show how we occupied our time.

To return to the "marching-in" fight on August 2nd: This was a brigade day—and the idea showed "An encounter between the advanced troops of two opposing forces"—our brigade and the detached force against the western brigade. We were third line, hadn't much of a show, but had some useful practice getting round the enemy's right flank. Got wet, and so home.

August 3rd, Divisional day: "Attack on a position." With the Yorkshire Regiment we formed the "detached brigade." Had to turn the flank of the skeleton enemy. Went a long way and got very properly wet as usual. The only amusing thing was "Nimble," the ammunition mule, who took terrific croppers over the fences; and we all much admired the adjutant of the Yorkshire Regiment, who, with determination in his eye, and a very nice horse between his legs, jumped all the ghastly places he could find, and thirsted for more.

August 4th: We had Church Parade, and a very welcome rest.

August 5th, Brigade day: "Flank action." We formed part of an advanced guard, clearing the hills on the right flank of the road along which the main army would advance. Marched about seven miles to the rendezvous. There was a very dense mist, and after being slowly moved up the hills, we got an order to double about 200 yards and line a bank. The fog suddenly lifted, and we found ourselves, to our surprise, within a very short distance of the enemy. Aided by Stephens (Rifle Brigade) and his machine guns, we were held to

have beaten them off. We had a rough cross-country march home.

August 6th, a Divisional day: We had another longish march to the rendezvous. The idea was "The march of a division opposed by a rear guard." (The latter was formed by the detached force).

After a long and tiring advance, we found ourselves in the third line of an attack in force; intended to hurry the rear-guard along. We then received orders to turn the enemy's left flank. After being greatly hampered by the crops, Parr and Stanhope worked their companies round very quickly, and had a tremendous "blatter" at the flank of the rear-guard, within fixed sight range. "Cease fire!" went when things were looking up for the division.

August 7th, "Attack on a Convoy": detached force as escort, and the western force as a flying column to assist convoy. We were leading battalion in the eastern brigade, and on leaving the rendezvous, went as hard as we could lay legs to the ground, for about a mile-and-a-half, where we found an excellent position from which to observe the road by which the convoy was expected; meanwhile Davy, who was sent ahead with his company, as advanced guard, walked round a corner straight into a troop of a certain cavalry regiment, with their machine gun, and firing at very short range, was held to have slain the lot.

Shortly after this we were attacked by the convoy's escort in front, and held our ground, until our energetic staff discovered that our right flank was being threatened by the flying column, whereupon we withdrew to a new and very strong position, about half-a-mile beyond the rendezvous.

Our artillery meanwhile had fired so effectually on the convoy, as to save all further anxiety as to its reaching its destination.

On arriving at our new position, we were attacked by the flying column, who had been hitherto held in check by the Buffs and Loyal North Lancashire Regiment. The battalions had remained near the rendezvous with a view to making our retreat safe if necessary.

We lay comfortably in the sun (for, by an extraordinary freak of nature, it *was* a fine day) at the top of the hill forming our position, occasionally firing a long-range volley over the heads of the Buffs at the advancing enemy, and it was a very pretty sight to watch the latter's advance.

This "lying in the sun" did not last long, however, for the enemy began a wide turning movement on our left flank, and three companies and the invaluable machine guns of the Rifle Brigade had to scuttle away and stop it.

"Cease fire!" then sounded.

August 8th: "Divisional attack on guns in position." *What* a ducking we got! A gale of wind blowing too! This was pronounced a "good day" by some of the umpires, but we thought it a very bad one, and rather like Jorrock's "world-turned-upside-down day." There is not much to be said about it: the 12th Lancers made a terrific charge down a steep hill against our left flank, but suffered such heavy loss as to make it useless —at least, so an umpire remarked near us, who was busy getting his horse out of a bog.

August 9th: "Forcing a pass." Divisional day, and the best of the whole manœuvres.

We had a real good morning's skirmishing, and with the rest of the Eastern Force formed the 2nd Brigade.

The pass was held by the "Detached Force," cavalry, and guns. The 1st Brigade attacked the pass in front, and we worked round the right flank of the enemy under cover of the walls.

When we got the order to advance, we found real skirmishing ground before us—very rough, with walls round every field.

The men ran like hares, and nipped over the walls like hunters, and it was very interesting work.

After the "cease fire!" we marched past the Field Marshal, played-by by the buglers.

Another nice dry day. Our ammunition cart took a terrible toss over a wall, and, but for the riflemen, would have been in a bad way.

In the afternoon, the 43rd officers beat the Rifle Brigade at quoits (at least I think they did), and we had great athletic sports among the officers. Chichester won the donkey race, riding Henley, very easily.

August 10th: Great preparations for a night attack, search light arranged, and everything as it should be, except the weather, which was vile, and, to everybody's extreme disappointment, the operations had to be abandoned. We had paraded and marched about a mile, when the order came cancelling the work, and it was good to see the men's faces.

During the night there were torrents of rain, and we lay in our blankets and grinned, when we thought of what might have been.

On Sunday we "worked-in" a church parade between the showers.

August 12th: The beginning of the end. The Buffs, Gunners, and 12th Lancers left camp; the latter had lived with us throughout our time at Lisdowney, and we were very sorry indeed to see them go.

We had rather a slow day, and in our most depressed moments talked of grouse and ejectors, and got more depressed still.

On Tuesday we started on our march back. It would be wearisome to repeat the account of the marches; the

only difference in the route was that, after leaving the Curragh, we went by Bishop's Court instead of Brittas.

Great kindness and hospitality was shown to us by everybody—both on the march and at Lisdowney—and certain of the young and gay even went so far as to go to a dance at Ralish—shooting-boots and all, and enjoyed themselves tremendously.

When we got to Drimnagh Cross Roads on the 17th, just outside Dublin, we marched past our brigadier, and very sorry we all were to see the last of him and his cheery staff of riflemen. They all lived with us throughout the manœuvres (except at Brittas, when no one lived at all—we just existed on what we could get), and it was very nice to see so much of our old Light Division pals. When we got into Dublin, we marched to our new quarters in Beggar's Bush Barracks, where Peter Clark and Bill Owen had got everything prepared for our comfort.

The men looked all the better for their outing, and fully appreciated the "Light Service Order," *i.e.*, leaving the valise at home. Still every soldier had to carry 37lb.—quite enough on a long march. The men had a pair of canvas shoes each, which added greatly to their comfort after getting into camp.

According to the official return, the men were 110½ hours under arms, and marched 260 miles.

The sergeant-major's pedometer, which was trained to the hour, made the total distance 252 miles; it is a fine instrument, and a great joy to its owner, but inclined to give short measure. Stanhope's plan at the half-way halt of putting the right sock on the left foot, and *vice versâ*, was greatly admired—particularly by the civilian population. The horses kept very fit, and the band and buglers blew lustily throughout; the latter particularly distinguished themselves

during the long march from Brittas to the Curragh, and when the band played in camp, the civilians mustered in great force. They were very friendly —these country people—but sometimes an officer trying to snatch an afternoon "doss" found two or three curious people's heads peering in at his tent door, and was covered with confusion. Davy suffered a good deal in this way.

So ended the manœuvres of '95—spoilt by wet weather, but otherwise very pleasant.

C. CUYLER.

SENIORITY OF LIGHT INFANTRY REGIMENTS.

52nd Oxfordshire Light Infantry - -	1803
43rd Monmouthshire Light Infantry -	1803
68th Durham Light Infantry - - -	1808
85th King's Light Infantry - - -	1808
71st Highland Light Infantry - -	1809
51st King's Own Light Infantry - -	1809
90th Perthshire Light Infantry - -	1815
13th Somersetshire Light Infantry - -	1822
105th Madras Light Infantry - - -	1840
106th Bombay Light Infantry - -	1840
Royal Marine Light Infantry - - -	1855
32nd Cornwall Light Infantry (for Lucknow) - - - - - - -	1858

The following Regiments became Light Infantry under the Territorial System, introduced in 1881 :—

46th Regiment became *2nd Battalion Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry.*

53rd Regiment became *1st Battalion Shropshire Light Infantry.*

74th Highlanders became *2nd Battalion Highland Light Infantry.*

At the same time the 90th Light Infantry became the *2nd Battalion Scottish Rifles.*

Woodbury-Gravure.

CAPTAIN BRYAN UPPERTON.

OBITUARY.

CAPTAIN BRYAN UPPERTON died at Lothian House, Poona, India, on the 31st August 1895, of typhoid fever.

He was the second son of Canon Upperton, Vicar of Tarvin, Cheshire, and was born on the 15th April 1863. Educated at Winchester, he passed into the army in 1884, and was gazetted to the Oxfordshire Light Infantry on the 12th November of that year, joining the 2nd Battalion at Gibraltar in January 1885.

His bright and cheery ways and his kindly good nature soon made him many friends. Full of *esprit de corps*, he took to soldiering keenly, was always ready for work, and what he had to do he carried out thoroughly. He was keen too as regards sport, very fond of shooting, and, in India, never so happy as when engaged in pig-sticking or polo.

He served with the 2nd Battalion at Gibraltar, Cairo, Bangalore, and Burma. Whilst in the latter country, he went up with the detachment of the regiment detailed for the Wunthoo Expedition in 1891, for which he received the medal with clasp. Shortly after his return, he proceeded to Poona, to take up the appointment of A.D.C. to his uncle, Major-General R. Blundell-Hollinshead-Blundell, and was gazetted Captain 27th July 1892.

Here, too, he made himself universally popular, as his merits were very soon noted and appreciated by all with whom he came in contact, whether officially or socially. The very sudden, unexpected, and sad news of his death came as a great shock to all, and, by Bryan Upperton's death, the regiment has lost a smart and

promising officer, and all who knew him, a sterling-hearted right good friend in every way.

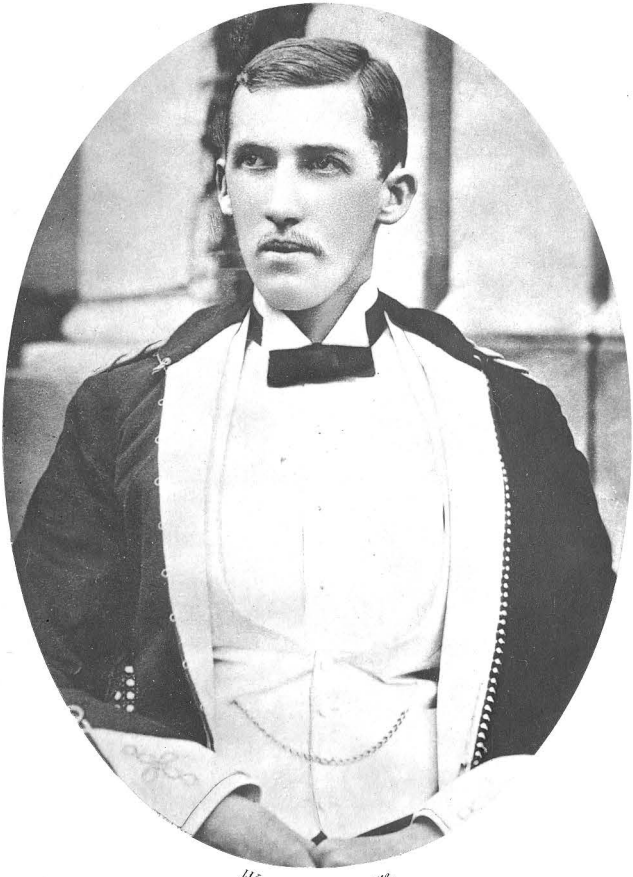
SECOND-LIEUTENANT WILFRID PHILIP BETHELL died of scarlet fever at Pigeon House Fort, Dublin, on the 25th September 1895, in his 25th year.

He was the only son of Charles Ithell Bethell, Esquire, of Cobham, Surrey, and was educated at home under private tutors. In 1889 he entered Merton College, Oxford, and in 1891 passed first into Sandhurst as a University Candidate. He passed out of Sandhurst, "Third, with Honours," June 1892, taking the prizes for military administration, military law, tactics, fortification and drill. Gazetted 2nd Lieutenant, Oxfordshire Light Infantry, 18th November 1892; joined *2nd Battalion* in India, January 1893; transferred to the *1st Battalion* in Dublin, April 1894.

He went through the Hythe Course, at the beginning of this year, and obtained an "Officers' Extra Certificate." His career, thus unhappily cut short, showed every sign of being most brilliant.

He was buried in Dublin with military honours, every officer, and nearly every non-commissioned officer and man, of the regiment voluntarily attending the funeral.

LORD ABERDARE died on the 25th February 1895, aged 79 years. Being a son-in-law of Sir William Napier, he at all times took a kindly interest in the 43rd, and was a subscriber to the *Chronicle*. Lady Aberdare, it will be remembered, presented new colours to the regiment at Shorncliffe in 1887, at which time their son (Hon. C. Bruce) was serving in the 43rd. Lord Aberdare's public life is too well known to need mention here.



Woodbury-Gravure.

2ND LIEUTENANT WILFRID PHILIP BETHELL.

LORD WALTER C. M. D. SCOTT died at Boughton House, near Kettering, on the 3rd March 1895, in his 61st year.

He entered the 52nd Light Infantry on the 23rd November 1852, and went out to India with the headquarters of the regiment on board the ship *Barham*. On the 17th May 1854 he was appointed A.D.C. to Sir William Gomm, Commander-in-Chief in India, and rejoined the Regiment on September 4th, 1854.

On the 24th November of the same year he exchanged to the XV. Light Dragoons, in which regiment he obtained his troop on the 8th January 1856, and on the 10th November of the same year was placed on half-pay.

His bright and generous disposition won for him many friends, and made him universally popular with all ranks. To most of his old comrades, especially to those who were with him at Eton, he was better and generally known as "Toby Scott," and by this more familiar name he will always be held in affectionate remembrance by those who knew him best.

After several years of protracted suffering he died at Boughton House, Kettering, and is buried in the parish churchyard of Weekley, Northamptonshire.

MAJOR J. S. LANGLANDS died at Longrood, Bilton, near Rugby, on the 30th November 1895, from the effects of an operation for the removal of a tumour.

He joined the 43rd Light Infantry as ensign, 27th July 1866; Lieutenant, 5th August 1870; Captain, 1st December 1875. He held the appointments of Adjutant of the Monmouthshire Militia and the Shropshire Rifles, and retired from the service with the honorary rank of Major.

"The sad death," writes a brother officer, "of Major Langlands, better known as Sam, has been a great shock

to his old friends of the 43rd. Few of the present generation knew him as a brother officer, but many met him, and were proud to welcome him as an old officer of the regiment. His sudden death in the prime of life is all the more sad when we recall his immense energy and great vitality. No man worked harder, and seemed to feel the strain less, than he. Even when suffering from disease which would have prostrated most men, his spirits and energy never flagged, nor would he acknowledge that he was ill. It is as a sportsman that Sam will be best remembered. Some of us can call to mind our first game of polo at Cannanore (in 1872), and it was Sam who inaugurated it, who bought most of the ponies, who kept up a wild enthusiasm for the game, and who was, notwithstanding his weight, the best player there. He and poor Joe Miller were the chief supporters of the regimental race meetings, and the names of both are inscribed on the cups in the 43rd mess. It is hard to say in which particular branch of sport he excelled most, but I think perhaps those who have sat behind him when he drove the regimental coach will be disposed to give him the palm as a coachman. The feat of driving a team at a trot though Ship Street Barrack gate, and in at the Lower Castle Yard, which he accomplished almost daily, has probably never been attempted by anyone else.

"When Sam, owing to ill health, left the regiment, he devoted himself almost entirely to horses. He was a prominent member of the Hunters' Improvement Society, and a frequent judge at horse shows. He bred and owned the hunter brood mare Scarlet, which took the first prize in her class at the Royal three years in succession. His stud also comprised Harvard, a weight-carrying hunter, which won 28 first prizes and three champions; Mars, a light-weight carrier; Bycullah, the

well-known middle-weight carrier; Hildegrave, and Switcher, which won the championship at Cardiff, and also at the Yorkshire show."

QUARTERMASTER-SERGEANT C. WARREN died at Dublin, of enteric fever, on the 7th October 1895.

He was attested for the 31st brigade, 1st November 1876; transferred to 42nd brigade, 16th March 1878; transferred to 52nd Light Infantry, 17th March 1878; Lance-Corporal, 16th November 1878; Corporal, 5th August 1879; Sergeant, 30th June 1880; Colour-Sergeant, 18th October 1881.

QUARTERMASTER-SERGEANT WARREN.

He was promoted Quarter-master-Sergeant of the *1st Battalion* 27th April 1892, and received, only a few months before his death, the medal for long service and good conduct.

MRS. FORSTER, wife of the Canteen Steward of the *1st Battalion*, died at Ship Street Barracks, Dublin, on the 29th April 1895, after a long and painful illness. She had been, for many years, highly esteemed and respected by all ranks, and her death was deeply regretted by everyone in the regiment.

THE death of MICHAEL FITZGERALD LAVELLE is announced as having taken place at Bangalore in October. He enlisted into the 43rd Light Infantry in 1849, and was one of the survivors from the wreck of the *Birkenhead*,

after which he took part in the Kaffir War and in the Indian Mutiny Campaign, accompanying the regiment on its long and famous march from Bangalore to Central India.

At the conclusion of his ten years' service he took his discharge, and got a situation on the Madras Railway, where he did well, being employed on some large railway contract works. Like most Irishmen (he was a native of Tipperary), he was fond of a good horse and a bit of racing, for which he went in pretty heavily, and he finally came to grief. His affairs were now at a very low ebb, but while wandering about in Mysore, he saw, near a stream, indications of what he thought to be gold, so, borrowing a brass lotah from a woman, he washed the stuff, and soon convinced himself that there was a lot of gold about. At this time, as he often afterwards related, he had not as much as would buy "an anna stamp to write to his old woman"; however, armed with his specimens of gold, he proceeded to Madras, where he succeeded in persuading some people to take the matter up and start a company. This was the commencement of Southern India gold mining, and it was entirely owing to Lavelle's zeal and perseverance that the first company was started. Large tracts of land were bought up for a mere song and re-sold to various companies, Lavelle and the other concessionnaires making a great deal of money.

From destitution, Lavelle, in a few months, rose to affluence, everything he touched produced gold, until he soon became known throughout India as "Micky, the Gold King of Kolar"; and, at the time of his death, he left unhampered an extensive house, landed properties of considerable value, and gold mining interests worth many lacs of rupees. A few minutes before his decease, he received a telegram from a London syndicate offering him 10,000*l.* for a small plot of land near Kolar.

He resided for the latter part of his life at Bangalore, and was well-known to the 43rd, when quartered there from 1882 to 1885, for his generosity, free-handedness, and joviality. He kept several race horses, with which however he was not very successful, but he always ran them straight and honourably.

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NOTICE.

THE Editor will gratefully welcome any hints or suggestions which readers of the "Chronicle" may feel inclined to offer, and he desires to express a hope that anyone who possesses pictures, sketches, diaries, etc., of Regimental interest, will communicate with him.

To old Officers he would point out that incidents of their service, however trifling they may appear to be, cannot fail to be of interest to the present generation of Regimental soldiers.

Much additional labour might be saved to the Editor if those few subscribers who have not already done so would give a standing order to their bankers to pay their subscriptions to Messrs. Cox & Co. annually on the 1st April.

The following rules are repeated for the information of new contributors:—

(1) Write distinctly, on one side of the paper only, leaving a narrow margin.
(2) Number the pages throughout.
(3) Send in as early as possible.
(4) Write proper names in imitation of ROMAN TYPE.

Communications should be addressed to—

Major A. F. MOCKLER-FERRYMAN,
Oak Grove House,
Royal Military College,
Camberley,
Surrey.

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